

WHY STARS CLICK! See Page 24

Silver Screen

10¢

March



Shirley Temple

How I Raised Shirley Temple—By Her Mother



SORE THROAT

SEE HOW QUICKLY LISTERINE RELIEVES IT

Don't put up with the pain of ordinary sore throat. It is so unnecessary. At the first symptom of trouble, gargle with Listerine just as it comes from the bottle. You'll be delighted by the result.

Often one gargle is enough to relieve that tight, raw, burning feeling. If relief is not immediate, repeat the gargle at 2 hour intervals. Usually two or three applications of Listerine are sufficient.

Listerine gets results because it is first of all a powerful, though safe, antiseptic which attacks millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces. Tests have shown that when used

as a gargle, Listerine reaches far beyond the soft palate into the posterior pharynx where sore throat frequently starts.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office and use it full strength at the first symptom of a cold or sore throat. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.



METROPOLITAN GRAND OPERA
Every Saturday . . . 82 NBC Stations

PLEASANT TO TASTE . . . SAFE TO USE

"SHOCKING!"—SAYS EDITOR OF VOGUE
"SPLENDID!"—SAYS YOUR OWN DENTIST



IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"THE most shocking picture I ever saw," says Edna Woolman Chase, Editor of Vogue. "Any woman who behaved like that would *never* receive another dinner invitation."

But there's nothing shocking about it to America's dentists.

"Splendid," would be your own dentist's verdict. "This is a true educational picture, a graphic lesson in the proper use of the teeth. If we moderns ate as vigorously, if all of us ate more rough, coarse food, we dentists would hear a lot less about tender, sensitive, ailing gums."

Dental science explains that since soft, creamy foods have displaced coarse, raw fare, gums suffer. They get sluggish and often so tender that "pink tooth brush" has become a very common warning.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Pink tooth brush" is well known to your dentist. He knows that serious troubles, such as gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease may follow. And he knows that massage is needed to stimulate and firm your gums.

If you are wise you will begin at once to massage your gums every time you brush

your teeth. Each time, rub a little extra Ipana on the gums. For Ipana with massage helps restore gums to healthy firmness.

Start cleaning your teeth and massaging your gums with Ipana—today. Your teeth will be brighter, your gums firmer. And you can forget "pink tooth brush."

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Send the coupon below, if you like. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy the full-size tube today and begin to get Ipana's definite advantages *now*—a month of scientific dental care . . . 100 brushings . . . brighter teeth and healthier gums.



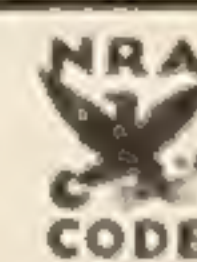
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

SILVER SCREEN for MARCH 1935

BRISTOL-MYERS, Dept. N-35
 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____



©C1B 252784
The OPENING
CHORUS



Mary Pickford

A LETTER FROM LIZA
(Delivered in person)

DEAR ELLA,
Well, here I am in New York after a most exciting plane trip across the continent with Carole Lombard, and if you want to know how a movie star behaves in a plane, eleven thousand feet up in the air, and not a camera in sight, I'll tell you—next month with pictures. For it's a long story, and I always believe in making a long story longer, and Carole, simply smothered in orchids and fried chicken, will take up practically my entire vocabulary.

Naturally, being of that old school of pseudo-literati (though I've never made one of Joan Crawford's evenings with the intelligentsia) I hot-footed it to the Algonquin for my first luncheon in New York, and who should be sitting there, up to her eyelashes in interviewers, but Madge Evans.

Madge had on a mink coat that fairly shrieked thousands, but when I commented upon its grandeur, murmured with assumed elegance, "Oh it's just a few old shavings from Leo that the studio whipped up for me." Well, when they shave Leo again I want to be around, that's all. Madge was also sporting a diamond that flashed enough to light up the Rainbow Roof of Radio City.

Gee, I'm sorry to read in the papers that Mary Pickford has been divorced from Douglas Fairbanks, because it looked, for a while there, that there might be a reconciliation. But Douglas is the rolling stone type and there seems to be nothing we can do about it. Already he's doing figure eights at St. Moritz with the Duke and Duchess of something or else. Mary's doing all right with her radio broadcasts.

My, my, it's exciting to see so many people on the streets. If Hollywood Boulevard can muster up three pedestrians after ten o'clock you know darn well there's been an earthquake. But allee samee, as Myrna Loy used to say when she was Miss Fu Manchu, Hollywood's got its points and I'll be flying back in two weeks. Get that fatted calf ready, Hollywood, and I don't mean Kate Smith's.

Liza

REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD
MARCH 1935

VOLUME FIVE
NUMBER FIVE

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN

Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON
Western Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

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COVER PORTRAIT OF SHIRLEY TEMPLE

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

"IF I KISS YOU NOW....
I COULD NEVER LET YOU GO!"

Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery gave to the screen an unforgettable love thrill when they appeared together in "Another Language". Now they are co-starred in one of the greatest love stories of our time, Hugh Walpole's famed "Vanessa". When Helen Hayes says: "He has the devil in him...but I love him" she echoes the thought of many a girl who adores a beloved rogue. M-G-M promises you the first truly gripping romantic hit of 1935!



HELEN HAYES

ROBERT

MONTGOMERY

in HUGH WALPOLE'S NOVEL

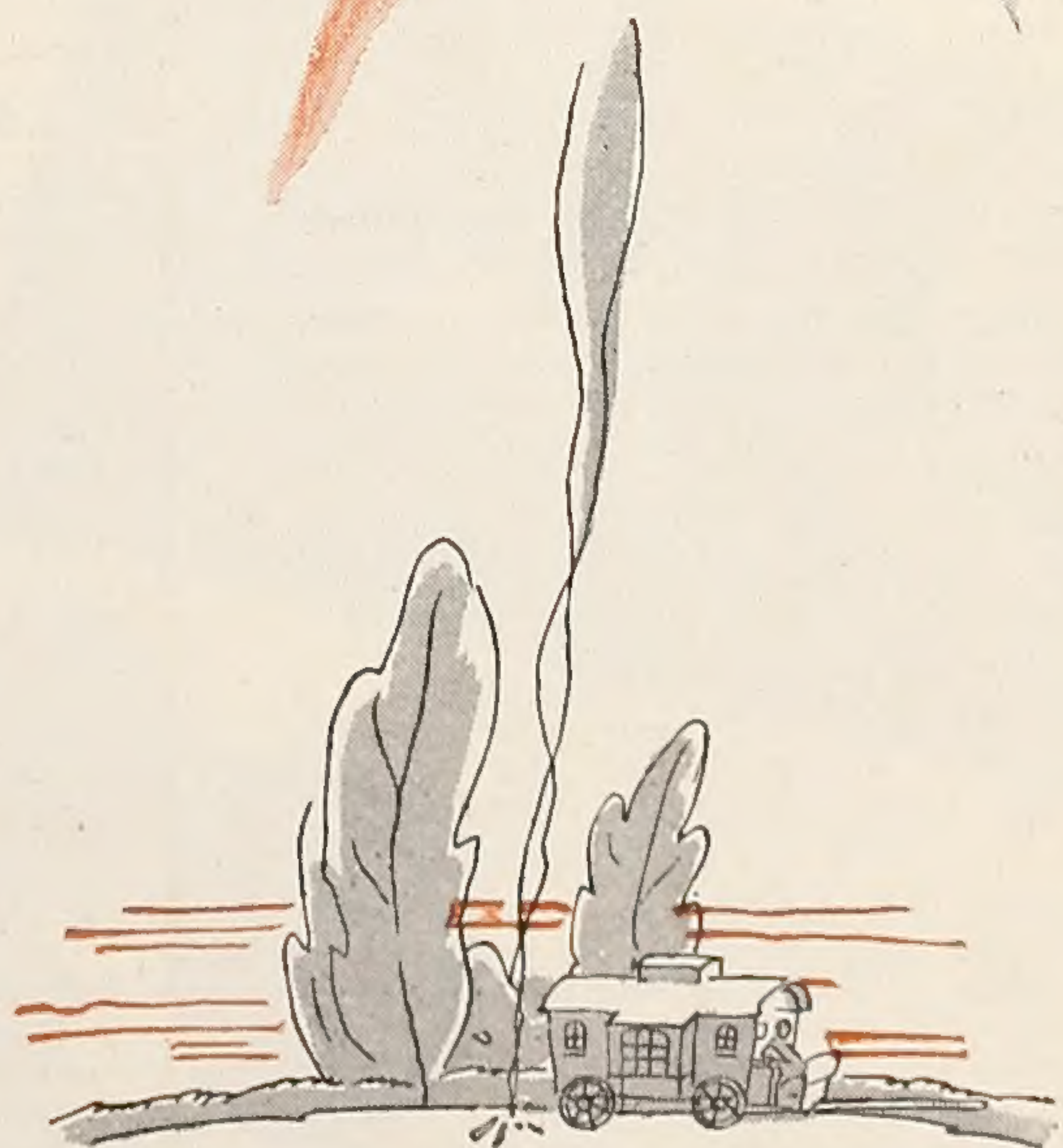
Vanessa

HER LOVE STORY

with

LEWIS STONE • MAY ROBSON
OTTO KRUGER

A William Howard Production • Produced by David O. Selznick
Directed by William K. Howard



A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

for MARCH 1935

REVIEWS

TIPS ON PICTURES

BABES IN TOYLAND—Fine. Victor Herbert's tuneful melodies interspersed with some delightful mother goose nonsense, with the popular team of Laurel and Hardy playing the leads. (Charlotte Henry.)

BABBITT—Fair. A film fashioned from Sinclair Lewis' famous novel of a small-town man who is supposed to be the prototype of all smug and dull American business men. (Guy Kibbee, Claire Dodd.)

BEHOLD MY WIFE—Good. In which a younger son, irritated by his wealthy family's lack of democracy, marries an Indian girl just for spite. (Sylvia Sydney, Gene Raymond.)

BELLA DONNA—Good. A British adaptation of Robert Hichens' dramatic story of the beautiful adventuress who, while married to an English engineer, becomes involved with a fascinating Egyptian. (Conrad Veidt, Mary Ellis, Cedric Hardwicke.)

BEST MAN WINS—Good. The stalwart Jack Holt and dynamic Edward Lowe do their "stuff" in this film with deep sea diving as its motif. Florence Rice is the girl they emote over.

BRIGHT EYES—Good. The atmosphere of Christmas hovers over this latest Shirley Temple yarn, and you'll love it. As an added gift, we have Jimmy Dunn teamed with our Shirley once again.

CHARLIE CHAN IN PARIS—Fine. These Charlie Chan films always promise a marvellous evening's diversion. Warner Oland, as usual, is perfect as the suave Chinese detective unravelling a murder-mystery that has the French police baffled. (Mary Brian.)

CHURCH MOUSE, THE—Good. The transformation of an ugly duckling, employed as secretary to an important business man, into a raving beauty is used once more with the usual entertaining results. (Laura La Plante, Ian Hunter.)

COUNTY CHAIRMAN, THE—Fine. A new Will Rogers film ought to gladden all your hearts. The scene is Wyoming, at the time when women gained their first vote, and the cast boasts Louise Dresser, Evelyn Venable and Stepin Fetchit.

FATHER BROWN, DETECTIVE—Fine. A fascinating character duel takes place between a philosophical priest and a charming crook (Walter Connolly-Paul Lukas). Gertrude Michael is the heiress who weaves romance into the theme.

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS—Amusing. There's a threesome in this sparkling comedy that few of us can resist—Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Bob Montgomery! Have we intrigued you?

GAMBLING—Fair. George M. Cohan (remember him in "The Phantom President?") in a mystery play of his own writing which unfortunately won't add any laurels to his crown. (Wynne Gibson, Dorothy Burgess.)

GRAND OLD GIRL—Good. A story woven around a small-town high school with May Robson the kind-hearted principal. It's full of hokum, but you'll enjoy it nevertheless. (Mary Carlisle, Fred MacMurray.)

GREEN EYES—Fair. A mystery yarn that is rather mildly motivated. In cast Claude Gillingwater, Shirley Grey, Charles Starrett.

HERE IS MY HEART—Entertaining. A charming comedy with music patterned after the delightful "Grand Duchess and the Waiter" theme and with Bing Crosby and Kitty Carlisle singing their way right into your hearts.

IMITATION OF LIFE—Splendid. Fanny Hurst wrote this story touching so feelingly on the race problem. Generous comedy situations are interwoven with the poignant dramatic incidents. (Claudette Colbert, Louise Beavers, Warren William.)

IT'S A GIFT—Fine. Here's a barrel of fun for all W. C. Fields' addicts, and their name is legion. Baby LeRoy's in this, too. So what more can you ask for if you're looking for laughs and plenty of nonsense?



Maxine Doyle reviews Hollywood itself. Looking west on Hollywood Boulevard.

LITTLE MEN—Fine. A tender little tale of boyhood, written by the famous author of "Little Women." The scene is New England in the '70's, and the cast includes Frankie Darro, Dickie Moore, Ralph Morgan.

MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD, THE—Interesting. Paris during the war! With Claude Rains as a journalist who ghost-writes for his publisher, Lionel Atwill, the latter having a yen for Joan Bennett, Rains' wife.

MARINES ARE COMING, THE—Fair. William Haines, the popular wise-cracker, is with us again in one of his typical rôles. Conrad Nagle plays his superior officer and Esther Ralston is the girl they both love.

MEN OF THE NIGHT—Fair. A melodramatic crook story that will satisfy you on a double-header program. Judith Allen and Bruce Cabot head the cast.

MIGHTY BARNUM, THE—Fine. With Wallace Beery playing magnificently some of the more interesting incidents in the life of America's greatest circus manager, you're bound to be entertained. (Adolphe Menjou, Virginia Bruce.)

MILLION DOLLAR BABY—Fair. There are some amusing sequences in this screen story of a Hollywood studio's search for a second Shirley Temple. (Arlene Judge, Ray Walker.)

MURDER IN THE CLOUDS—Fine. All air-minded youngsters will eat this up, and who isn't an "air-minded youngster" these days? It has thrills, mystery, romance. Lyle Talbot and Ann Dvorak have the leading rôles.

MYSTERY WOMAN—Entertaining. A dramatic film based on an espionage idea that holds the interest consistently. (Rod La Rocque, John Halliday, Mona Barrie and Gilbert Roland.)

NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS—Slightly goofy. You have the makings of an hilarious if somewhat nutty plot when an eccentric inventor turns stone statues into human beings and human beings into stone! (Alan Mowbray, Florine McKinney.)

ONE EXCITING ADVENTURE—Good. A breezy little yarn about a night club entertainer (Binnie Barnes) who, in her spare time, gets mixed up with jewel robberies, romance, etc. (Neil Hamilton, Paul Cavanaugh.)

ONE HOUR LATE—Amusing. One of those frothy little comedies that will keep a smile on your lips all the way through—with Joe Morrison, Helen Twelvetrees and Conrad Nagle in the cast.

PAINTED VEIL, THE—Interesting. The glamorous Garbo is involved in one of those inevitable triangle affairs—with the setting China, and with such charmers as Herb. Marshall and Geo. Brent capturing her heart—and ours, too.

PRESIDENT VANISHES, THE—Unusual. This film dares to be different. At the same time it tells a story of political intrigue that is absorbing and romantic. (Arthur Byron, Ed. Arnold, Peggy Conklin.)

PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN—Good. Douglas Fairbanks returns to us in a British film featuring the romantic exploits of a Don Juan grown considerably older and somewhat wiser. The feminine eye-fulls are Merle Oberon, Benita Hume, Binnie Barnes, etc.

ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN—Fine. Francis Lederer in a naive little tale of a foreigner who has difficulty making the grade in America—but who finally achieves happiness through the aid of a chorine—Ginger Rogers.

SECRET BRIDE, THE—Good. A mystery story having a political background, with a generous mixture of suspense and romance. (Barbara Stanwyck, Warren William, Grant Mitchell, Glenda Farrell.)

SEQUOIA—Fine. All lovers of animals will be fascinated by this film depicting the romance between a deer and a puma. Jean Parker is the little lady who adopted these two in their infancy.

SWEET ADELINE—Colorful musical. The Gay 90's once more! This time with Irene Dunne emoting and singing divinely in the title rôle. (Louis Calhern, Hugh Herbert.)

THUNDER IN THE EAST—Excellent. A compelling and romantic drama, concerning an English and a Japanese naval officer, which will stir your profound interest as well as your emotions. (Merle Oberon, John Loder, Charles Boyer.)

WHITE LIES—Fair. A melodrama involving a glorified "cop," a publisher, the publisher's pretty daughter, and a murder of course. In cast, Victor Jory, Walter Connolly, Fay Wray and Leslie Fenton.

WICKED WOMAN, THE—Fair. Mady Christians, the glamorous Viennese actress, cast, oddly enough, as a Texas swamp lady who kills her brutal husband and spends years preparing to pay for her crime. (Jean Parker, Chas. Bickford.)

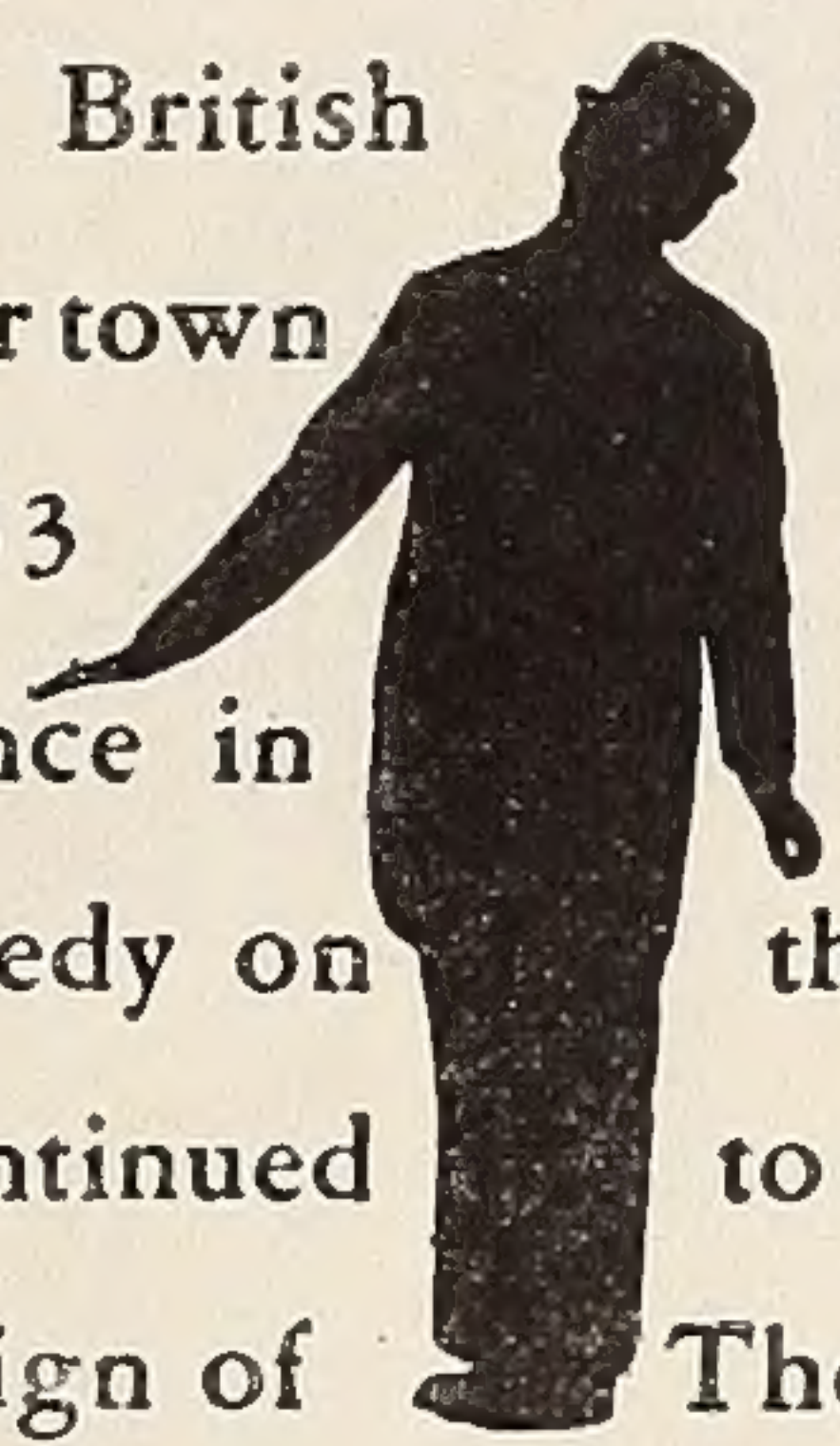
The Object of Her Affections

By JAMES A. DANIELS

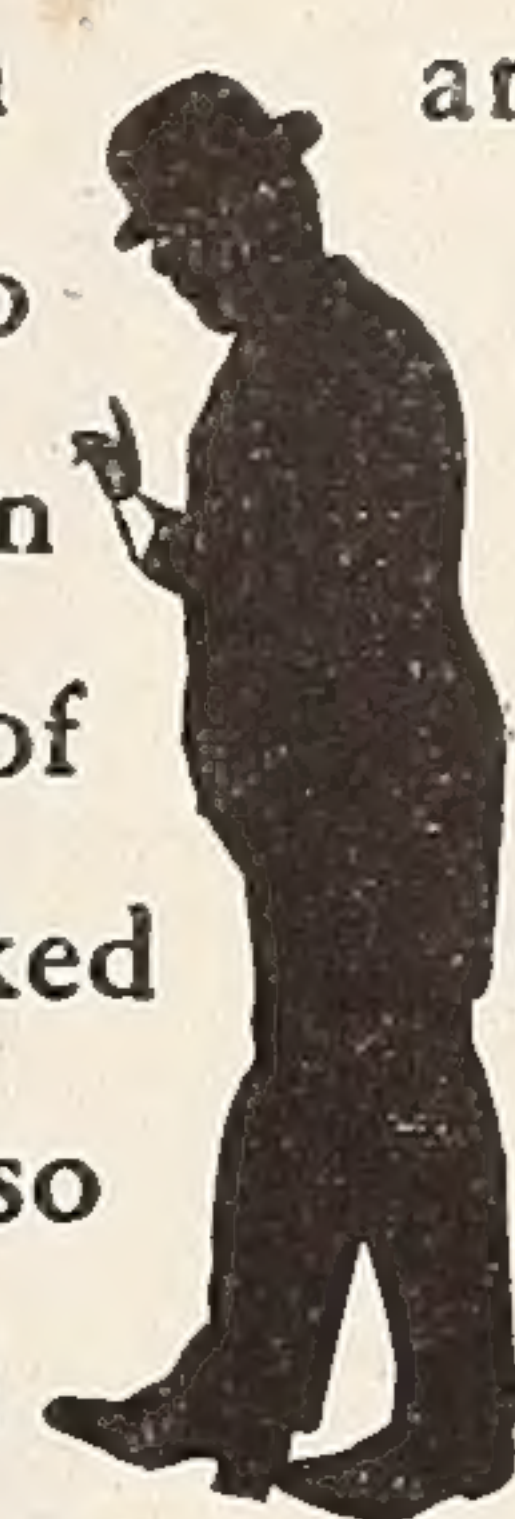


She had dreamed about him all her life. • She wanted him more than the world and she travelled all the way from Red Gap, U.S.A. to him! • And furthermore, she got her man, even if she had to win him in

And what woman wouldn't to get the perfect servant? • All of how Ruggles, the perfect British and-ready American frontier town



valet, found himself pitch-forked of Red Gap. • All of which also



anything else in Europe to get a poker game!

which explains

into the rough- explains how

Charles Laughton, winner of the 1933

terizations, gets his first big comedy chance in

Laughton has always wanted to play comedy on

role on the stage. But screen producers continued

of Lost Souls", Emperor Nero in "The Sign of

VIII". • Then came "Ruggles of Red Gap"—and Laughton's comedy chance. And how he plays it! • As

Ruggles, the perfect servant in the Harry Leon Wilson story, Laughton comes to America in the employment of

the socially-minded Mary Boland of Red Gap. His particular mission is to "civilize" Cousin Egbert, as played

by the inimitable Charlie Ruggles. Every woman has a Cousin Egbert lurking in the background. But what happens

to the prim English valet in the

plots ever concocted. • Just to

Young, Zasu Pitts and Lucien

the manner in which

a gesture of the

his walk is funny!

who makes his bow

land of the free furnishes one of the most hilarious comedy

add to the general hilarity, the cast also includes Roland

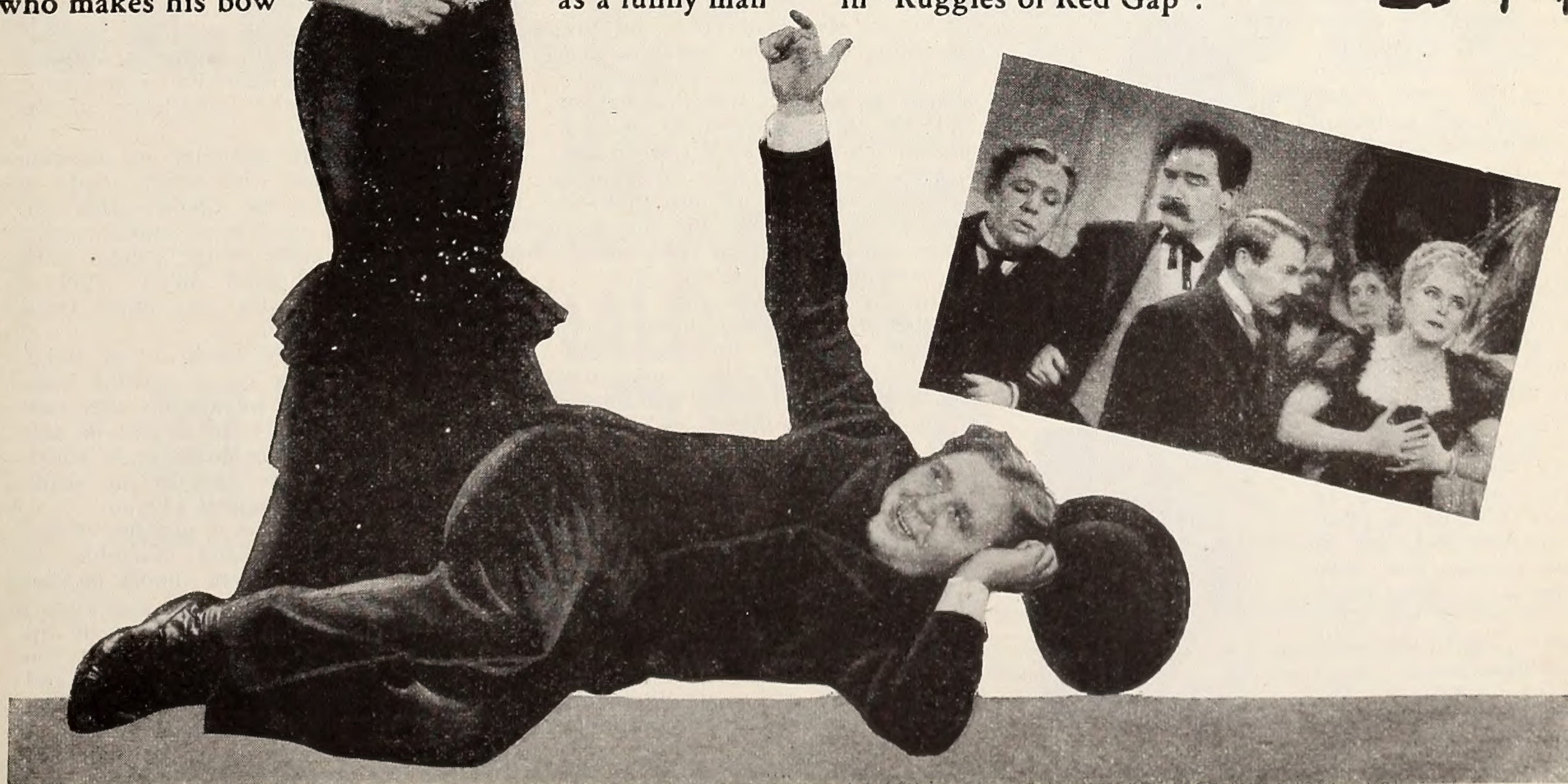
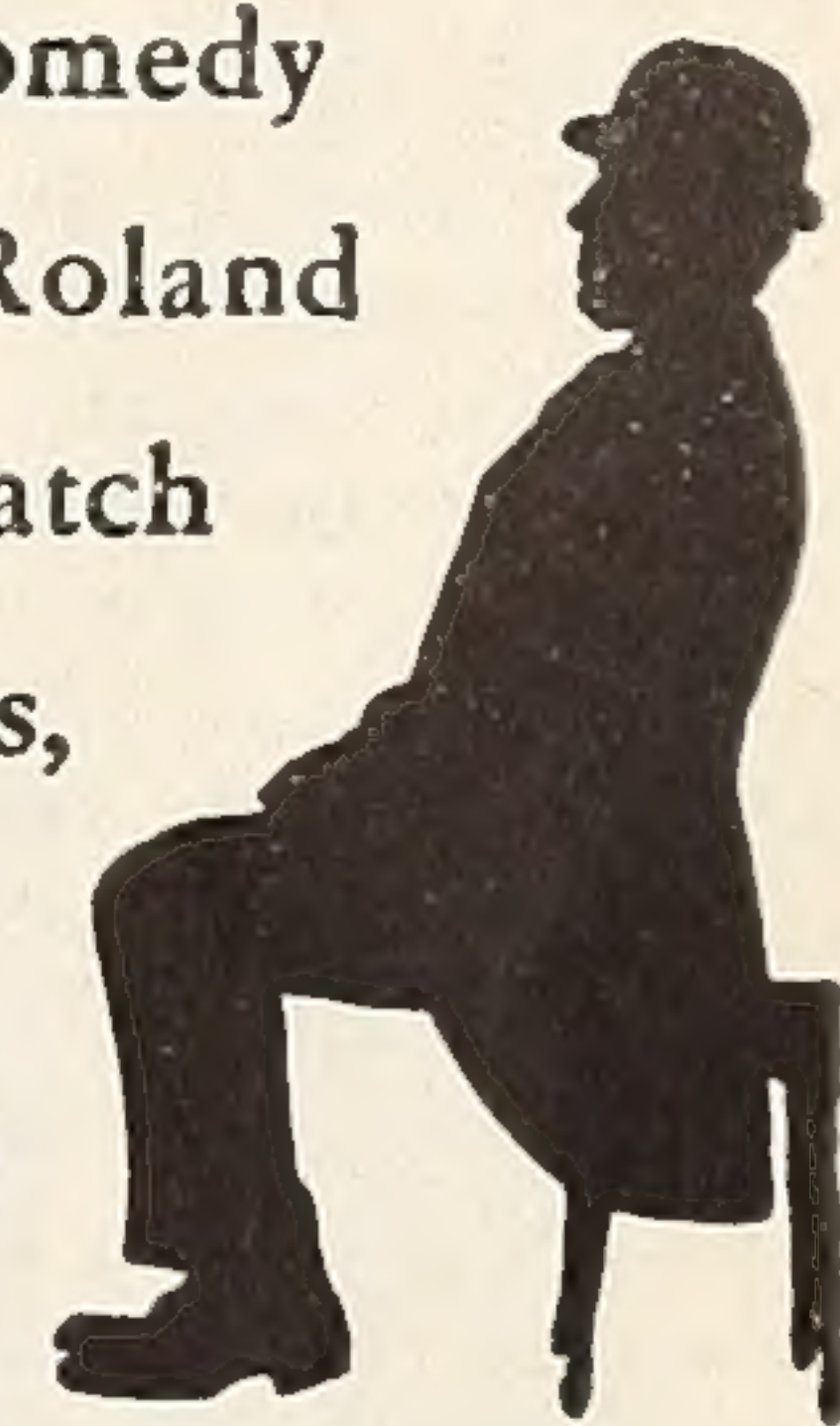
Littlefield. • But watch Laughton as a comedian. Watch

he gets howls of laughter with a lift of the eyebrows,

hands, a swift change of facial expression. Even

That's the new and surprising Charles Laughton

as a funny man in "Ruggles of Red Gap".



L I P S

that
have
ALLURE

How To Use
A Lipstick.

By Mary Lee



Betty Furness putting on
the touch that glorifies.



Joan Crawford



Margaret Sullavan



Katharine Hepburn



Joan Bennett

ONCE when we were a very young and new beauty editor, we told a certain alluring movie star that she had the prettiest mouth we had ever seen on the screen. "It just speaks for itself!" we declared.

And she was furious. "Do you mean to tell me," she raged, "that I have those horrible painted looking lips! Off with your head!" Or words to that effect.

We learned right then, that many of the movie stars are the most conservative people in the world about the use of make-up, particularly lipstick. They know how frightfully important it is. They know that often it is the keynote of the entire appearance. They insist that only the right use be made of it.

The shape of your mouth is one of the most characteristic things about you. Try this game sometime. Draw the shape of the mouth of your favorite movie star on a piece of paper and see if your friends can guess whose it is. Nine times out of ten, if you have drawn it well, they will recognize it.

Lips important? We should say they are!

In making up your mouth, first decide what the general shape

of yours is. On this page we have selected six distinctive types from which to choose. Is yours a wide, generous mouth like Joan Crawford's? Has it the deep, seductive curves of Harlow's? Is it sweet and shapely like that of Margaret Sullavan? Or broad and fairly direct as Katharine Hepburn's. Or small and deeply curving like Joan Bennett's?

You will find if you study them, that your lips are similar to one or the other of these types. We have selected them not to encourage you to pick out one of them and make your lips like theirs. Oh, no! But to help you see your mouth at its lovely best in the person of a star, so you may highlight its best points with your lipstick.

One of the most fatal and un-beautiful things we know is that always unsuccessful attempt to shape lips in some way that nature did not intend them to go. A perfect Cupid's bow, if you do not have a perfect Cupid's bow naturally, is not at all essential to beauty. But decide on the real shape nature intended your mouth to have and then glorify it.

Out in Hollywood they have a number of tricks with lipstick. If lips are too large, lipstick is used conservatively. If they seem too small, generous lipstick will make them more prominent and therefore seem larger. One star whose mouth was too large for beauty found that a trick with two shades of lipstick helped her. First she outlined the edges of her lips with the darker shade. This she did very carefully. She then filled in this outline with a brighter shade, blending the two together into a smooth whole. It is a trick which takes practice and a steady hand, but it does make a large mouth appear smaller.

One girl had a large lower lip and a very much smaller upper

one. She solved her lipstick problem by rouging only the upper lip, pressing the two together to transfer color to the lower one. This had the advantage of bringing the upper lip into prominence and minimizing the lower.

If you like the color of a certain lipstick, but do not find that it is permanent enough to suit you, here is a trick that will increase its staying qualities. Apply it generously, smooth it in, then while you are powdering your face dust a thin film of powder over your lips. Wipe this off. Re-apply the lipstick and let it dry. This will make the color last twice as long as it would without the powder.

If, on the contrary, it is a very indelible lipstick you like, yet you feel it is a little too glaring, do this. Put it on just as heavily as you like. Then press your mouth against a piece of tissue taking off an imprint of your lips. This will remove just the right amount of lipstick to give you a conservative appearance, without impairing the indelibility of the lipstick at all.

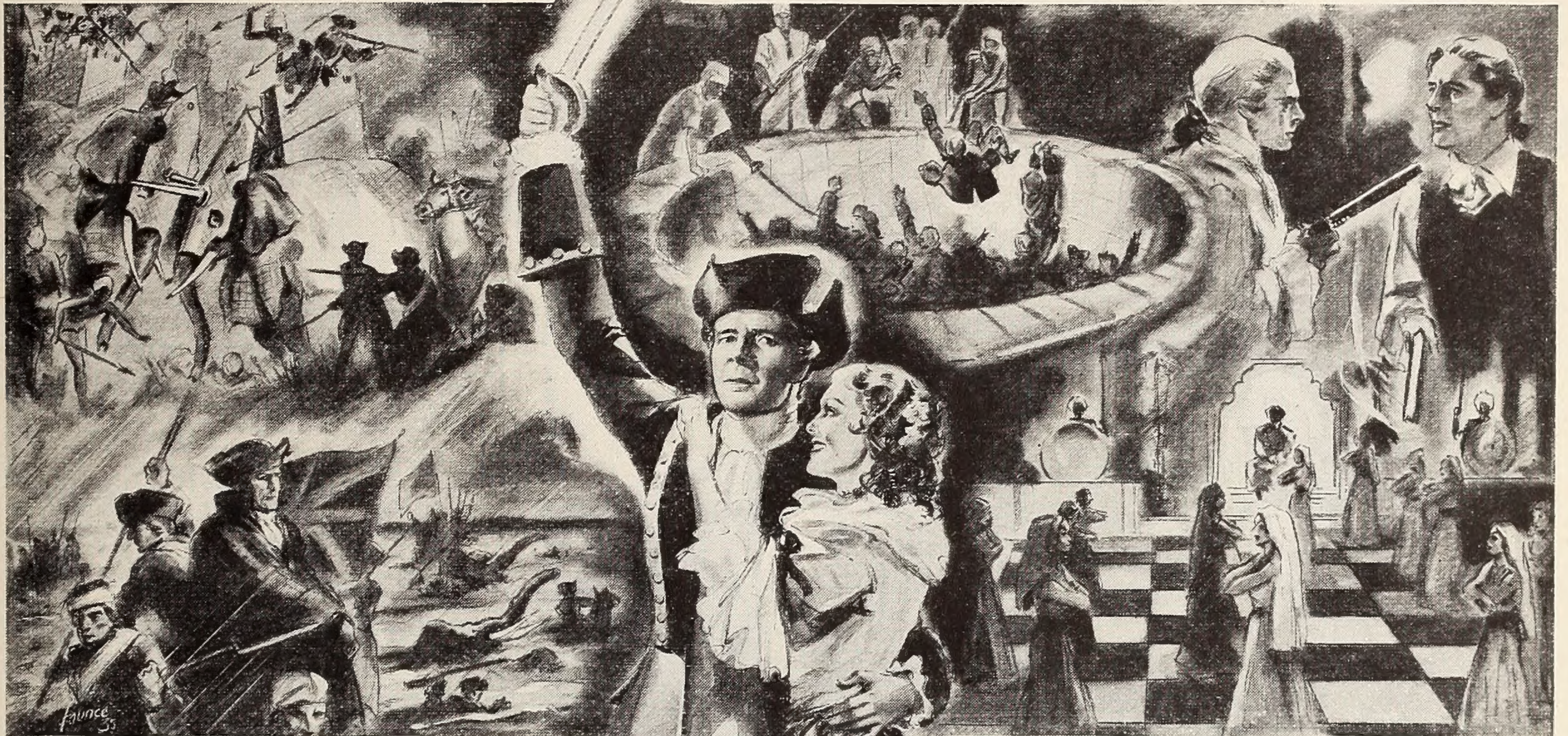
If you have any difficulty in deciding which rouge to use with which shade of lipstick, look into the Christy Gift set. This is a brand new arrangement which places together eight rouge shades with their appropriate lipstick colors. Each is numbered, so that you may order them by number thereafter.

This takes the guess work out of make-up! It assures you of a natural complexion too! While we are on this subject of naturalness, a word should be said of Tangee, that magic little stick which changes color on your lips to the shade most becoming and natural to you.

Elizabeth Arden makes a number of fascinating rouge and lipstick ensembles to be worn with the different shades fashion is favoring this year.

Here is something in the way of lip preparations which has received all too little attention. We mean Roger and Gallet's lip pomade. It is shaped like a lipstick, has a lovely rose color (which of course doesn't pretend to be lasting), and the big advantage of softening, smoothing and making your lips chap-proof.

His **FLAMING SWORD** *smashed India.*
and the heart of the woman he loved!



DRAMA . . . when trumpeting armored battle elephants charge at Plassey . . . when the infamous massacre of The Black Hole of Calcutta is avenged . . . when Clive leads a ragged army of hundreds to victory against countless thousands of troops of the Maharajah!

ROMANCE . . . as a Man of Destiny falls in love with a photograph, and a girl crosses seven seas to marry a clerk she has never seen . . . to find him a conqueror! The most ambitious screen presentation of Twentieth Century Pictures, producers of "The House Of Rothschild".

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK PRESENTS

CLIVE *of* INDIA

a DARRYL F. ZANUCK *production*

Starring
RONALD COLMAN
LORETTA YOUNG



Released thru
 UNITED ARTISTS

with Colin Clive • Francis Lister • C. Aubrey Smith • Cesar Romero
 Directed by RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI • Written by W.P. Lipscomb & R.J. Minney

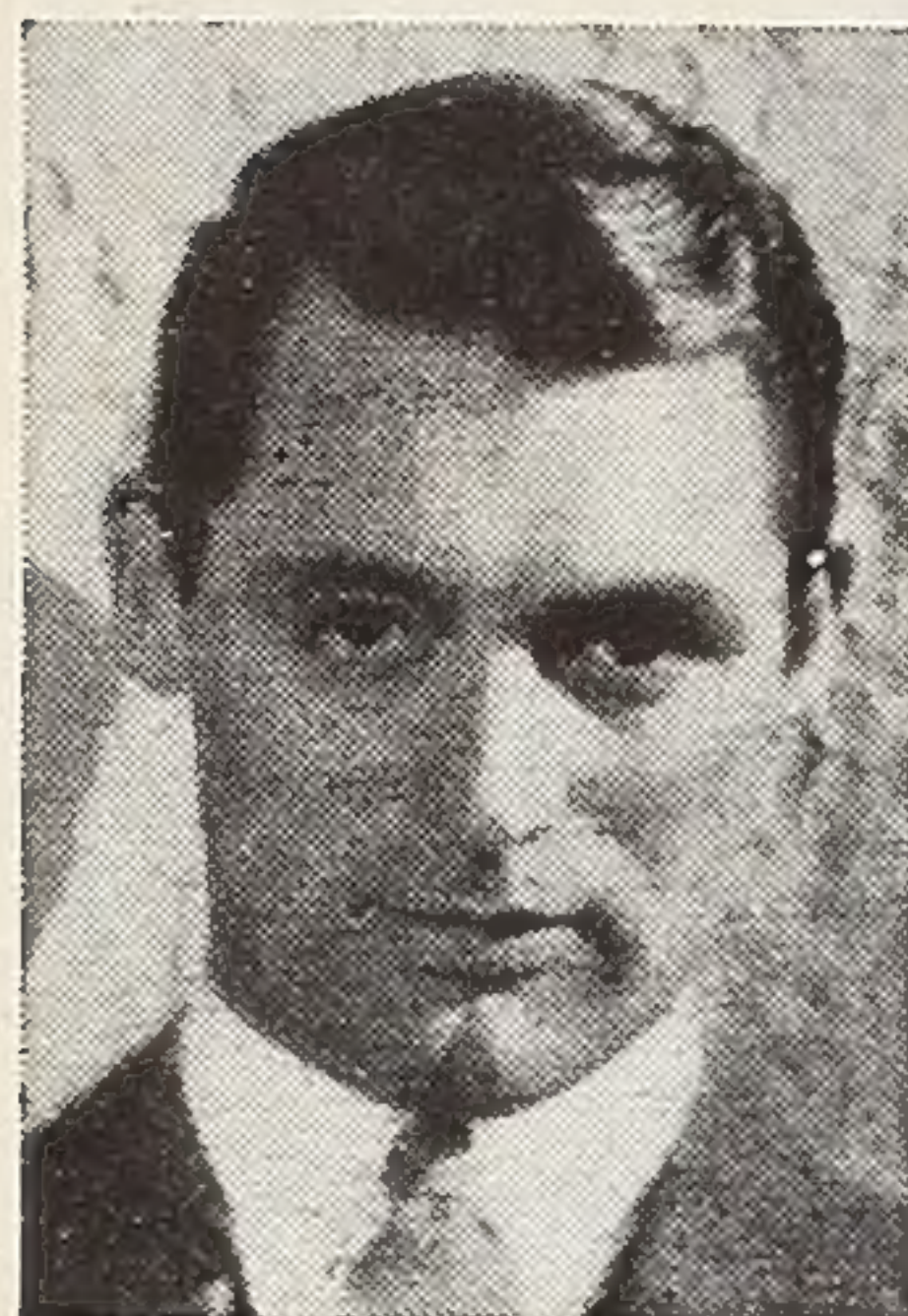
See Clive's "mad" army avenge the massacre of "The Black Hole of Calcutta"! First time on the screen!

See The charge of the battle elephants . . . strangest warriors in history . . . in the mighty conflict at Plassey!

See Clive crawl through enemy lines at Trichinopoly, to become a nation's hero . . . a Man of Destiny!

See An Indian ruler's human chessboard . . . with beauties as pawns . . . and with Death to the losers!

LETTERS from the STARS



MRS. EMMA THOMAS of Edgecliffe Drive, Los Angeles, Calif., asked Cary Grant to tell her his preference for comedy or dramatic rôles. CARY GRANT'S ANSWER:

My dear Mrs. Thomas, I want to thank you for your very kind letter and let you know how sincerely appreciative I am of your interest in my work and pictures. No—I've no actual preference for either comedy or dramatic roles as I enjoy playing them both, feeling that an actor, given a variety of parts, stands less chance of being definitely "typed." My next picture is to be "Wings in the Dark," with Miss Humphrey Bogart. Again thanks! Sincerely, Cary Grant



MARJORIE OWEN of Isle, Minn., admires Patricia Ellis immensely, but she wrote to ask if Patricia emulated the man on the flying trapeze. PATRICIA ELLIS' ANSWER:

PATRICIA ELLIS

Dear Marjorie, Thanks for even dreaming that I could do those marvelous aerial stunts. I am very flattered. But, I did get up on the platform and swing off onto the trapeze,

which, in itself is quite a trick, I assure you. I do hope you will continue to like me on the screen. Let's hope you'll be seeing me for some time to come. Gratefully, Patricia Ellis

CARRIE KLOVRZA of 30th Avenue, Long Island City, N. Y., in her direct manner asked Jean Muir about her career. JEAN MUIR'S ANSWER:



Dear Carrie Klovra, Thanks you for your letter. I enjoyed working in "Da Monica" and I think you appreciate your good wishes very much. In answer to your question, I am almost a newcomer on the screen. I have been for a little over a year under contract to Warner Bros. I like working in pictures (though I don't care about Hollywood as a town) and as I have done mine in this short time, the year has seemed much less. Thanks you again. It means so much to hear that someone likes one's work. Your letters are the only audience Hollywood has. Sincerely, Jean Muir

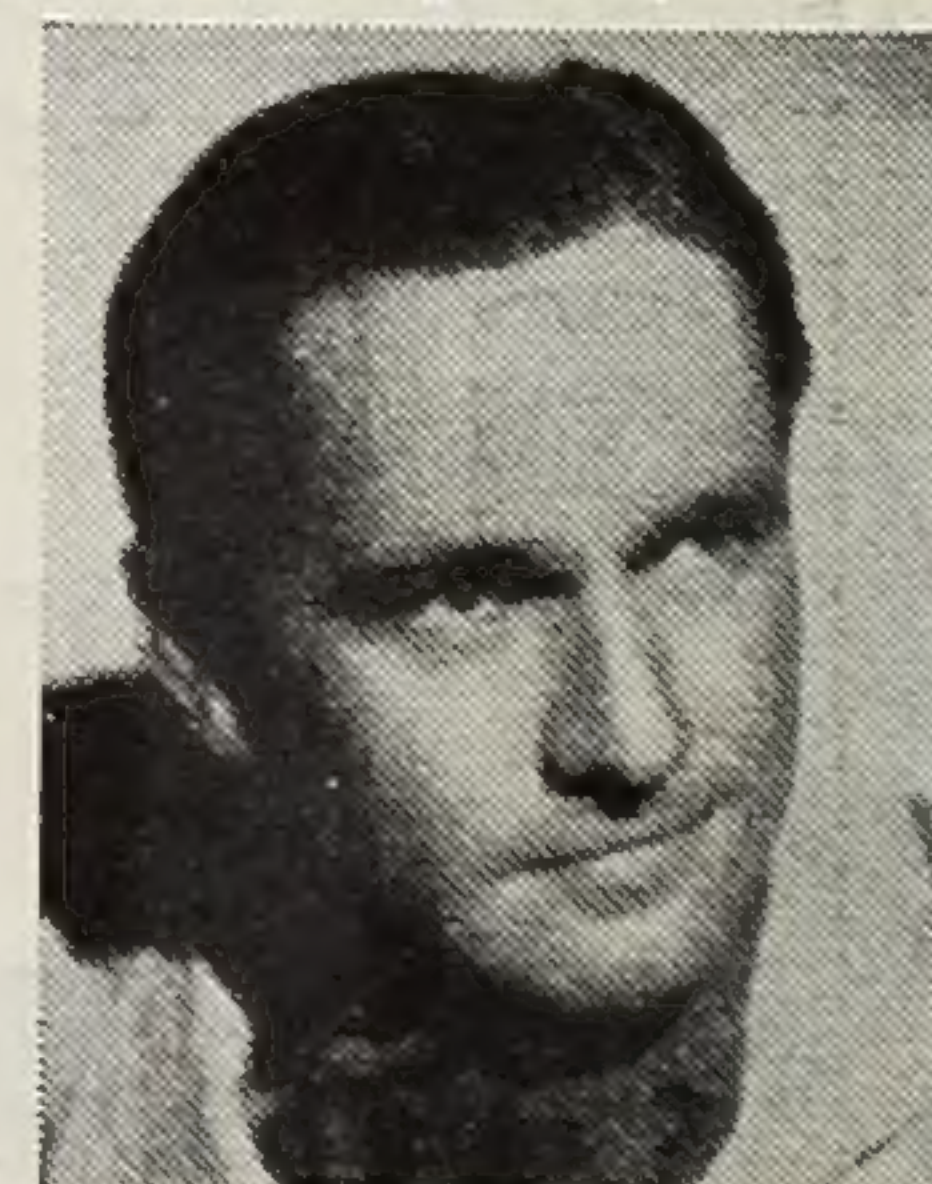


MARY RITA NICHOLSON of Center Street, Chicago, Ill., asked Bob Montgomery to clear up the point as to whether he had or had not a good singing voice. BOB ANSWERS CHARACTERISTICALLY:

Dear Miss Nicholson—
Thanks you very much for your letter.
As for my voice—don't believe all you hear over the radio. In common with a good many voices in the world mine only sounds really well in the shower—
Thank you—
Robert Montgomery

(Montgomery's Letter)
Dear Miss Nicholson—
Thank you very much for your letter.
As for my voice—don't believe all you hear over the radio. In common with a good many voices in the world mine only sounds really well in the shower—
Thank you—
Robert Montgomery

LEONARD THIELMAN of South Barker Ave., Evansville, Ind., asked "Which was your best performance, Mr. March?" FREDRIC MARCH'S ANSWER:



My dear Mr. Thielman, Your praise is greatly appreciated, the more so because of its sincere sincerity. I hope you liked "The Affairs of Arthur" very well. My next picture will be "The Case of the World," and I'm already looking forward to it. In answer to your query as to which of my pictures I liked best from the viewpoint of performance, I believe I should mention either "Single by the Hand" or "Dr. Jekyll"—the latter, of course, was a rare opportunity for characterization, and such parts don't present themselves often. In "The Affairs of Arthur," which is the 20th Century is to do over, I'm looking forward to Jean Valjean as another fine chance. Most sincerely, Fredric March
October 24

The GIBSON FAMILY

SWEET DREAMS SALLY . . . your skin, cleansed of all make-up, by Ivory's foam, lives up to Jack Hamilton's loving praise . . .

Sally's skin has that "Ivory-baby" look because she *never* goes to bed without an Ivory beauty treatment.

Ivory's clear fresh foam clears the pores of dust, powder and make-up—gives the skin its real chance to grow lovelier! No oily foam that's hard to rinse away! No dry shiny-faced feeling! Ivory's way of cleansing is so soothing that doctors advise it even for babies' sensitive skins—and it's the gentlest, surest way for *your* complexion to find spring-freshness and satin-smoothness!

IVORY SOAP : • 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE



"YOU'RE LIKE A FLOWER, SALLY," says Jack Hamilton's note. To tell the truth, Sally's skin *is* flowerlike. It's been kept fine-pored and smooth as a baby's—by the babies' pure soap.



"GOOD AT DISH-WASHING, Empty-top?" inquires Bobby Gibson. "No wedding bells will ring for you in 1939, unless I find you useful."

"Okay, Mugsy darling," agrees Dottie Marsh, "but you'll have to furnish plenty of Ivory Soap before my fair hands will work in your dishpan!" (Even young Dot knows that Ivory Soap keeps busy hands smooth as silk.)

PURE IVORY SOAP PREVENTS "HOUSEWORK HANDS"

for MARCH 1935



"HE CRIES A LOT, Mrs. Gibson," says Miss Bowes of the parish day nursery, "his skin is so chafed. It's some fancy soap his mother uses."

"What a pity when pure Ivory Soap costs so little," sighs Mrs. Gibson. Her kind motherly heart remembers her own Ivory babies of twenty years ago. If she could manage it, every baby in America would have a smooth, Ivory-comforted skin.

DOCTORS, TOO, SAY "IVORY FOR BABIES"

DIFFICULT DAYS?

I don't have them any more!



"When I think of the way I used to suffer regularly, setting aside certain days when any activity was out of the question—even walking any distance—you may know how grateful I am for Midol. Now, I have no such pain, or even discomfort. I ride horseback on the days that once demanded absolute quiet."

This is not the experience of just one woman. Thousands could tell how Midol has given back those days once given over to suffering.

Midol might end all periodic pain for you. And even if it didn't, you would get a measure of relief well worth while. Remember, this is a special medicine, recommended by specialists for this particular purpose. But it is *not* a narcotic, so don't be afraid of the speed with which Midol takes hold.

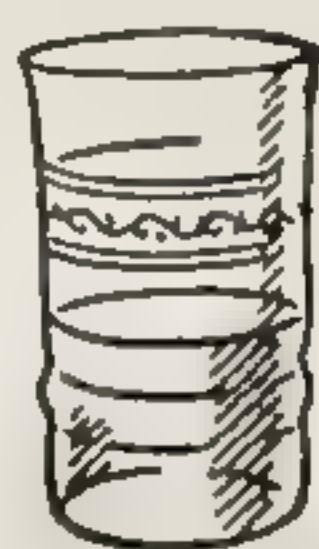
You may obtain these tablets at any drugstore. Get some today, and be prepared. Taken in time, they may spare you any pain at all. Or relieve such pain at any time. They are effective for several hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day.

Just ask the druggist for Midol. Or look for it on his toilet goods counter. Or let the makers send you some to try.

An Invitation E-1



to try it without expense; mail this to Midol, 170 Varick St., N. Y., and receive trial box free.



Name.....

Address.....

"You're Telling Me?"

The \$10 Letter

"THE movies provide a temporary, but complete, anaesthetic for hours when fear and anxiety and a tired body tangle thoughts. They lift me from my own life," writes Hannah Crimble of S. E. Riverside Dr., Evansville, Ind. "Often I slip alone into a seat (a cheap seat in the balcony now, where I may go with unpolished shoes and cotton gloves, and where, dropping all defenses, I can, for a time, discontinue the fight.) When I do this, I can forget who I am, and where, and why, and, out of the skill of the director and from the art of the player, I find rest and a new will to go on."

See "Gentlemen Are Born" and "The Gay Divorcée" then let me know how you're doin'.

"I'M TELLING you that every tenement, every gutter, every cemetery, every poor house is chuck full of logical endings," writes Jim Wallace of Broderick St., San Francisco, Calif. "Each time you pick up the paper and read through the divorce columns and the murder stories, you find dozens of 'em. We can't escape 'em. But in my movies, I want glamour, and fairy tales, and poor boys who get rich, and mugs who get the right girl, and all the rest of it. Gimme the fantastic, the impossible, the whatever you want to call it. It's escape from reality, and priceless.

Gee, don't say it's impossible!

"WALLACE BEERY and Will Rogers are my true favorites, for they have understandable reactions to situations that confront them in their screen stories. I like them because they do not suppress their emotions with a 'poker face' expression. There is no question as to how they feel—it makes them human," writes Herman Hoch of E. Anaheim Road, Anaheim, Calif.

That's the way we play bridge.

KAY LEATHERS of Packard Rd., Toledo, Ohio, writes "I can't resist giving Charlie Ruggles a figurative pat on the back for his grand work in 'Pursuit of Happiness.' He even made my husband chuckle and, let me tell you, that's the height of something or other 'cause he's a sort of 'movie-grouch.'"

What every woman knows!



Marlene Dietrich talks to Japan at the opening of the Trans-Pacific Radio Telephone. At left: Y. Sakai, Tokyo newspaper man. Now Japan can talk back.

"THE REASON I enjoy Miss West is because she is refreshing after the 'weak' women so often portrayed by the Jean Parkers; and the strong silent women as portrayed by the Garbos," writes Helen Spoyen of Walnut St., Newark, N. J. "Here's to Mae—long may she star."

She's a comedienne. Isn't that what pleased you?

"LONG before movies were invented we had robbery, arson, murder and sudden death just as we do today," writes M. I. Woodruff, of Monument Square, Charlestown, Mass. "No doubt 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and 'Hamlet' were responsible for earlier lapses from civic virtue. At that, 'Hamlet' presents every type of violence from suicide to murder. Yet children are urged to witness as many performances of 'Hamlet' and the rest of Shakespeare's plays as possible. Why blame the movies for crime and delinquent children?

The Bard should be barred, eh?

"SO COMPLETELY was I held and fascinated by Robert Donat in 'The Count of Monte Cristo' that I hate to find fault. But shouldn't his hair have grown to a greater length than his coat collar, inasmuch as mine reaches shoulder length in the passing of one single summer?" writes Jean Darling of Roberts Ave., Glenside, Pa.

Ah, but you do not have rats to eat it off.

EVERY LETTER PAID FOR

\$10 for the best and \$2 for every other letter printed. Address "You're Telling Me?" Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York City.

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH



Rudy's 1935 personality emerges in an uproarious bah-jove impersonation—



Yessir, Ann Dvorak is the girl picked from a million as Rudy's new heart-throb! Watch her dance—watch her make love—and you'll know why!



Just to sit and gaze at these beauties should be treat enough for anyone—but Warner Bros. add the marvel of dance spectacles created by Johnny Boyle and Bobby Connolly.



Heigh-Ho, Everybody! . . . Make Your Prettiest Bow to Warner Bros. for a Screen Accomplishment That Captures This Month's Ace Honors —Rudy's First Great All-Star Film Show!

RUDY VALLEE in "SWEET MUSIC"

America's Top Troubadour, Surrounded by a Studio-Full of Talent (Including His One and Only Connecticut Yankees), Steals the Show From the Idols of Hollywood, with the Aid of Alfred E. Green's Smart Direction.



—and his impression of a lyrical Latin adds further proof of his versatility.



Helen Morgan is just one of "Sweet Music's" many star thrills. Others are Alice White, Allen Jenkins, Ned Sparks, Joe Cawthorn, Al Shean.



Frank and Milt Britton's musical maniacs tear the house down putting over Rudy's new hits—"Ev'ry Day", "FareThee Well, Annabelle", 4 others by 6 famous Warner composers.



Friday

COMPLEXION AWFUL

Monday

WHAT A CHANGE!

TRY this pleasant WEEK-END TEST!

IS YOUR skin pimply, dull, unattractive? Don't despair! Thousands of women have found a quick, simple way to gain and keep a skin that is clear and smooth, a complexion fresh, lovely and alluring. But not by artificial means! Skin troubles usually indicate internal trouble—sluggish elimination, or blood impoverished by lack of calcium. Stuart's Calcium Wafers correct *both* of these troubles. Their gentle action rids the system of bodily wastes. Enrich and tone the blood with the calcium you need. Pimples disappear. Dull skin becomes clear and firm—the complexion aglow with health and loveliness. Try this pleasant beauty aid. Often one week-end will show a big improvement! At all drug stores—10c and 60c.

STUART'S Calcium Wafers

AMAZING TYPEWRITER BARGAIN

**New Remington Portable
only 10c a day**

10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

Only 10¢ a day buys this latest model machine. Not a used or rebuilt typewriter. Not an incomplete machine. A beautiful brand new regulation Remington Portable Standard 4-row keyboard; standard width carriage; margin release on keyboard; back spacer; automatic ribbon reverse; every essential feature found in standard typewriters. Carrying case and typing course free. Absolutely the biggest typewriter value ever offered! Try it in your home or office ten days free. If you do not agree that it is the finest portable at any price return it at our expense. Don't delay. We pay cost of shipment direct from the factory to you. You save on the purchase price, you don't risk a cent. Write now!



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Write Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 161-3, Buffalo, N.Y.



**Hair
OFF** Face Lips Chin

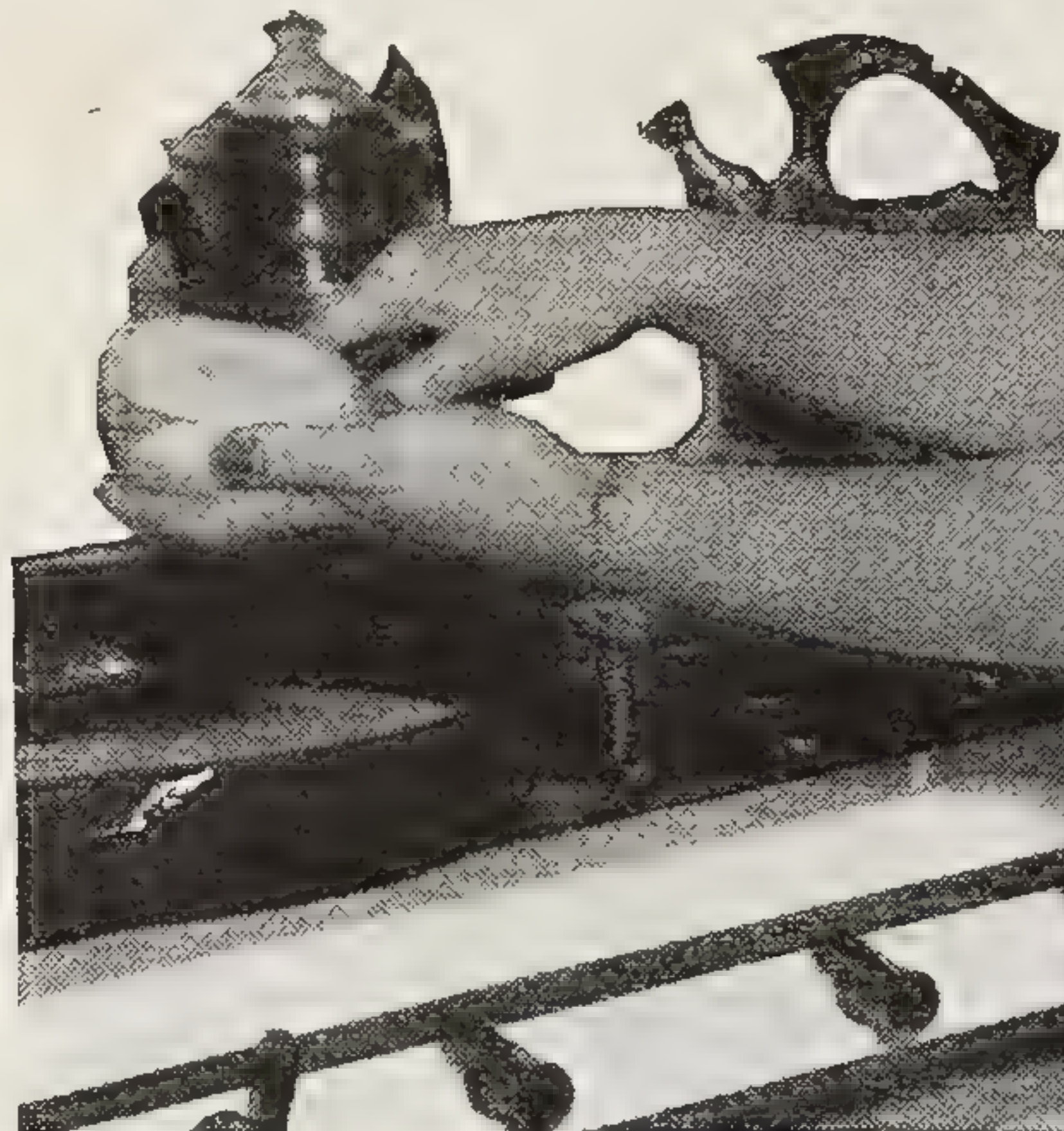
Unloved I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face... unloved... discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids... even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P.O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 121, Chicago.

Jobyna Plans Dick Arlen's Diet

Um-m-m! Steak And Onions

By
Ruth
Corbin

Jobyna Ralston,
now that the
baby is so big,
may return to
the screen.



ONE of the most sensible and capable wives in Hollywood is pretty Jobyna Arlen, wife of Richard and mother of eighteen-months old Richard Ralston Arlen, Jr.

I visited at the Arlen home, out near Toluca Lake, the other afternoon. Dick had gone golfing. The baby was asleep and Joby was fixing a green salad and getting a steak ready to fry. She told me that steak, smothered in onions, is Dick's "favorite fruit" for golf afternoons, because he is about as hungry as a bear when he returns from the links.

Dick takes his game seriously and, every afternoon that he is not working, he can be found at the golf club. In the beginning, he was rather clumsy and handled his club like a baseball bat, but now he is rated as one of Hollywood's best golfers and shoots around 70.

After she had finished in the kitchen, Joby took me into the living-room and showed me her preparations for St. Patrick's Day. She has made the little place cards herself and attached them to small clay pipes, and the favors are green crepe paper stove-pipe hats. Her room decorations are large green paper shamrocks. It is very easy to create a bit of Ireland in Joby's drawing-room for she has so much needlework in evidence and two large brass chests near the fireplace.

Joby says they have friends in on St. Patrick's Day every year, because it is the one day of the year when they can have their favorite foods without making apologies to anybody. Joby is Irish, even to the name—good old "Brady."

Believe it or not, her favorite dishes are pig's knuckles and sauerkraut, and corned beef and cabbage. Dick's favorite entrée is old fashioned beef stew, with plenty of vegetables, especially tomatoes.

Joby is from "Tennessee ma'am," and knows all the tricks of Southern cookery. The Arlen's nurse is a real old Southern m a m m y who knows

her share of the culinary art too, so the kitchen is an important part in the menage. It is done in canary yellow and white with a white and yellow tile floor, a huge white gas range, with roomy baking and warming ovens, and large windows through which the California sun pours all day. White and yellow curtains frame the windows and there are small potted geraniums on the sill.

Jobyna and Dick are Hollywood's hardest perennial married lovers. Neither seems a day older than when they stole away from the Paramount studio, where they were working in "Wings," and went to Riverside to be married. This took place about nine years ago.

They only succeeded in getting enough time off for the wedding ceremony and never a sign of a vacation for three years. Joby worked in 13 pictures in a row and Dick in 11. When they finally went to Honolulu, Joby said she couldn't by any stretch of the imagination call it a honeymoon, for they were old married folks by that time.

What honeymoon they had was spent afternoons and Sundays at their Toluca Lake home, laying concrete and upholstering furniture. They spent their spare time down town, rummaging through basement stores for striking pieces of run-down chairs, sofas and such and they would buy and repaint and re-upholster them. They made a real hobby of it and at the same time they turned their place into a real home at small cost.

Joby said that when they first started housekeeping she was glad she could cook, for they always had a ravenous appetite at dinner time, and, when they worked after dinner, they would fix a midnight snack. They still do, upon occasion.

Joby's *pièce de résistance* is fried chicken, Southern style, which she makes by rolling each piece in a batter made of egg yolks and then rolling in flour and frying until brown.

She is

STARS MUST EAT

SILVER SCREEN

equally good at making spaghetti. Nobody ever thinks of turning down an invitation to her famous spaghetti dinners. She cooks the spaghetti Italian style. Here is her recipe:

- 1 lb. spaghetti
- 1 1/2 lbs. ground round steak
- 3 diced onions
- Cup of olive oil
- Small piece of garlic
- Large portion of celery

Heat olive oil and put in the diced onions, small piece of garlic and celery heart and cook until tender, then make the steak into balls and cook with the mixture and add a pound of freshly cooked spaghetti.

The Bing Crosbys are neighbors of Joby and Dick and the two young couples are practically inseparable. They dine and play together. Dick and Bing play golf and discuss children together.

Dixie Crosby has returned to pictures via Paramount, and, the day I visited with Joby she, too, had just received a tempting offer from an independent company which she was seriously considering. I believe it is only a matter of time until she will return to the screen, for young master Arlen is a healthy, normal baby and can be safely turned over to his competent and sympathetic nurse. Joby would not need to feel she was neglecting him when he is in such capable care. She gave up the screen a year and a half before baby Richard was born.

Dick and Joby made an extensive tour of Europe last year and took the baby and his nurse with them. While they were running around Switzerland they left the baby at Nice.

Joby showed me a beautiful gold bracelet with bangles on it. Each bangle had been purchased in a different country during their visit and was a gift, of course, from Dick.

She said they did not care much for European foods as they were all rich in oils and fat, although they were served with tempting wines. Dick got almost portly during the trip and had to exercise diligently and diet, too, when he returned, before he got down to his right weight.

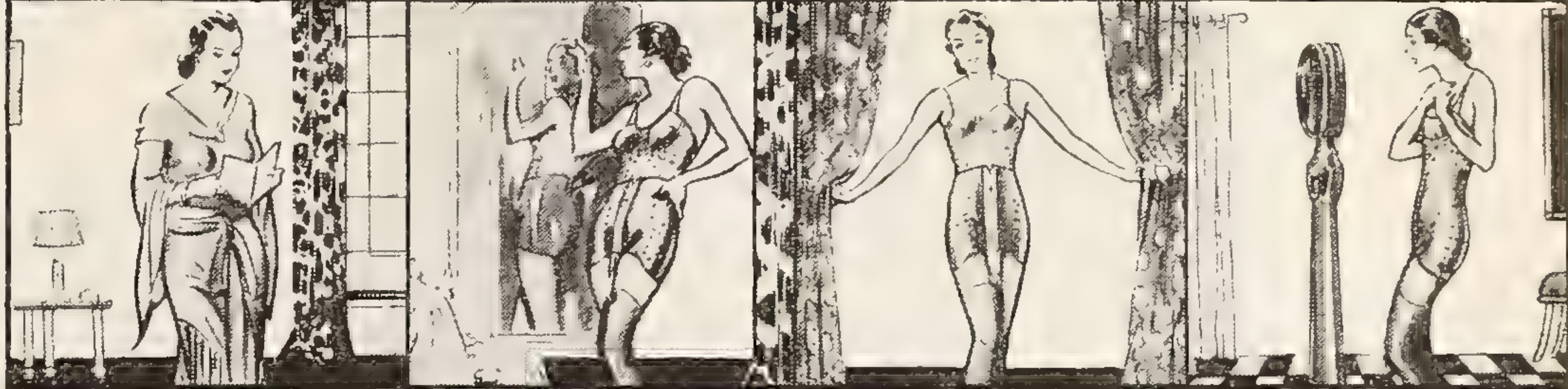
Dick is terribly fond of beef stew but doesn't eat it very often. Instead he dines on medium rare steaks, smothered in onions, and more frequently he eats lamb chops with green peas.

Both are fond of green and combination salads. Also of avocado salad, but this they eat only occasionally because of its fattening qualities. For Dick's benefit they use vinegar and mineral oil dressings prepared with sugar, salt and pepper. They also use a non-fattening salad dressing made by mixing lemon juice with honey.

When they entertain the Crosbys they serve dinner family style of course, but when more guests are invited, they serve buffet dinners, with cold meats, sandwiches, and relishes.

Joby and Dick often enjoy light midnight "snacks" together, of scrambled eggs, cooked with finely chopped tomato and a small bit of green pepper, and they prefer ovaltine to coffee at these late lunches.

They aren't the only ones who entertain on St. Patrick's Day. When I began counting Irish noses in Hollywood, I found a baker's dozen quite easily, and most of them remember the traditions of the old sod. There are: George Brent, Phil Regan, Bill Gargan, Colleen Moore, Maureen O'Sullivan, Ruby Keeler, Margaret Sullivan, James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Bing Crosby, Mary Boland, etc. The list is endless. I'm Irish myself. I have always felt that Clark Gable was miscast in his real life rôle. He is Dutch, but he ought to have been Irish, for he has the true Irishman's sense of humor and good-fellowship and his favorite dish is *Irish Stew*. He told me so.



"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Company ...and sent for FREE folder".

"They allowed me to wear their Perforated Girdle for 10 days on trial".

"The massage-like action did-it...the fat seemed to have melted away".

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and my weight 20 pounds".

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR ...it won't cost you one penny!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

● The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous Perfolastic gently massages away the surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Ventilated . . . to Permit the Skin to Breathe!

● And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

Don't Wait Any Longer...Act Today!

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TEST the... PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

For 10 Days at Our Expense!
**"I have reduced my hips
Nine Inches"** writes Miss Healy!

*"You can be
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Dept. 443, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

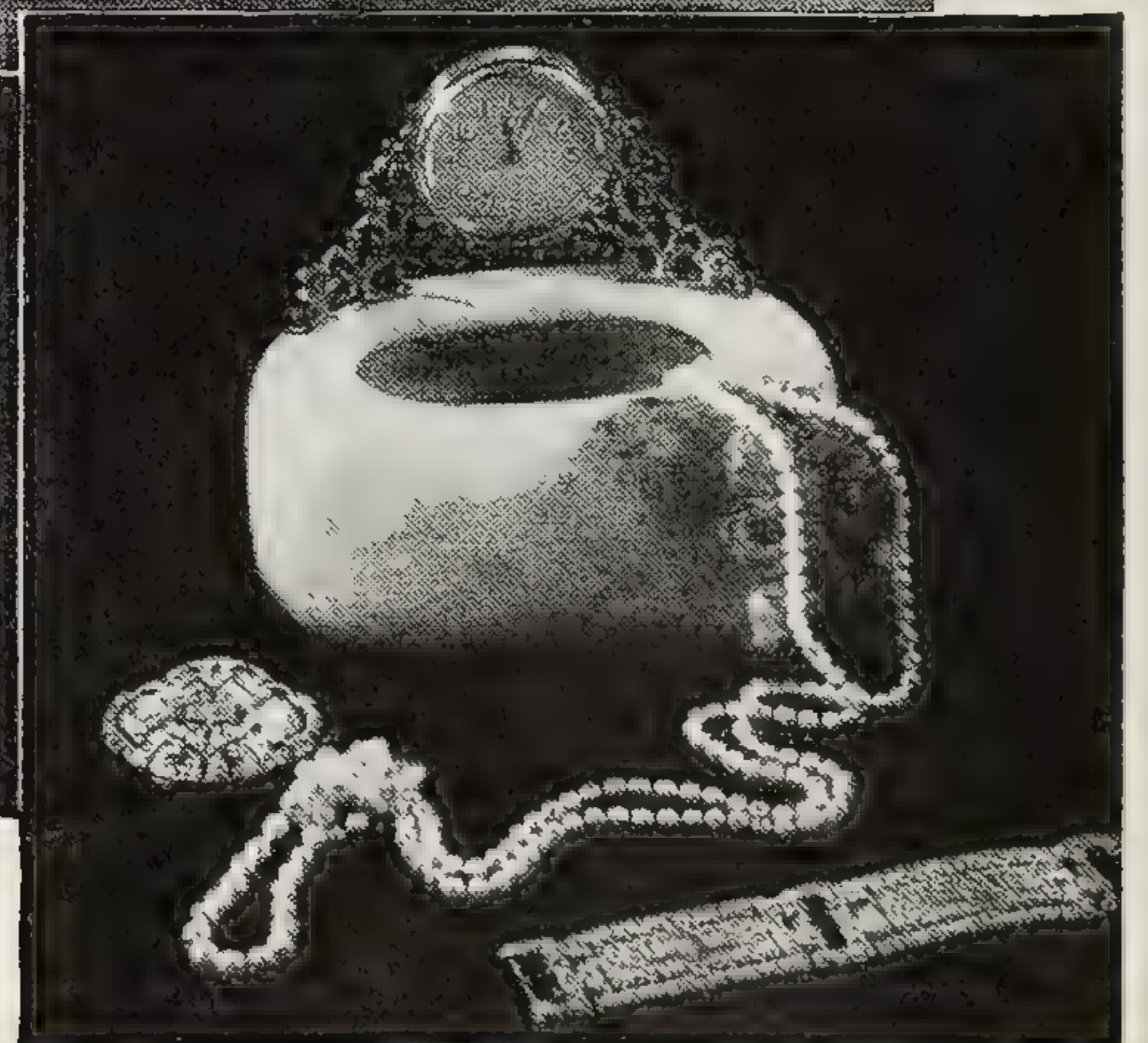
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A Fortune FOR PLAYTHINGS



Yet she uses this 25¢ Tooth Paste

Do you realize why? Results, that's all!

IT is no accident that women of wealth and position, fastidious and critical in selection of all things, are constant users of Listerine Tooth Paste.

Obviously, the price of 25¢ would have no weight in making their decision. The reason for their choice is the quality of the paste itself, the definite results it brings.

You will find, as more than 3,000,000 men and women have found, that Listerine Tooth Paste gives teeth a brilliance and lustre not obtainable with ordinary dentifrices. You will observe also that this paste is safe and gentle in action; accomplishes amazing cleanliness without harm to precious enamel. Try it yourself and see teeth improve.

As you continue to use it you'll realize that at last you have a superior tooth paste, worthy of your patronage, and worthy, too, of the old and trusted name it bears. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Missouri.



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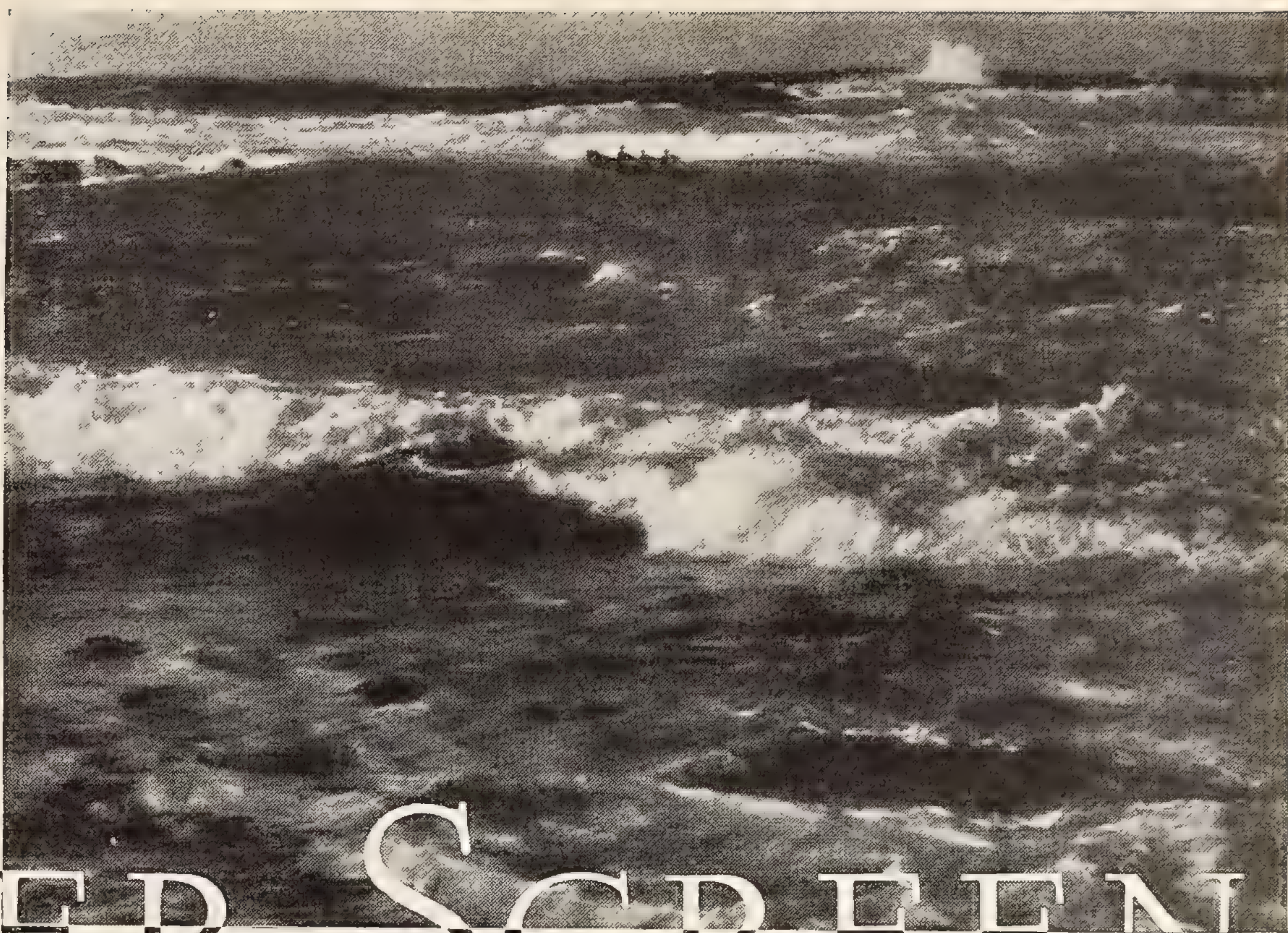
Geraldine Farrar

Every Saturday. All NBC Stations.
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LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . . Regular Size 25¢ Double Size 40¢

Topics FOR Gossips

Near the top center of this picture, you can see a row-boat and three men battling the surf. Scene from the Flaherty picture "A Man of Aran," selected by the National Board of Review as the Best Picture of 1934.



SILVER SCREEN

DOLORES DEL RIO is the one Hollywood beauty who has discovered a way and means to retain her beautiful bronze sun-tan all the year round. The sun-bath at her home is not just one of those ordinary sun-bath contraptions. It is a pit, six feet deep, with stairs leading down to gleaming white sands. It is here the lovely Dolores basks daily in not just ordinary sands, either, but the very finest, imported twice yearly from a particular sea shore at Monterey, California, and said to contain a certain crystal element which sustains great heat value, making for an even, healthy, more permanent tan.

FRANCES DEE'S sister, Margaret, makes her film debut in "Becky Sharp," in which picture Frances makes her "come-back" after becoming a mother. Margaret just happened to drop out on the set to see her sister one day—and the director saw her—and *voila*, a new actress. And we sit on sets day in and day out and no director yet has even given us a side-glance.

JOEL McCREA and **Pat O'Brien** both buy the dresses and hats their wives wear. And that's courage.

SINCE their grand performances in "Imitation of Life," folks out Hollywood way have been wanting to know something about Louise Beavers and Fredi Washington. Louise was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, and was educated in the public schools of Pasadena, California. She entered pictures about 1924 and works continuously, but not until "Imitation of Life" has she ever had a truly great rôle. Louise Beavers off the screen is very much like the young Aunt Delilah on the screen. One of her most cherished possessions is a wire from Claudette Colbert received the night of the preview of "Imitation of Life."

Fredi Washington, who plays Aunt Delilah's daughter in the picture, and makes you dissolve in tears when she repents at her mother's funeral, was born in Savannah, Georgia, and she attended

the St. Elizabeth Convent and the local high school there. She has appeared mostly on the New York stage in such successes as "Porgy" and in "Black Boy," opposite Paul Robeson. She was acclaimed by the critics when she appeared in the screen production of "Emperor Jones," which was done by an all-colored cast. After "Imitation of Life" she returned to New York.

HOWARD HUGHES and **Marian Marsh** are the most consistent night clubbers these winter nights in Hollywood. While he was week-ending in Palm Springs, play-boy Howard escorted Isabel Jewell to the Dunes, and to the tennis matches, and here and there, but Lee Tracy didn't seem to like the idea much so Isabel came home.

MARLENE DIETRICH has decided to do for the carnation what Joan Crawford did for the gardenia. In every scene almost of "Caprice Espagnol" she has carnations strewn all over the place. And now Marlene matches her perfume with the fragrance of the flowers. Although she thinks this carnation fad amusing and contagious, it's still tuberose which Marlene surrounds herself with in her dressing room and home.

MAY ROBSON and **Nat Pendleton** spend all their spare time on the "Reckless" set bending over a checker board. May claims she's the best and Nat claims he is.

CLARK GABLE has deserted his famous sweaters, which were such a rage a year or so ago, and has now gone in for zipper jackets.

JOHN LODGE has his Easter plans all made, although he isn't sure all his friends will like them. Last Easter some one gave his four year old daughter a pair of rabbits. Now the Lodge backyard houses twenty-four bunnies which John is planning to give to all his friends as Easter gifts.

A FAMOUS painter who has just done Dolores Del Rio in oils says that Dolores is the most beautiful woman in Hollywood, and calls her "a cathedral in a jungle"—whatever that means.

ONE of the most sought after actors in Hollywood right now is **Tullio Carminati**, who rode into cinema fame along with **Grace Moore** in "One Night of Love." Every producer is trying to get him all signed on the dotted line. But the intelligent Mr. Carminati will not accept a rôle unless he likes it.

RICHARD DIX and his wife, the former **Virginia Webster**, are Hollywood's newest stork-expecters.

THIRTY-FOUR girls applied for the position of maid to **Fay Wray** when she arrived in London. Eleven offered to work for nothing. Fay's choice turned out to be the **Princess Marina's** former maid.

AT RECENT Hollywood social affairs **Connie Bennett** has started the new fad of wearing a large silver initial in place of a corsage.

JEANETTE MacDONALD is practically the only actress in Hollywood who never uses perfume. She likes it—but it makes her sneeze.

JOHNNY MACK BROWN went back to Alabama recently to see the folks and returned to Hollywood with three new horns for his car.

JEAN HARLOW, Hollywood's newest authoress—and just wait until you get a load of her new book, it's really something—sleeps these nights with a pencil

[Continued on page 58]

"IT'S A SWELL

The Writing Profession, Thanks To The Screen, Is At Last Out Of The Garret And In The Money.

I FEEL, as I start this article, much as a vandal might feel who sneaked into the Metropolitan Museum of Art in the dead of night, knife in hand, to slash and rip a beautiful painting. The parallel is not too far fetched. I'm about to destroy the generally accepted portrait of an author, the romantic portrait that hangs on the easel of public imagination.

While acknowledging the vandalism, I must blame the whole thing on the editor of this magazine. He called me on the telephone the other day. With a Little Jack Horner gesture, he grabbed the dial instrument, put in his thumb and pulled out my number from the criss-cross of wires that go to make up the Murray Hill telephone exchange of New York.

"Sullivan," he snarled, "you have written at length of the terrific salaries that are paid to motion picture stars and you've arched your editorial eyebrows at the fortunes paid to motion picture directors and executives. What about the writers? Do they labor in the Hollywood vineyards just for Art, or is there a cash register attachment on their typewriters? I want you to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about the colossal sums of dough that are hauled out of Hollywood each week by your companions in literary crime."

That was on a Monday. On Tuesday I called him back and said: "Mr. Editor, I've taken the sitzeeayshun up with some of my fellow writers and we think that it would be better to skip the whole thing. After all, us writers are idealists, and while we do ask money for our efforts . . ." I got no further than this. On the other end of the phone strange noises were manifest and it was evident that Ye Editor was in a bit of a temper. "So the writers won't talk, eh?" he challenged. "Sullivan, have that article on

my desk by noon or you're through, canned, fired. That's final." He hung up violently.

When he hung up, I sensed that I had come to one of the crucial moments of my career. Well, sir, I was in a quandary. I had no Camel to give me a lift, as the ads say. I had no Murad to give me that non-

chalant feeling. I didn't even have a Spud to cool off the editor. To borrow the words of another literary giant, Durante, I was mortified.

I had to do something, but what? The editor demanded that I sell out my fellow writers for a mess of pottage. With a bag of gold in his hand, he was seeking to bribe me into becoming a Benedict Arnold. He asked me to plant the kiss of Judas on the cheeks of the Writers' Guild. Then and there I made up my mind I'd tell him a thing or two. I called him on the phone. I said: "Mr. Editor, I'll write the article immediately."

So, here goes. Here's the lowdown on the best racket since repeal. Help yourself to a fortune.

Let's start at the beginning, as the man said who dug the Holland Tunnel. I know, after sixteen years of writing for New York papers, that those of you outside our profession have some romantic notion of what we are like.

It is the general conception, for instance, that a writer is a cross between a poet and a dreamer, and twice as impractical in business affairs. As a matter of fact most of the writers I travel with are just about as impractical as J. P. Morgan or your local banker. It is gener-

The Silver Screen-
N. Y. Daily News
Columnist gives a
tip. With this secret
and your brains,
how can you lose?



Robert Riskin is the writer who made both "It Happened One Night" and "Broadway Bill" great screen successes.



Frances Marion writes almost entirely for the screen. Author of "The Champ" and "Emma."



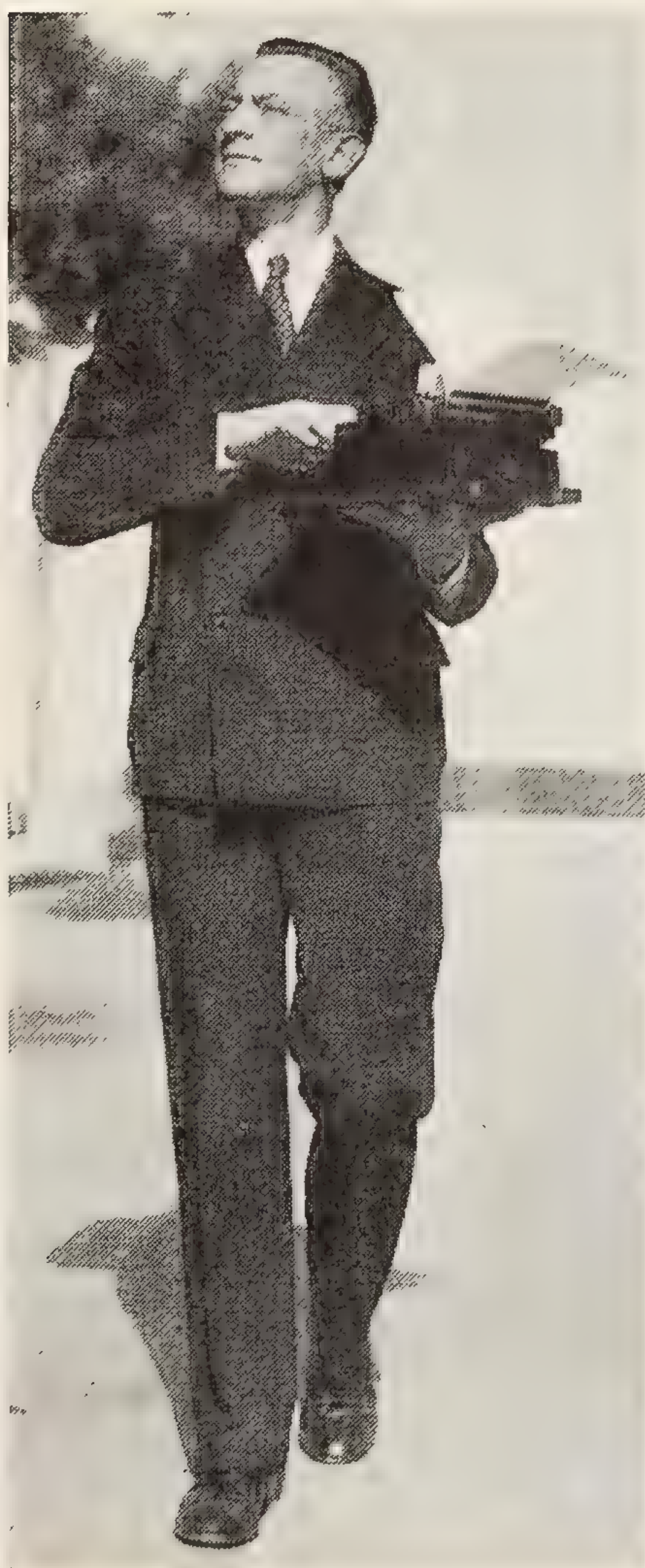
Laurence Stallings (left) and Maxwell Anderson who wrote "What Price Glory" while working on the editorial staff of the old New York World.

RACKET

By Ed Sullivan

ally believed that a creative author can be singled out from a crowd by his pale and interesting countenance, the pallor being the direct result of undernourishment. I deny this vigorously. If a writer is pale, it only proves that he spends too much time checking his dough in the United States mint.

It is believed that the greatest writers live in attics. Ridiculous—they all have yachts. The only part of the romantic Portrait of an Author which is true is that part of it which has him chuck-full of bad corn liquor. That is reasonably accurate. I can suggest one addition. If he is a newspaperman, you can add to this picture a turned down slouch hat, and, if he is in



Gene Fowler dashes off a scene on the way to "The Mighty Barnum" stage. You can't go far as an author unless you have a sense of humor.



Charles MacArthur, who, with Ben Hecht, has become a producer. "Crime Without Passion" was their first.

of finance, held out for \$100,000 for the motion picture rights to "Dinner At Eight," and got it from M-G-M. Just recently he scored again in his collaborative efforts on "Merrily We Roll Along," and the cash register hung up a \$75,000 sale. Winchell Smith grabbed himself \$250,000 for "Turn to the Right," the highest outright purchase in the M-G-M files. Elmer Rice, who recently flogged the Broadway drama critics for their commercial attitude toward the theatre, was guilty of \$165,000 worth of commercialism when he lugged away that amount in gold from the United Artists' cashier's office for flicker rights to his "Street Scene." R-K-O gave Edna Ferber \$125,000 for "Show Boat," and then to tidy up the garret where she lived in poverty, Universal slipped her \$65,000 for "Cimarron," the poor kid.

I called the Warner offices in New York and asked them to give me some figures on script purchases. They were horrified at the thought, the assistant head of the story department raising figurative hands in his distress at such a question. So here are some of the Warner figures which they would not let me have. They paid Hervey Allen \$35,000 plus a percentage of the profits for "Anthony Adverse." They paid

Bradford Ropes off in pin money, \$2500 for "42nd Street," a fabulous money maker. Fox also refused to give me figures, so here they are. Fox paid Noel Coward's price of \$110,000 for a double sale of "Cavalcade" and "Bittersweet." Paramount was the third of the majors to refuse price lists of authors. Perhaps they didn't want me to know that they paid Ernest Hemingway \$35,000 for "Farewell to Arms."

Those poor authors! A wave of sympathy for them sweeps you when I tell you that Otto Harbach and Jerome Kern split a cool \$125,000 for picture rights to "Rose Marie." William Anthony McGuire and the collaborators on "Rio Rita" divvied up R-K-O's check for \$125,000. Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin backed up their armored money trucks and carted away \$200,000 for "Smilin' Through." Rudolph Besier got \$90,000 for "Barretts of Wimpole Street." Dashiell Hammett's "Thin Man" netted him \$50,000. Philip Barry was enriched by \$70,000 for "Animal Kingdom."

The Salvation Army really should have its attention directed toward these starving authors. Columbia paid Joseph Hergeheimer \$40,000 for "Tol'able David." Louis Bromfield came out of his attic long enough to pick up [Continued on page 64]

addition a Broadway columnist, you can increase the hat size, because Broadway columnists all have large heads.

Ben Hecht takes his ease. When he works somebody pays \$1,000 per day. He is the highest priced of the Hollywood writers.

Let's draw a more accurate picture by means of comparisons. Ronald Colman gets a lot of money to star in a picture. Ernst Lubitsch gets a lot of money to direct it. Irving Thalberg gets a lot of money to produce it. Yet one writer got \$2,000,000 for authoring a single picture. General Lew Wallace, who wrote "Ben Hur," drove a shrewd bargain, getting a cash guarantee and an option of the profits. As a result of this clause in the M-G-M contract, his end amounted to close to \$2,000,000. Dreamy-eyed, impractical authors? Impractical, my eye.

George S. Kaufman, another starry-eyed, impractical colossus



The costumes that Carole Lombard wears in "Rhumba" are gorgeous. Watch for them, for they will be the new fashions.

"I CAN HARDLY WAIT—"

By Helen Louise Walker

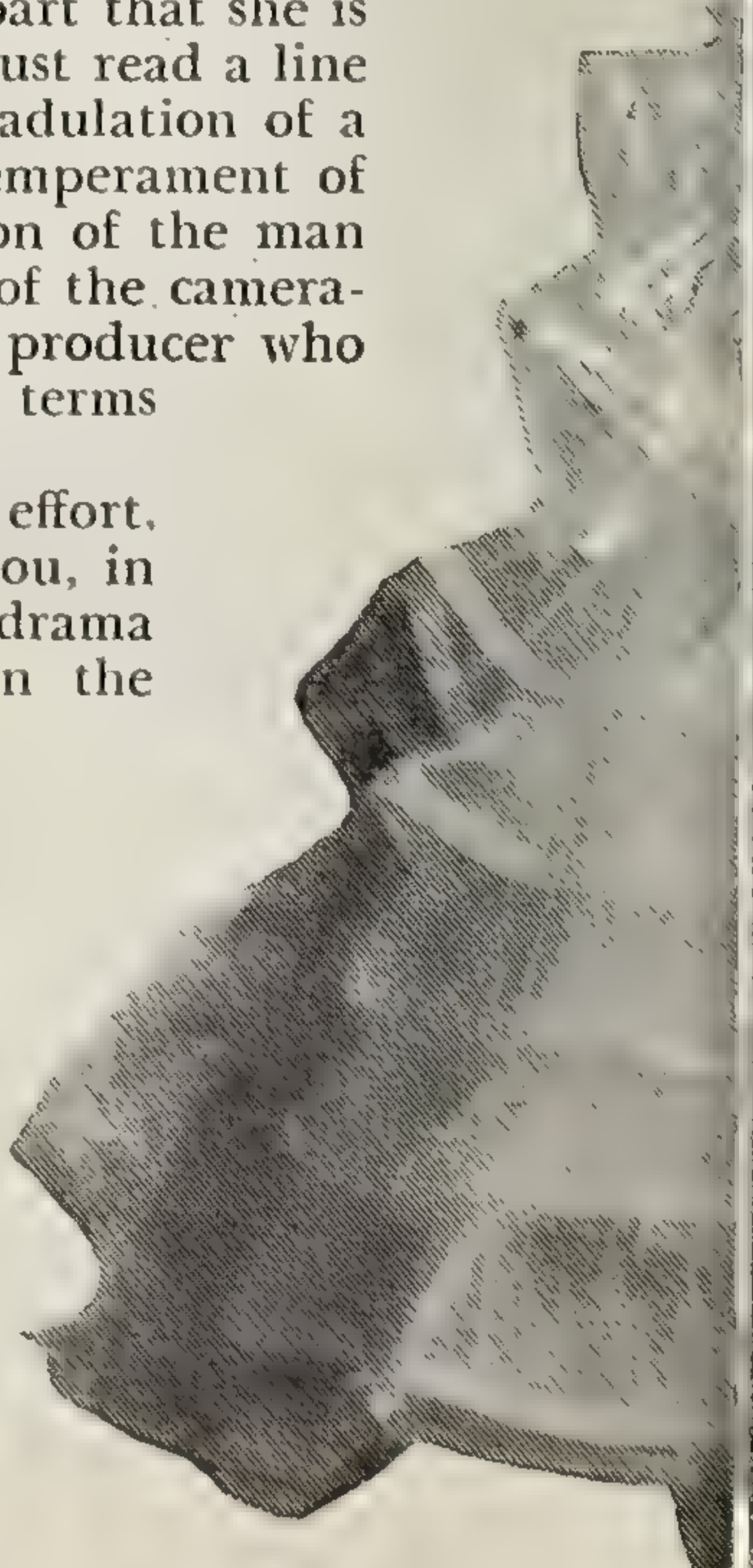
I AM counting the days! I can hardly wait until I may see upon the screen a number of pictures which are now in production or are waiting for release. This is not merely because I have been told that these are super productions with expensive casts and elaborate sets and costumes. It is because of the human elements concerned in their making . . . the real drama *behind* the shadowed drama, if you know what I mean.

A motion picture is a delicate product. A great many people contribute their efforts to its making . . . and it is by this combination of human beings, by this strange welding of effort, emotion, cross purposes, concentration, that astounding effects are sometimes produced. A picture is not like a ragout . . . so much of this, a dash of that and the flavor will be thus and so.

Pour into a pot a director, in love with his leading woman, the leading woman in love with some other star's leading man, a character actor, agonized over his wife's illness, a child star, wide-eyed at the wonders of a new, make-believe world, an eager novice, so tense with the desire to make good in her first part that she is practically paralyzed each time she must read a line . . . a romantic hero, blasé with the adulation of a million women. Add to these the temperament of the writer of the story, the frustration of the man who adapted it, the artistic strivings of the cameraman . . . the shrewd analysis of the producer who is paying for it all and who sees it in terms of hard, cold dollars and cents.

It is a taut combination of human effort, ambition, emotion which may lead you, in imagination, anywhere! The real life drama is often much more important than the concocted one.

I am looking forward, for instance, to "Reckless," which is now in production at M-G-M with Bill Powell, Jean Harlow. Everyone in Hollywood and a great many people outside have known for months that Jean and Bill were in love with one another. Each of them has suffered a deal of heart-ache in the past few years. Their romance was founded, in the first place, on mutual sympathy and friendship. How, one wondered, would they work together?



Hollywood Is Impatient To See The New Pictures, For, Behind Many Scenes, There Are Hidden Dramas and Romances

There is a new, a gentler Jean these days . . . there is a mellower Bill. They seem to have such *fun* on the set between scenes. There are little, secret jokes between the two of them, little presents left on dressing tables, hurried excursions to the commissary while the lights are being re-arranged.

I want to see whether this new found happiness *shows* in their performances. I want to know whether I shall see upon the screen the different Jean and Bill whom we see *off* the screen these days. I want to see whether that new-found spark between them will photograph. . . .

I am counting the days, too, until I see "The Good Fairy" with Margaret Sullavan. Margaret, you know, fell in love with William Wyler, the director, while they were making that picture. The story of that romance is one of the most amusing in all the annals of Hollywood romance. The two did not know one another until they met on that set . . . and they took an instant and violent



Beautiful Marlene Dietrich is rumored to be exerting all her great talents on "Caprice Espagnole," to re-establish Josef Von Sternberg.



The newlyweds. Margaret Sullavan and William Wyler, the director of the picture that Margaret was making when they fell in love.

dislike to one another. Margaret's dislike for Bill and her disapproval of his directorial methods became so acute that she demanded that her agent secure her release from the picture, even if it cost her her Universal contract!

They used to squabble over the rushes in the projection room. One evening the squabbling became so animated that Bill suggested that she have dinner with him so that they might continue the quarrel. Margaret consented, viciously, and afterward they went to the beach where they discovered a mutual passion for riding on roller coasters. They rode round and round, disliking one another less with each dip and curve and finally Bill kissed her, anticipating a good poke in the nose for his temerity. But Margaret did not resent it, so . . . naturally . . . he did it again. By the time the concession closed and they were obliged to cease their dizzy hurtling through space, they were engaged. They were married when the picture was finished.

Will the growth of that romance show in the picture? Will the mutual dislike between director and actress show in the early sequences and will the dawn of that love show in Margaret's eyes as she looks past the camera at Bill? Will she give her best performance in this picture? I am counting the days. . . .

I am counting the days, too, until "Caprice Espagnole" shall be released, with Marlene Dietrich. Here, indeed, is drama behind drama which should make its mark upon the picture! Marlene, of course, is devoted to Josef Von Sternberg as an artist, as a mentor, grateful to him as her [Continued on page 63]

"HOW I RAISED SHIRLEY"

*"Does Shirley Eat Her Spinach?"
You Will Want To Read Mrs.
Gertrude Temple's Story.*

I GET letters every day from mothers all over the United States asking me about Shirley. How I have managed to raise her this far without her being spoiled, how I avoid disciplining her, or how I get her to do the things I want her to do.

I want to tell the truth about Shirley from the time she was born, up until today, and I want everyone who reads this story to know that I am not trying to gloss over or omit anything from my story.

When Shirley was born, I had two older children—both boys. My oldest son, Jack, was fifteen, and my youngest, "Sonny," was twelve. Naturally, with such a wide gap in their ages, I have not had the problems in discipline between Shirley and her brothers that happen in most families.

My husband and I had always wanted a baby girl, so when she came we were delighted beyond reason. She was a pretty little baby with blue eyes, golden-hair and rosy cheeks. From the first, we have kept her on a strict schedule so far as diet, sleep and exercise are concerned and she is the living proof that healthy children are happy children. She has never cried or been disagreeable in any way.

Even when she was teething, she gave us very little trouble. She had her "off" days naturally—but we kept her as quiet as possible, and that was all. Beyond a few "sniffling" colds that she has caught five or six times during her life, Shirley has never had anything wrong with her physically. She has escaped the diseases that most children fall heir to. Her brothers had already had mumps, measles and all those contagious, childish ailments, but, as Shirley has never attended public schools and has not been allowed to play in public parks or at crowded beaches, she has not contracted illnesses of any kind.

She is an independent little rascal, has her own private opinions about everything and does not hesitate to speak her mind. She has never been a mollycoddle in any sense of the word. I have never believed in talking "baby talk" to her or in making her feel younger than she really is. In fact, Shirley has always been treated like a grown-up, because all the rest of her family was grown-up when she came to us.

When she was two years old she began to display a rare sense of rhythm and would keep time with her feet to the music on the radio. Finally, I enrolled her in a baby dancing class and she soon became their star pupil. However, I do not believe that the dancing lessons can be credited with developing Shirley's personality. That is something she has always had. When she was a baby, she loved everybody she met and was always alive to everything going on around her. She loves people now. She loves crowds and she likes action. She wants to be doing something every minute. She hates to keep still and never could.

As for problems in discipline, they are few and far between. I have been very careful about never letting her fall down on anything I have asked her to do. If she does anything that I know is not right or good for her, I point it out to her right at that moment. She rarely repeats an offense. Shirley is sensible and this makes things easy for me. I think every mother can do the same with her children if she has patience and time to do so.



Shirley is called every morning at seven. She goes to the studio right after breakfast.

Mr. George F. Temple, Shirley's father, and Shirley's contract which is for over \$1,000 weekly. The money goes into a trust fund for Shirley.

TEMPLE" — By Her Mother

AS TOLD TO
Mary Sharon



"I give her castor oil when she needs it," says her mother, "and Shirley loves castor oil."

to back up your demands with force if necessary. This conviction gives you moral support as far as their own thoughts are concerned. And I do not believe a spoiled child is ever a happy one.

I am an old-fashioned mother in every way. I do not let Shirley get the idea that she is too important in our scheme of existence. At home she feels that everything revolves around her father. His work is the important thing to us and the hub around which our home turns. At the table we discuss his problems and views and the problems of the boys quite freely, and we, ourselves, never bring up anything about the studio. If she mentions anything that has happened, we discuss it just like we do everything else that comes up at the table. But we never make a "to-do" about her or let her think of herself as an extraordinary child.

For the same reason we do not take Shirley to see picture shows. I do not want her to feel that people are showering her with attention or that she is any different from other children. On the set, I insist that her co-workers do not make too much over her in any way. She is treated in the same way that the other actors are and is frequently called "Miss Temple" when it is time for her entrance on the set, so that she never feels like a baby.

Shirley has a lot of playmates at the beach, but I have a tacit understanding with the mothers of the children who play with her that she must not talk about her work and they must not impress her with its importance. Not long ago a little girl came to visit her who has been seeing all of her pictures, and who was filled with a kind of adoration for her. She sat and looked at Shirley with such wonderment and awe that it made her uncomfortable. After the little girl went away, she said:

"Mama, why do you suppose that little girl kept looking at me like she did. I didn't like it."

Naturally I can't let children who feel that way play with her.

Shirley has never had tantrums, because she has always had the right amount of food, sunshine, fresh air and enough toys to keep her happy. Children usually develop tantrums either because they do not feel well or because they have been handled too much. Shirley hasn't been. I have never given her more attention than was needed. Never have I allowed her to be rocked or tossed or petted too much, even as an infant.

She has never been given much medicine. She doesn't like magnesia, so I don't give it to her. I give her castor oil whenever she needs it, which has been on rare occasions when she seemed about to develop a cold, and Shirley loves castor oil. Don't ask me why, but she really does. [Continued on page 66]

Shirley's diet has been rigidly adhered to and she eats all vegetables with relish, even spinach and carrots. Just recently she has acquired a distaste for eggs. I give her one for breakfast each morning and lately she has left about half of it. She says she doesn't like it and I haven't forced her to eat it. The same goes for buttermilk. She doesn't care for it and I haven't tried to make her drink it.

I have never cuddled or "babied" Shirley and if she ever offered to rebel against my wishes I would use force to see that she did what she was told. I have spanked her soundly upon three or four occasions when she was slow about minding me, but I do not find it necessary to use force often. Although she is good and tractable, like every child she has her moments.

I believe firmly in the old maxim, "spare the rod and you spoil the child." I think a child must feel that you are willing

WHY STARS CLICK!

The Never Ending Surprise of Hollywood Is How
A Well-Known Star Can Suddenly Become The
Rage. Here Is The Reason.

By Elizabeth Wilson



For years, as the daughter of *Fu Manchu* and in other exotic rôles, Myrna Loy succeeded in interesting no one at all, but, recently, in a new type of rôle, she has charmed all beholders.

WHAT changes a star into a genius? Well, you'd be surprised, or maybe you wouldn't. It isn't a mink coat or a Rolls Royce or a Marquis or a gardenia. It isn't mineral, animal or vegetable. It isn't the Theatre Guild or stock in Rochester. You give up, you say, and want to play bridge? All right, it's a mood.

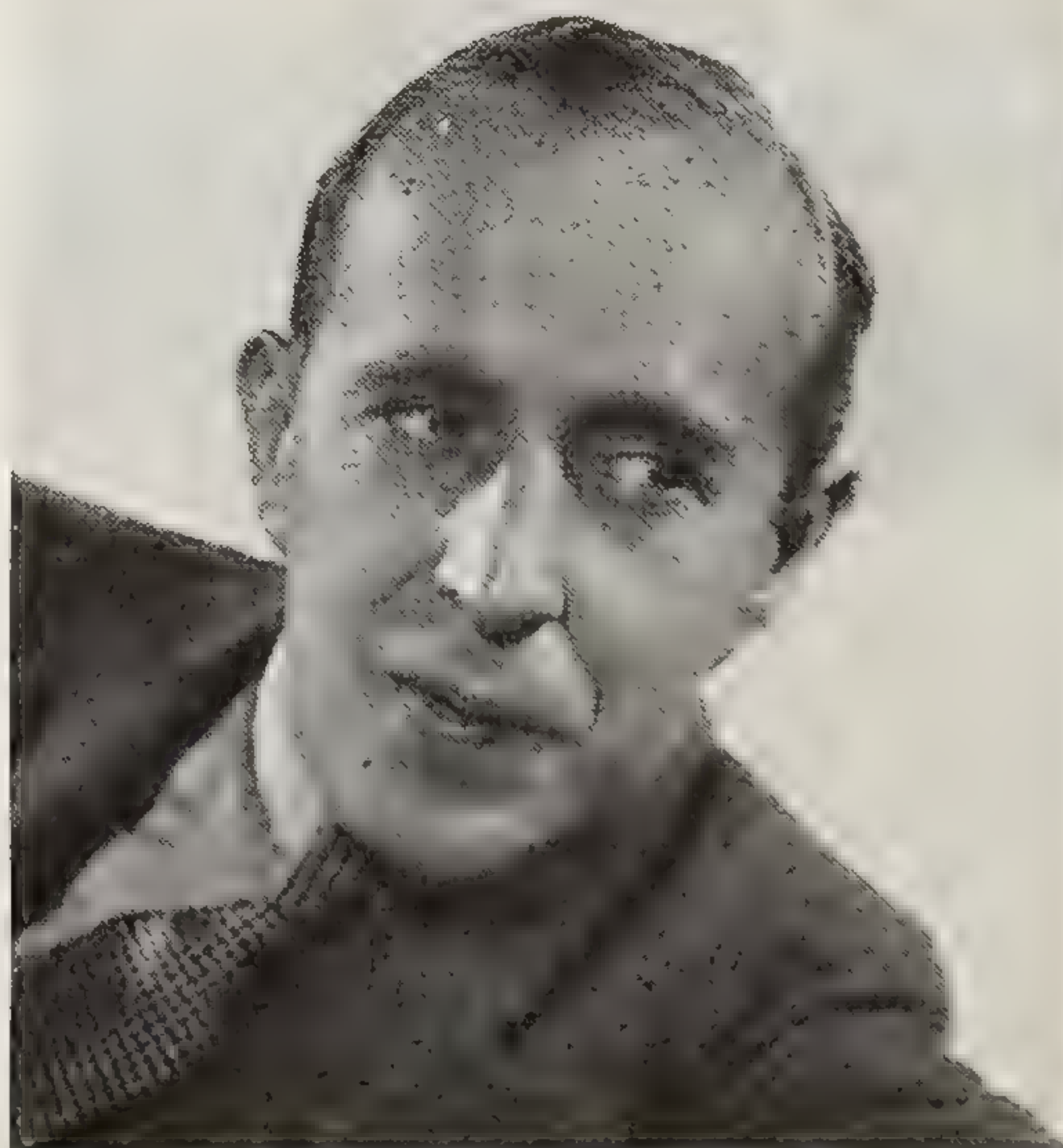
Every star who has reached success has arrived there because of a mood—a mood that suits her and which she can do better than any other star. She may have been playing around studios for years and been sweet and lovely to her mother and the producer, but she never really clicks until she finds her *metier*, as we say on the Left Bank.

And Mr. Movie Star may have had years of experience on the New York stage or with Max Reinhardt in Berlin but, until he finds his mood, he simply isn't accepted. He's just an-

other actor, and she's just another actress—voilà!—the mood. Then a genius is acclaimed by the frenzied fans overnight, there's a pretty high-de-do at the box office, and new contracts are signed.

Well, now, in eight cases out of ten, that mood is an innate part of the star which has been bottled up by too much acting and too little direction, until suddenly a smart director sees it, releases it, and it bubbles all over the place in sparkling beauty. Goodness gracious, what with all this talk of cases and bottles and bubbles you'd think we were going to have a champagne party. Well, I can think of much worse things to have.

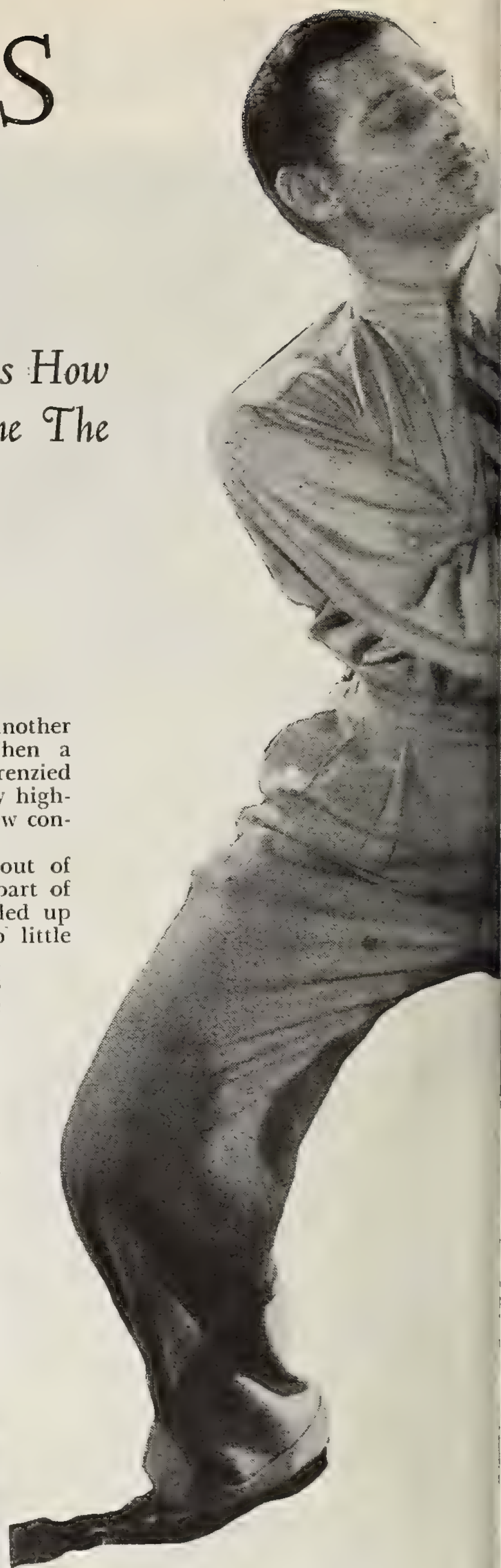
Now there's Myrna Loy. Thank heavens. For six years Myrna has traveled around Hollywood, hanging her hat first in one studio and then another, until she was back where she started, firmly convinced that life is a vicious

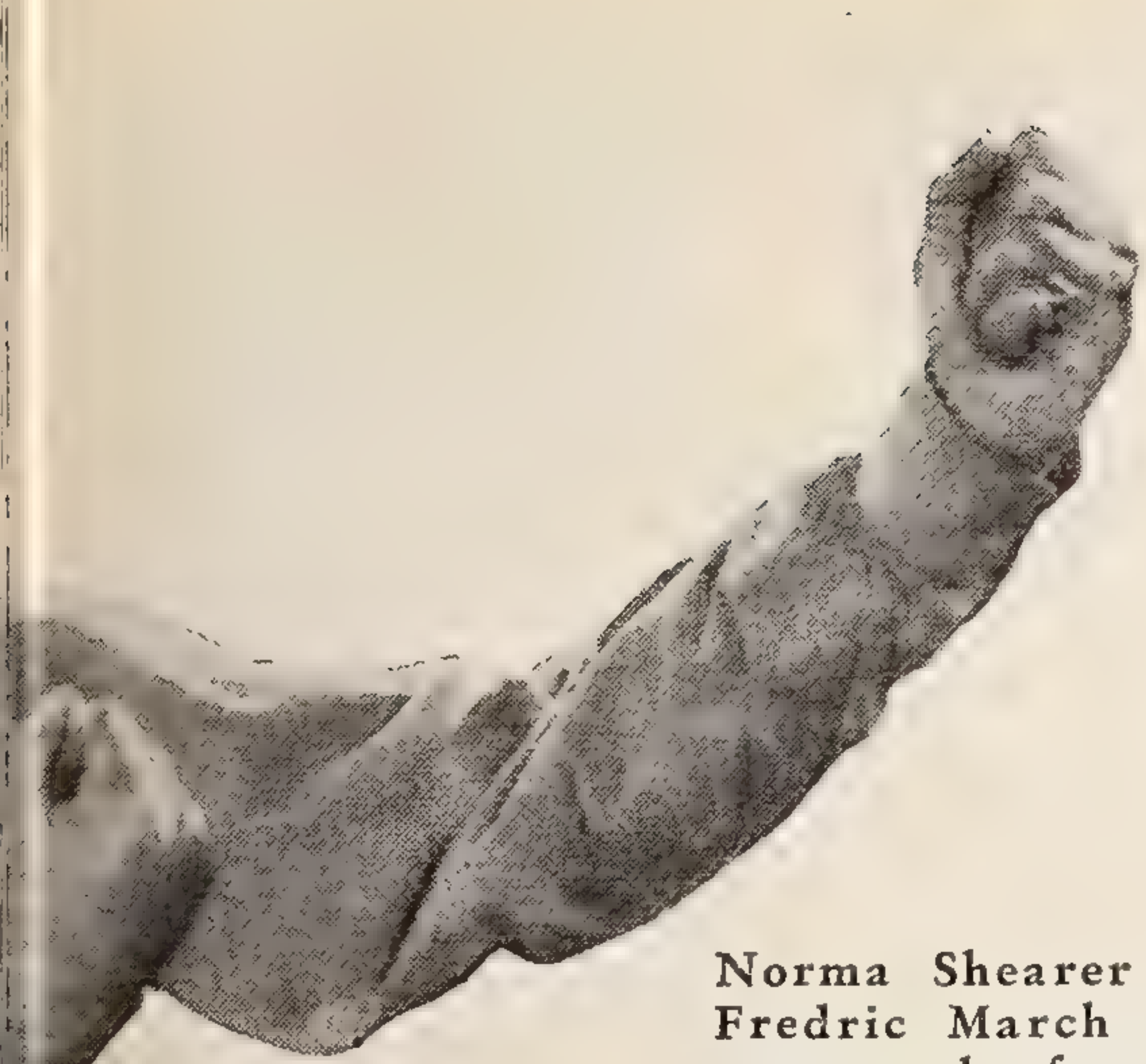


Charles Butterworth adopted a certain manner for his first appearance and was an instant success.

circle and that the dope who wrote, "I am the master of my fate" should be made to work for Warner Brothers. Poor Myrna got so involved with the *Fu Manchus* that she almost had to marry them. For years no one saw her out of her little mandarin robe except on those occasions when she was swathed up to her eyebrows in misty veils and played exotic sorceresses and evil-eyed yogis with poisonous inclinations and perfectly vile dialogue.

Gee, Myrna used to get dejected in those days. But what could she do? After all, a gal has to eat or else, and Myrna's the eating kind. Soon folks were saying "Poor Myrna," and giving that it-won't-be-long-now toss to the noodle, when who should ap-





Norma Shearer and Fredric March in a never-to-be-forgotten scene from "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Norma succeeds in lady-like rôles.



It wasn't until last year that Clark Gable, in "It Happened One Night," revealed his capacity for comedy. This is an off screen pose, with menace entirely forgotten.



James Cagney was unheard of when, as a dancing musical comedy player, he wooed fame. It was the truculent type of rôle which won him success.

pear on the scene but the Marines. Fort Loy was saved. Under Van Dyke's excellent direction Myrna made "The Thin Man"—and Myrna found her mood.

She was allowed to be gay and witty, smart and sophisticated, casual and romantic, and very, very beautiful, and by the time the picture was released over the country every man in

the Americas with four red corpuscles wanted to marry her, or at least have a discreet affair. If any producer came to Mr. Mayer now and said, "How's about Miss Loy for a swell menace part in 'The Return of Fu Manchu'?" Mr. Mayer would simply have a stroke.

Myrna was never a *Sin Toy* or a lady menace. But she is very much like Mrs. Nick Charles. She has the same gay, charming, delightful humor in real life as she had as Bill Powell's attractive wife in "The Thin Man." The same chic and casual sophistication. Well, Myrna found her mood all right and she's a genius. Especially as she is the only star who has ever been able to make marriage romantic on the screen.

And there's Jean Harlow. Thank heavens again. The fillums wanted to make a lady out of our Jeanie, and they undressed her something scandalous. Do you remember her being a lady, and a veddy elegant lady, in "Hell's Angels?" Well, poor Jean got pretty sick of it. She even wrote out her epitaph one evening when she was feeling depressed and thought she saw "finis" scrawled all over her movie career. She wrote:

"Of this quiet and peace, I'm very fond;
No more remarks, she's a Platinum Blonde."

I used to see Jean a lot in New York in those days and she was as blue as Bing Crosby's eyes about the whole mess. "They just want to undress me," she moaned. "It's just Sex, Sex, Sex, that's all I am to them. I want to act in dresses so high they bruise my tonsils. I don't want to play straight leads, I'm a comedienne. But, gee, they won't give me a chance." And I'd close the window thoughtfully just in case Jean might decide to end it then and there on Park Avenue.

And then—*mon dieu*, as we also say on the Left Bank—she found her mood! As the little gold-digger in "Red-Headed Woman" and "Red Dust" Jean clicked so loud that nearly all the actresses on the Metro lot decided to snub her. That's the best test for success. Jean is, and isn't, like the girls she plays on the screen. She is always in a good humor, always ready to play and joke, always cordial and friendly, and ready to help a friend in need. Jean Harlow is what Damon Runyon calls a "right" person.

It was scrapping that won fame for Jimmy Cagney on the screen. When he played a nice, polite, refined little gentleman the public would have none of him, but when Jimmy hauled off and landed one on the big palooka's kisser, or pasted a grapefruit on Mae Clarke's pan, the public just went nerts and Warner Brothers had to buy a grape-fruit grove and bigger and better palookas. The red-headed Cagney found his mood all right in "The Public Enemy" and has been hitting on all cylinders ever since. His last picture, "The St. Louis Kid," is breaking box office records all over the country, with Jimmy playing a tough, smart-aleck truck driver.

Nobody can pick a fight like Jimmy on the screen. His scrappiness is famous where ever movies are shown. But the real Cagney is a quiet, intellectual sort of chap, who reads deep, dull tomes all done up in leather bindings, and speaks in a voice so low that you have to listen hard or you won't hear. His hobby is going to auctions where he buys etchings and rare antiques. But time was when young Cagney was not so quiet and intellectual. He was brought up on the sidewalks of New York, where survival of the fittest is the general idea, and that explains all. You gotta fight on the sidewalks of New York, and you gotta beat the other fellow to the punch. Yes, Jimmy had a lot of training for the scrappiness that has made him famous on the screen.

Clark Gable is a guy they gave the works to. Poor Clark had to play everything from gangsters, to ministers, to salvation army officers, before he hit his stride. Gable takes to comedy—easy, clever comedy—as naturally as a duck takes to water, but he had to be loaned out to Columbia to do "It Happened One Night" before his delirious fans discovered his flair for comedy.

Years ago, Gable spent many dreary months trying to crash pictures, but not a studio would give him a nibble. Finally he managed a few bits, then a small gangster part in a Crawford picture, and then the famous *Ace* in Norma Shearer's "A Free Soul." That was all very nice, but it wasn't Gable. Eventually the public got tired of gangsters and Gable became just another leading man for the very glamorous ladies of the Metro lot. The Gable bubble has "burstled" his kind friends said, we'll give him six more months and he'll be as dead as Napoleon.

Then came "It Happened One Night," with both Gable and Claudette Colbert giving two of the most charming and natural performances that have ever been [Continued on page 62]

"Tea-Timing With The Horsy Mr. Howard"

"Polo is living, much more than acting is,"
says the star of "Of Human Bondage."

By Dena Reed

"**A**CTING isn't a profession for men. It's much better for women. It's an outlet for emotion, good for vicarious living. But a man doesn't want to live vicariously. That's why, when we grow up, we're more interested in life than in art."

It was rather an inflammatory speech for the usually reticent Leslie Howard and it caused considerable agitation among my tea, toast and marmalade. Perhaps you wouldn't mind your jam diving into your teacup but I imagine that you'd prefer to leave it quietly on your toast, especially if you were tea-timing with a very English gentleman in a very English club.

"By inference you are saying, of course, that it is no man's job?"

"Naturally," he agreed. "It isn't!"

How did we ever get to this I began wondering? Then I recalled it had all started when I met, with quite natural trepidation, the popular Mr. Howard of London, Hollywood, and sometimes Broadway, at the theatre where he had just concluded rehearsals.

After a very charming greeting he had slung on a roomy raglan coat and pulled down a soft English hat over his eyes, and off we were across town to a club he frequents on West 45th Street. No one recognized the slender, rapid-striding actor, and presently we were carefully admitted to surroundings which produced the eerie sensation that we had been whisked to London, quite as if we were characters in the ever memorable "Berkeley Square."

But here we were and he was saying the most incredible things . . . "Acting is a profession primarily for women!" "A man doesn't want to live vicariously . . ." Amazing possibilities. . . .

Looking straight into that well-known sensitive face I asked, "Then just why are you acting? You can do pretty much as you like, can't you?"

"Pretty much," he conceded. "And soon I hope to do completely as I wish. But one makes certain commitments." He paused and looked over at me, and, as I smiled he seemed quite pleased that he should be understood. He laughed quietly, adding, "And those obligations must be worked off. So now I am doing a play and then I shall act in more pictures and finally I hope to direct pictures, which will be *precisely* what I wish to do!"

"It began, you see, when I was attending college. I wrote plays for intracollegiate theatricals. Then I found myself combining writing and directing, and finally I even played some of the parts. When I began to discover acting was a means of making money, and very easy money it seemed to me, I naturally gravitated to the stage and

so to motion pictures.

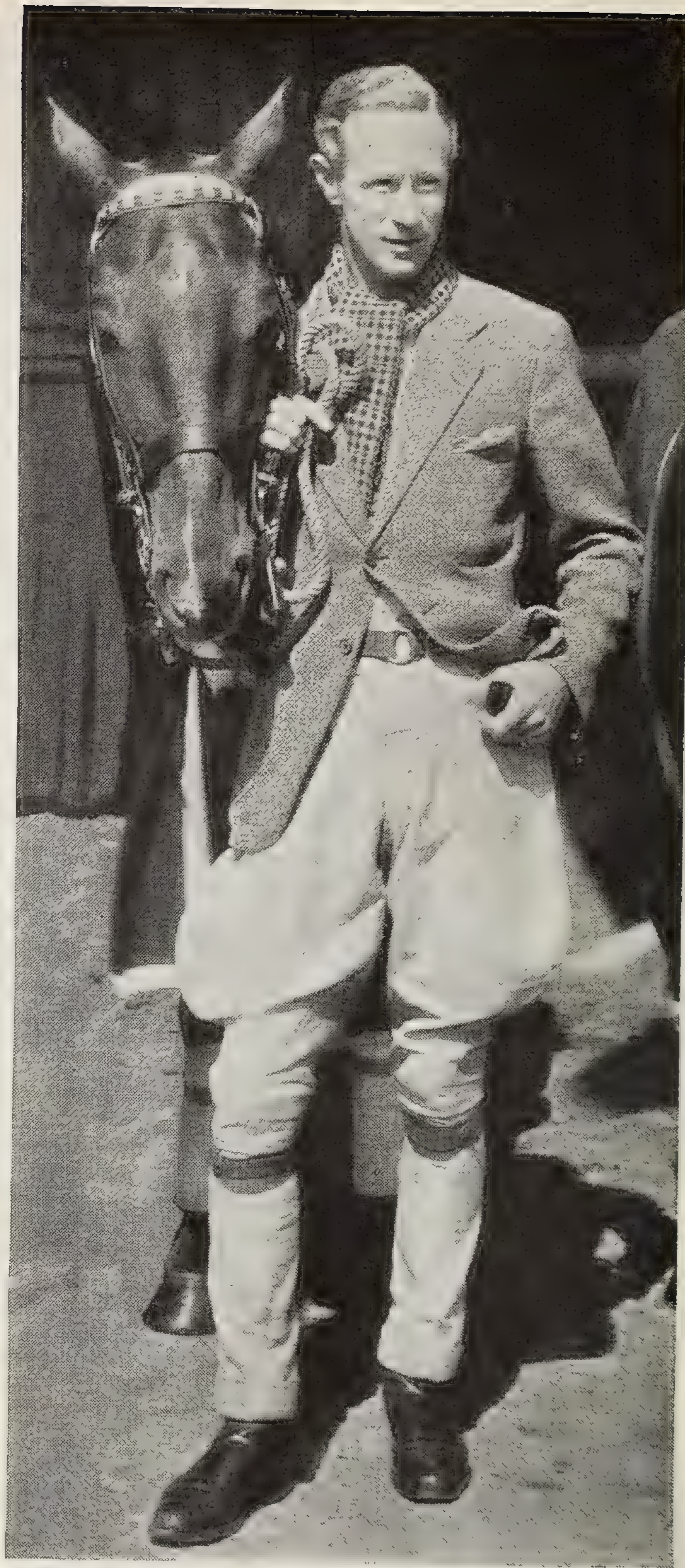
"Now, directing for the stage, telling people what to do, doesn't interest me in the least. I want to direct motion pictures, for to be a successful cinema director one should either write the story or collaborate on it. Then one has to plot the picture according to scenic effects and camera angles and, finally, production starts. That is my idea of something worthy, a real accomplishment."

My marmalade was now so well behaved it would have done me proud at Buckingham Palace and indeed I began to feel as cozy and at home as if I wore one of Queen Mary's own sombreros. I did hope Mr. Howard wasn't going to put any more upsetting ideas into my little head.

"Until my Warner contract is satisfied I shall have to content myself with directing in my free time and indeed I am to have an opportunity with Korda at Elstree during the next year." It made me feel very disconsolate. But his eyes shone brightly and on his lips was one of the elusive smiles which have endeared him to countless thousands of women. Yet, way off there in England. . . .

"I am very genuinely fond of Hollywood," he said simply, as he beat me to my next question. "It's home. There one has a house and horses and dogs and family and friends—not many, but a few old ones—in the British colony which has been established in the last few years. One does not want many friends. But horses. . . ."

You have no idea of the tremendous meaning he can put into the little six letter word "horses." He says it as one would be apt to say "love" and "sweetheart" and "dearest." Perhaps that is because all of his good times, and therefore his best memories, are involved. He likes "horsy" people—literally, I mean—those who keep horses, ride them, exhibit them, and especially polo players, for polo is his chief delight. "Polo is living, much more than



Leslie Howard with "Snip,"
one of his polo ponies.

acting is," he remarked.

" . . . Which brings me to a realization," he said thoughtfully, throwing his head back, narrowing his eyes and joining his fingertips as you have characteristically seen him do in his films, "a realization that everyone in Hollywood today is interested in vital living, believing in life itself rather than in the make-believe of the stage and screen. Everyone, from Jack Barrymore down." And a very nice way for a Howard to put it, too.

"When we are young, very young, we believe in sacrificing everything for art, 'art for art's sake,' but when one gets my age—and my age is a ripe Pitkin adolescence—one wishes to become involved in life itself. In California there is country home life, the sun and the whole out-of-doors, which takes care of the two things I most

[Continued on page 72]

"LONDON Is Different"

*Evelyn Laye Likes Hollywood,
Humor And Being Alone.*

By Lenore Samuels

"**W**HAT I admire most about you Americans is your gayety, your unforced enthusiasm, your ability to infuse the most trivial happenings with an air of enchantment that is most exciting. New Year's Eve, for instance. Frank and I arrived just in time to celebrate. I felt so absurdly young, so exhilarated, almost like a schoolgirl, but oh, so supremely carefree. Now, in London, where I've spent most of my life, it would have been quite different. I don't know why. But one feels older over there, older and less exuberant. Yet I adore London. I feel as if I 'belong' there. And one really has to be serious sometimes."

This from Evelyn Laye, the lovely blue-eyed golden-haired musical comedy and screen star, who had been drafted to Hollywood from her native London to play opposite Ramon Novarro in the lilting M-G-M operetta, "The Night Is Young." With her husband, Frank Lawton, she was spending a few days at the Hotel Gotham, in New York, before sailing for a brief vacation in London between pictures.

She was alone at the moment, Mr. Lawton having gone off "to do a picture show" by himself.

"I told him before we were married," confided Miss Laye, who has a sparkling, responsive personality quite unlike our conception of most English girls, "that I simply must have several hours a day to myself for shopping, or practicing, or just to gad about in. Frank came right back at me and said: 'Thank heavens. I couldn't bear a woman who expected me to tag around with her every time she had a free moment.' And that was *that*, as you Americans so aptly put it."

She laughed heartily, and by heartily, I mean just that. Nothing trilling and self-conscious about that laugh at all. Miss Laye wisely reserves the trills for those moments when she is called upon to reach her high C's. Her laughter is deep, spontaneous, sincere. And when you have laughed *with* her just once, you carry away the delightful impression that she has been your friend for years. "Hollywood did me a lot of good," she continued. "You can't indulge your moods out there for very long. Perhaps it's the climate. I don't know. But everybody is so eager to absorb and enjoy everything—work and play both. For the first time in my life I felt I simply must join in the fun-making or be out of things entirely. And it was high time I started. I really loved every minute of my stay there, and I'll be glad to get back."

Having practically been born to the stage (her parents were both connected with the English theatre all during her childhood), and having played on the stage and screen in her own as well as this country, Miss Laye's unbiased views regarding the films were decidedly worth listening to.

As for her private life, she has the typical well-bred Englishwoman's aversion to speaking about it. She spoke occasionally, in the course of our very diversified conversation, about Frank Lawton, the celebrated English stage star whom she recently married in Yuma, Arizona. But if she had been asked to embroider the occasion after the manner of a "love confession" story, she would—to use a trusty old Americanism—have shut

Brought to America to appear with Novarro in "The Night Is Young," Evelyn Laye has grown to like us.



"Americans have such gayety—such unforced enthusiasm," says Evelyn.

Frank Lawton wooed and won the fair Evelyn when they were both in Hollywood.

up like a clam and not uttered another word.

"If that is 'glamor,'" smiled Miss Laye, "I'm afraid I'm just not glamorous, and never will be."

Mentioning the recent censorship of pictures in Hollywood, she seemed to be of the opinion that it was necessary to a certain extent. A good, meaty plot-thread is far more important to insure a film's success than any number of over-hecktic sex sequences, she thinks. At the same time she does not believe that it is wise to make a heavy percentage of starkly realistic, close-to-life dramas. She has the idea that they destroy the illusions of many young women who are forced, by circumstances, to lead drab existences, and who see their own plight too clearly as a result of these films. For them it is necessary to paint life in more colorful tones, and for them it is essential that much music and dancing and laughter be injected into the films.

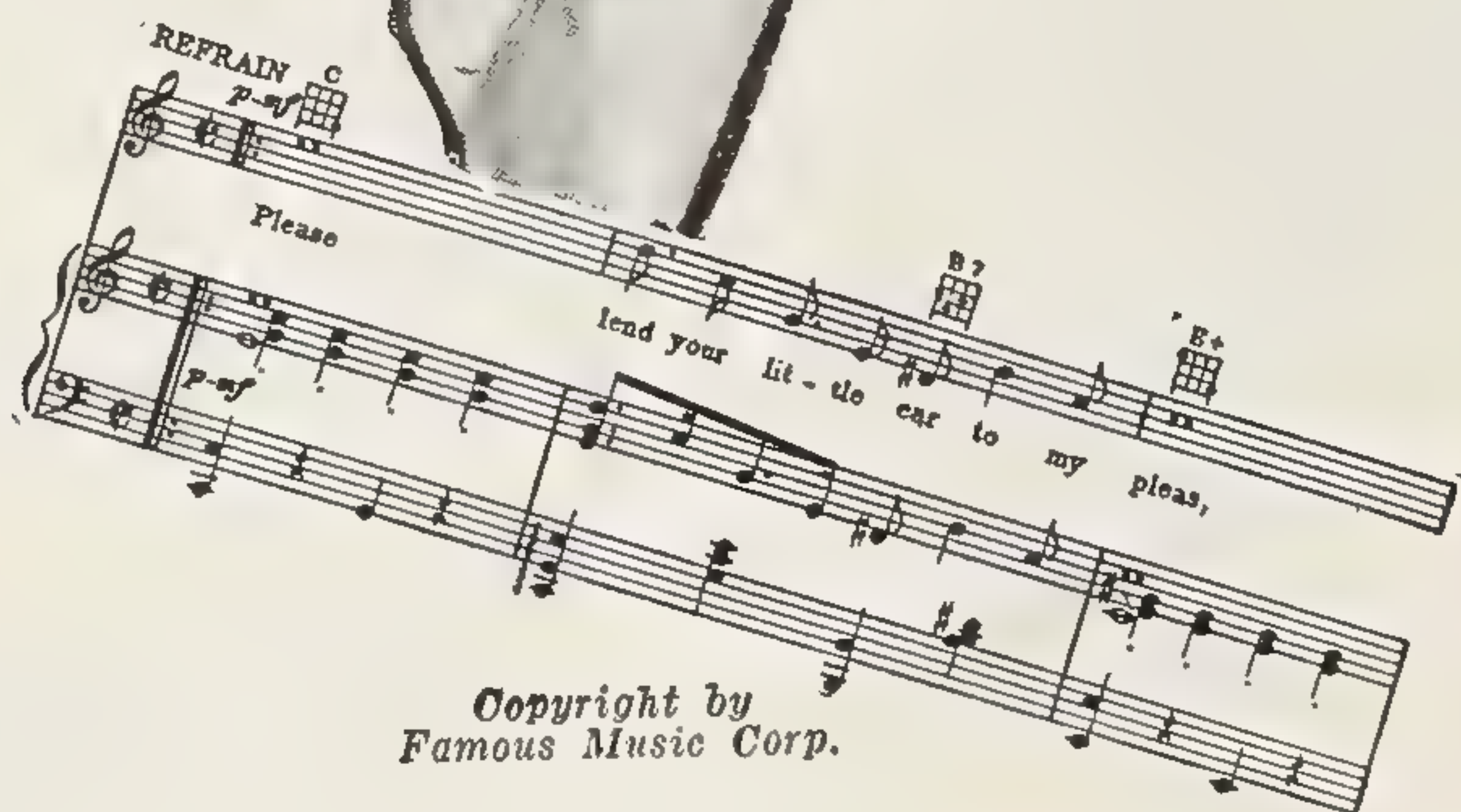
"I thought that your 'One Night of Love' was one of the most entrancing films I had ever seen," she told me. "It was too bad that 'Evensong' was released at the same time. ('Evensong' was a British film in which Evelyn Laye was starred, and which possessed the same identical *motif* and the same romantic atmosphere as 'One Night of Love.' But, while 'One Night of Love' kept to its gay, romantic key, 'Evensong' [Continued on page 72]

The THEME SONGS

OF THE STARS

By
Myrtle
Gebhart

Everytime an orchestra wants to say that Bing Crosby is arriving they play "Please."



IT WAS a crowded evening at one of Hollywood's popular "night spots." The music sounded erratic, snatches of melodies succeeding each other in an odd manner. One moment a dreamy waltz—the next a hot-cha number.

The couples dancing smiled good-naturedly and shifted their steps to match, recognizing the musical idiosyncracies as courtesy gestures. Just another Hollywood custom! To greet each screen star with a refrain from her favorite song.

Filmtown's musicians must keep up to date on the songs which identify certain players in the public mind. This is a tourist town, remember, and the luminaries twinkle regularly at hotel cafes and night clubs. And by their tunes can we currently know the tintypers, regardless of their change of hair-color or make-up or costume.

Often the song announcing her presence had once been sung by the actress; it is associated with her screen personality. Sometimes it is a harmony not particularly emblematic of her but known to be her favorite.

The gentle notes of "Love, Your Magic Spell is Everywhere," immediately impressed the picture-wise, and we turned expectantly toward the door, knowing that Gloria Swanson was arriving with Herbert Marshall, her romance of this season. This song is from "The Tresspasser," and she still regards it affectionately.

A lilting lift in the music sent a ripple through the room. "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling!" That meant, of course, Maureen O'Sullivan.

It changed a moment later to "Sweetheart Darlin'," which indicated the presence of Marion Davies.

"La Cucaracha" succeeded it, and we knew before we looked that Steffi Duna was entering, on the arm of an adoring swain.

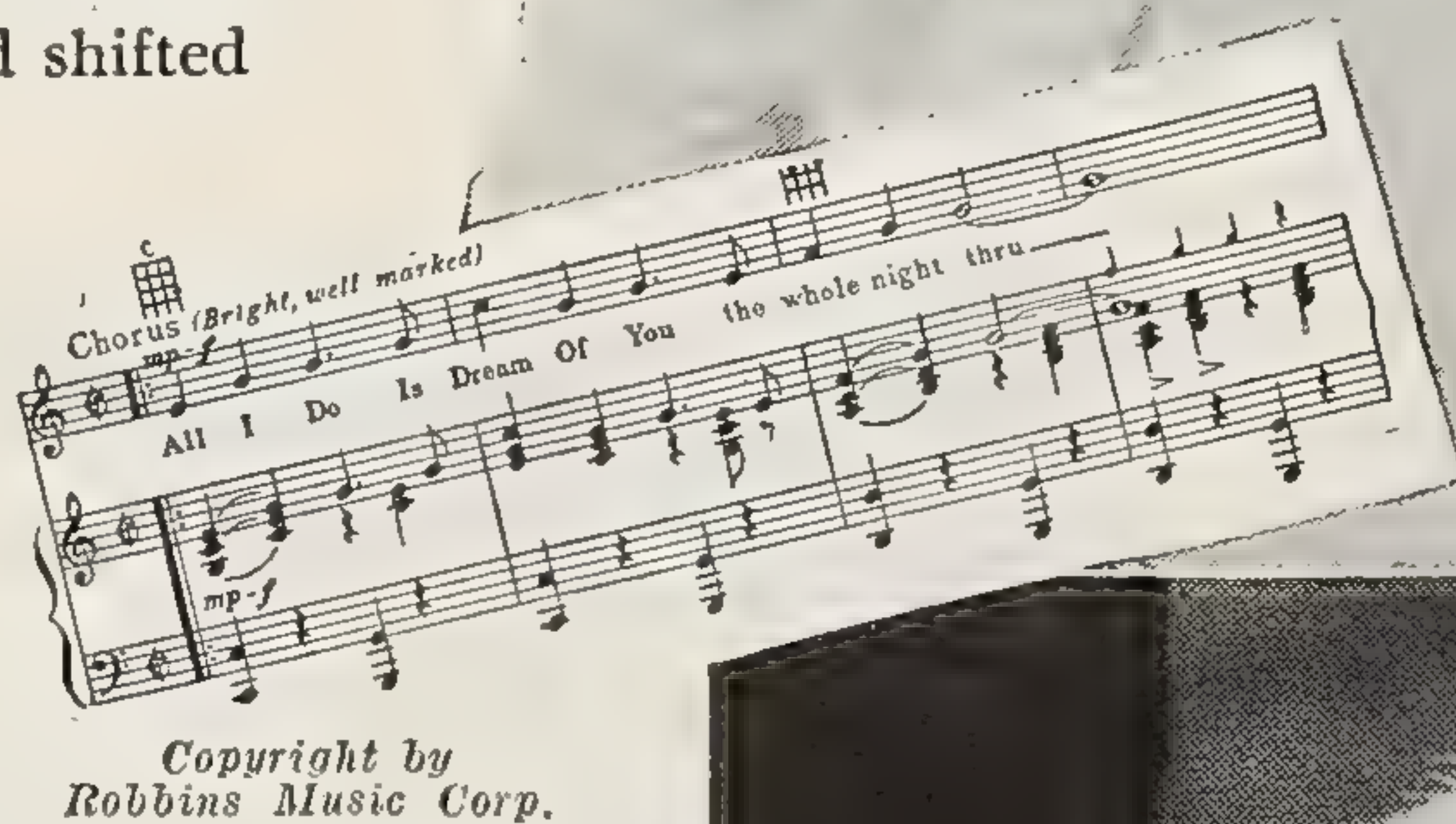
A blare, a clash, a frenzied piping, and "Yes, Sir, She's My Baby!" ushers in George Raft with Virginia Pine amidst many smiles.

Another softly came, "That's Love," from "Nana." And, as she was shown to her table, Anna Sten softly hummed, in her voice like a muf of emotionalism:

"Kiss me and say goodbye—that's love
Laugh with a gay goodbye—that's love
I'll never ask you why—
That's love—Goodbye!"

Nelson Eddy was identified by "The Carlo," which he sang in "The Student Tour."

As the notes died away they were replaced by the dulcet harmonies of "Orchids in the Moonlight." No need for the master of ceremonies to announce June Knight. For the girl whose life has been so dramatic since she sang her way into Hollywood hearts as "the Nightingale of the Cocoonut Grove," is always greeted by this particular melody.



"All I Do Is Dream Of You" is played whenever Joan Crawford appears.



Anna Sten already is linked with a popular song.

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SILVER SCREEN

At The "Night Spots" of
Hollywood The Stars, As
They Enter, Hear Their
Own Theme Songs.

June Knight's song is
"Orchids In The
Moonlight."

"Love, Your Magic
Spell Is Everywhere"
bursts forth when
the orchestra leaders
wish to welcome
Gloria Swanson.

Of course, Grace
Moore will al-
ways be thought
of when "One
Night of Love"
is heard.

"Night and Day," popularized by "The Gay Divorcee," suddenly occupied the orchestra. Fred Astaire, of course! Gay and debonair, the dancer-actor bowed his thanks.

"Ah, say not so!

Another love will cheer thee."

Softly, subtly, this melody in sad, minor tones drifted over the cafe. Though he has not sung it in a film, it has been Douglass Montgomery's choice ever since he saw "The Constant Nymph," and he has raved about it so much that his preference has become known.

The earliest recollection that I have of Hollywood greeting a star with her favorite song was the entrance of Ruth Roland, at any public place, where there were musicians on hand to turn on the lovely charm of "Roses in Picardy."

One year her "buddies," the war vets in a nearby soldiers' hospital, made a beautiful folio of "her" song, exquisitely illustrated and signed by each grateful invalid, in appreciation of her visits and gifts. It is still one of her most cherished mementoes of a colorful career.

Only once has little Cora Sue Collins "stayed up late" for an evening celebration—a premiere. The event was made doubly important to Cora Sue by the orchestral rendition of "The Little Princess"—just a bar or two of the score, to bid her welcome. It had been written especially for her to sing, in her childish treble, in "The Spectacle Maker." It goes:

"Little girls in castles grand
Often sit and sigh,
Looking for a magic land,
Never knowing why."

Maybe lots of folks have grown tired of "The Last Round-Up," but it is still ace-high with Ken Maynard, and whenever he shows up at a rodeo the band blares forth this grand old tune.

Oddly, considering the sophisticated veneer which the stars wear, the songs identified with them and which presumably express them to their public, are of sentimental strain.

Norma Shearer, for instance, is acknowledged to be a worldly-wise woman, the last syllable of the modern litany. Yet the song by which she is best known is the rather saccharine "Smilin' Through," though her own favorite is one from "Riptide." It, too, is sentimental, and intones, "Life was calm as a summer sea, when silver moonlight beams and love beckoned me."

What more vivid exponent of modernism could one find than Joan Crawford, with her frank and vital attitude toward life and

her chameleon efforts to progress along with the trend? Her personality is protean. Does one ever think of Joan as belonging to last year—or even yesterday. She is of the hour, always, however fast the modes may march.

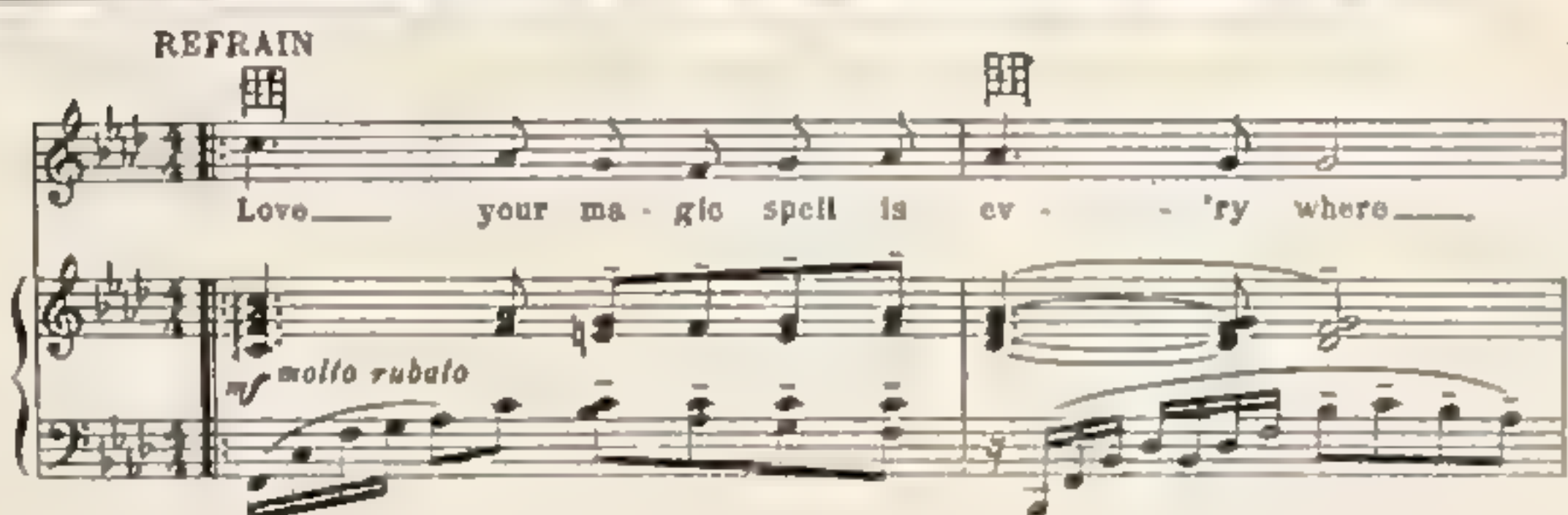
But when she enters any public place now the orchestra instinctively turns to one of her latest numbers from "Sadie McKee." It begins, "All I do is dream of you," and adds, "I'll always feel the same." It has a line, too, about "Not for a day."

What her fans mean in associating her with that song is that, regardless of her changes of appearance, their affection is constant.

Who would identify the charming but rather flippant love of Maurice Chevalier with fidelity, with memory's dreams? But his entrance is greeted by the languid wailing of, "Now or never and forever, I love you," from "The Merry Widow."

Of course, there are exceptions to this rule of musically symbolizing players with sentiment. The favorite tune of the whirlwind Jimmy Durante, welcoming him with raucous outburst of noise, is his famous *Inka Dinka Do*.

I once heard him sing it—or howl it, or murder it, or what you will—at the staid Writers' Club, and the [Continued on page 69]



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MARGO



By
Whitney
Williams

Margo is a dancer
and an actress as
well.

Her Future On The Screen Promises To Be A Great Triumph.

AND now a new and lustrous star flashes across the cinema heavens.
Margo!

You saw her as the Spanish dancer in "Crime Without Passion." Overnight, as a result of that artistic triumph, she skyrocketed to fame. In a single appearance, she not only won the acclaim of critics and public alike . . . but gave promise of great things to come.

With the soul of an artist and the heart of a child, she electrified Hollywood and the rest of the nation. The most vivid and compelling personality to emerge from the great unknown in many a moon, she met with instantaneous response.

Without the beauty of a Del Rio or the elemental savagery of a Lupe, she reflects, on the screen, the temperament of the Latin race. Outside the studio, she's refreshingly vital, engagingly alive, a volcano smouldering in the flesh.

Margo is the "find" of the season, and rightfully so.

Direct from the dancing world, Messieurs Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, who share honors for "Crime Without Passion," picked this little Mexican star. Against the advice of experts, they cast her, without previous dramatic experience, in a rôle that many a far more seasoned actresses would have considered twice before attempting.

"When I was handed the script of 'Crime

Without Passion,' I had little use for the character I was to play," Margo told me, as we lunched in the studio restaurant on the Paramount lot in Hollywood. She had recently arrived to play one of the featured rôles in "Rhumba," co-starring George Raft and Carole Lombard.

"I had never read a script before, but I felt instinctively there was something lacking in the part. Consequently, in my own mind I changed the character.

"Helen Hayes helped me a lot while we were on the picture. Miss Hayes, you know, is Mr. MacArthur's wife, and spent much time in the studio during production. She took a liking to me, and she made a number of suggestions that I found invaluable in getting over certain effects."

The character of the Spanish dancer in "Crime Without Passion" was colorless. Margo endowed her with a vibrant warmth and humanness. She made of her a sympathetic figure who won over the audience in her very first scene and retained this interest until the close of the picture. Somewhat of an achievement for any actress, considering the part as it was originally in the story . . . and more particularly because it was interpreted by a girl who had never appeared previously as an actress.

But acting and dancing go hand in hand, believes Margo. "In interpretative dancing, you tell a story in movement just as you act

out your story on the stage or screen. Every muscle must be trained, every move means something, and this includes, of course, the face, which must express, in the dance, the mood of the moment. To be a really great dancer, your face must indicate the trend of the story as clearly as the rest of your body.

"I found this requirement to be of much value when Mr. Hecht and Mr. MacArthur asked me to appear in their picture. More . . . I soon learned that much can be told by the eyes alone, without any visible movement on the face. I think my very best scene in 'Crime Without Passion' showed me at the telephone, just after I had finished talking with my lover. My face remained passive and calm, but I tried to show in my eyes what was raging in my mind."

Possibly Hecht and MacArthur did not realize the full potentialities of this latest sensation of the screen, when they signed her to a contract. Then, again, there is the possibility also that these gentlemen of astute and robust wit (they wrote "The Front Page") were just canny enough to know what they were doing. At any rate, Margo proved that in the future any appearance she may make will be in the nature of an event.

Who is this girl of the single name, whose
[Continued on page 70]

Studio News

S. R. Mook Visits The Studios And Talks With The Stars On The Stages About The New Pictures.



Ruby Keeler in a scene from "Go Into Your Dance." She is co-starred with Al Jolson.



Bill Powell and Jean Harlow are together in "Reckless."

The company is on location on the "back lot." The back lot adjoins the Lakeside Golf Club where old Massa Crosby can be found with a mashie in his hand and a song in his heart practically any day he isn't working. Today, however, it's a murder I'm after—not a crooner. So out to the lot we scamper with a hop, skip and jump over the worst roads I have ever seen. In fact, I am sure they used them for trenches during the filming of "All Quiet on the Western Front." We pass quickly through the swamplands of Louisiana, a Czar's palace, an African jungle, an old stockade before which many a movie redskin bit the dust and, presto! Here we are in the little English village of Cloisterham.

As you know, or anyway you *should* know, my sweet, Dickens died before he completed "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." So-o-o, solving the mystery has been a pet parlor game with authors for many years. Now, Universal has decided to put an end to all this shilly-shallying and solve the mystery so colossally it will stay solved for all time.

"You see," Ed tells me sadly, "we don't yet know what happened to Mr. Drood, the night he disappeared in a terrific thunderstorm, because the script department has only got as far as Dickens went. From there on it's a big secret and you'll have to wait until the preview for the solution."

"All right," I agree, "I'll wait. But it better be good."

O-o-o-oh my-y! What an eerie looking place the set is. Deep, sinister shadows from a dying sun accentuate the gruesomeness of tombstones sprawled here and there

on as frightening a bit of a burial ground as I have ever seen. It's the crypts, me hearties—the crypts of Cloisterham Cathedral, and if you know of anything spookier than an old English crypt don't tell me.

Claude Rains plays *John Jasper*, the choirmaster of the cathedral. He has become a secret addict to the opium habit and just to look at him is enough to make your blood run cold. If you ask me, we're going to find it was he who done poor *Ed Drood* in.

"Good evening, Durdles," Mr. Rains croaks to Forrester Harvey who is all fixed up like nothing human. Durdles is the keeper of the crypts, and he is just a little on the insane side.

"'Oo do you want to bury, Mr. Jasper?" Durdles gurgles, he being a man who believes in getting down to cases.

[Continued on page 74]



The Graveyard scene in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

At Universal
OUT in the Valley—The San Fernando Valley, if you please and not the Rudy Vallee—there are three pictures in production in Junior's workshop, otherwise known as Universal. To wit—"The Good Fairy" (of which I've already told you), "I've Been Around" and "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

The last named is, of course, the famous mystery story Charles Dickens whipped up many decades ago and which proves conclusively that he could have been the *Philo Vance*, the *Dashiell Hammett* or the *Agatha Christie* of his times—if he hadn't been so intent on turning out classics.

Well, anyhow. You remember that old song, "They go wild, simply wild over me?" Well, I'm the type who goes wild, simply wild over mysteries. So, without even a blush of shame, I'll have to admit I tossed aside "Nijinsky" in favor of The Mysteries of Mr. X. Y. & Z, and when Ed Thomas of the publicity department says "mystery" I'm up and at it.



The PICTURE

Three Merry-men Of
Hollywood Who Re-
ceive An Ovation When
They Appear On The
Screen Anywhere.

By
Patricia Keats

Edward Everett
Horton. He is
a bachelor and
loves to give
parties.

course I didn't ask him,
me being a lady more or
less, but I kinda gathered
that he had sort of soured
on the female race, and I
vaguely recalled a picture
I had seen of him in a
Los Angeles newspaper,
a year or so ago, accom-
panied by a feminine

WHO shakes you out of the arms of Morpheus? Who rouses you from somnolence just as your head is sinking heavily on the shoulder of a fair female? Who-ooo, I wonder who-ooo? Gee, it's been many a winter since we used to lilt over the Manhattan night club floors to the strains of the famous who-ooo song and hide our bottles under the tables—mercy me, how Pippa passes.) Well, as I was saying before I began to reminisce, who can drag you out of the last stages of beddy-bye slumber and make you go ha-ha-ha?

Of course, I don't have to tell you, my bright public, you know already. None other than the Messieurs Sparks, Horton and Armetta. As a constant picture-goer, and I am constant in my own vague way, I have seen many a picture simply dying on its feet like a party where the guests won't mingle, when suddenly in the fifth reel enters Mr. Sparks, or Mr. Horton, or Mr. Armetta and a ripple of joyous expectation sweeps over the entire theatre.

Everybody wakes up and sits up, and another dull picture is saved. The suffocating British in the Black Hole of Calcutta never welcomed those rescuers so much as a bored audience in the black depths of the Roxy welcomes those three picture-savers, Sparks and Horton and Armetta.

After seeing Mr. Horton save "The Biography of a Bachelor Girl" one night recently, and Mr. Sparks and Mr. Armetta accomplish similar feats for their current pictures, I began to wonder about picture-savers. What do they do when they're not saving pictures? What is their home life? Their sex life? Their ambitions? And, incurable fan that I am, are they as funny off the screen as they are on? So, I put my fascinator about my shoulders, and rushed out into the chilled afternoon air to investigate picture-savers.

Ned Sparks I found in his apartment in the Chateau Something or Other high in the Hollywood hills. Minna Gombell lives above him and Una O'Connor lives next door and he could easily ask the girls in for a round of rummy, but I don't think Mr. Sparks' present design for living includes women, no matter how charming. Of course, Mr. Sparks didn't say so, and of

portrait and a little item about alimony. Alimony can sour a man quicker than lemons.

But what Ned Sparks did tell me was that he didn't see why I was interested in his private life, so I just said, "Oh, Mr. Sparks, I bet you say that to all the girls," and proceeded to enjoy myself as best I could with a man who didn't laugh for the entire half hour I spent with him. He looks and talks the very same he does on the screen, the same sourpuss of a pan, the same staccato delivery, and I had but to close my eyes to imagine that we were doing a scene from "Imitation of Life" and he was telling me, "Well, do I get my pancakes? That other guy got a hundred thousand dollars." But then I realized that I'm not Claudette Colbert, not in my old beaver and my twenty pounds overweight.

Ned Sparks was born in Guelph, Ontario, a devoted son of a devoted mother. He tried all kinds of small town occupations but couldn't get particularly interested in any of them, so he lit out for Dawson City, Alaska, to make his fortune. But he was bitten by a thespian bug, instead of a gold bug, and he made his way from Dawson City to Colorado playing in every little honkytonk along the route. Then, with a theatrical troupe, he started barnstorming the Middle West and claims that he discovered villages that even the Indians had overlooked. In fact he played in everything from a hayloft to an opy house. Somehow or other he got to New York where he played the lead in "Little Miss Brown" with Madge Kennedy, was acclaimed by critics, and in the next few years appeared in thirteen good Broadway plays. He met Constance Talmadge and was urged by her to take a chance at moving pictures, so he made five pictures in New York with Connie as his leading lady. Ten years ago he came to Hollywood, and as a comedian has been saving pictures ever since.

Ned Sparks' hobby, in fact his *grande passion*, is hunting and fishing. Whenever he isn't working he can be found deep in the woods or high in the mountains hunting and fishing and roughing it to his heart's content. He feels very close to the soil and

SAVERS

his ambition is to make enough money so he can retire and go back to the soil—but not behind a plough—with a pretty cow and a lot of frisky dogs. He has his eye on a tract of land in Canada, near where he was born, where there are hundreds and hundreds of miles of timber land. So every time you laugh Ned Sparks is getting nearer and nearer to the soil.

He reads a lot, particularly books on government, finance, exploration and mystery stories. He considers acting a business and himself a business man. He doesn't go to Hollywood parties or night clubs but he does relish a good stag party occasionally. The great love of his life is Betsy Ann, a three-year-old Boston bull, who is about the most intelligent dog I ever met up with. Betsy has a miniature bed with pillows and sheets and blankets right at the foot of her master's bed. Betsy, he says, is his best friend and severest critic.

I met Edward Everett Horton for cocktails at the Vendome and the hour I spent with him will go down in my own private history as one of the gayest hours of my life. Mr. Horton, unlike Mr. Sparks, laughs continuously and simply explodes with enthusiasm about everything from lamb chops to a Durer etching he has just purchased. I hadn't met with such *joie de vivre* since, well before the Black Watch of October 1929, and I must say it certainly warmed the cockles of my heart to see a person get so much joy out of living. His enthusiasm is so genuine and so infectious that soon I was giggling like an ingenue, and I realized that he has only to be himself on the screen to save any picture from dull oblivion.

Between laughs I learned that the pride of the Hortons was born and brought up in New York, the son of a former city editor of the New York Times.



Ned Sparks, dour old cynic, has the most cheering melancholy manner. You feel better just looking at him.

He developed a flair for footlights early in life, and after several successes in the East came to the Coast to appear in legitimate plays—that was sixteen years ago—but he was soon won over by the illegitimate movies. His first big talking picture success was "Reaching for the Moon," which picture, I am told, he stole so completely at the preview that it had to be re-cut, for, after all, it was Douglas Fairbanks' picture.

His biggest enthusiasm right now is for his ranch out in the Valley, near Encino. An Easterner always thinks of a ranch as acres and acres of land where cowboys round up cattle and hold rodeos. But a ranch in California can be anything from a gas station to Pickfair. But Mr. Horton's ranch, which would be a farm if it were back East, consists of about ten acres of every kind of tree that grows in southern California and a house that is really something to admire. He calls it his picture house, for, after each big picture, he builds another room. "The Merry Widow" room is a knockout, and the "Design for Living" room is an eye-opener—the bar, the closets, the halls, etc., are all named after pictures which paid Mr. Horton for saving them. He keeps forty-three workmen on his ranch, so no one can accuse him of chiseling on the NRA.

Henry Armetta has a wife and family and his winning smile is quite genuine. Life is very good for the Armettas.

He's very proud of his fruit trees, which are kept in excellent condition, naturally, by his forty-three retainers. He never picks the fruit, or permits anyone else to pick it. He likes to see it on the trees. He buys other peoples' fruit for his table. About three years ago there was [Continued on page 70]



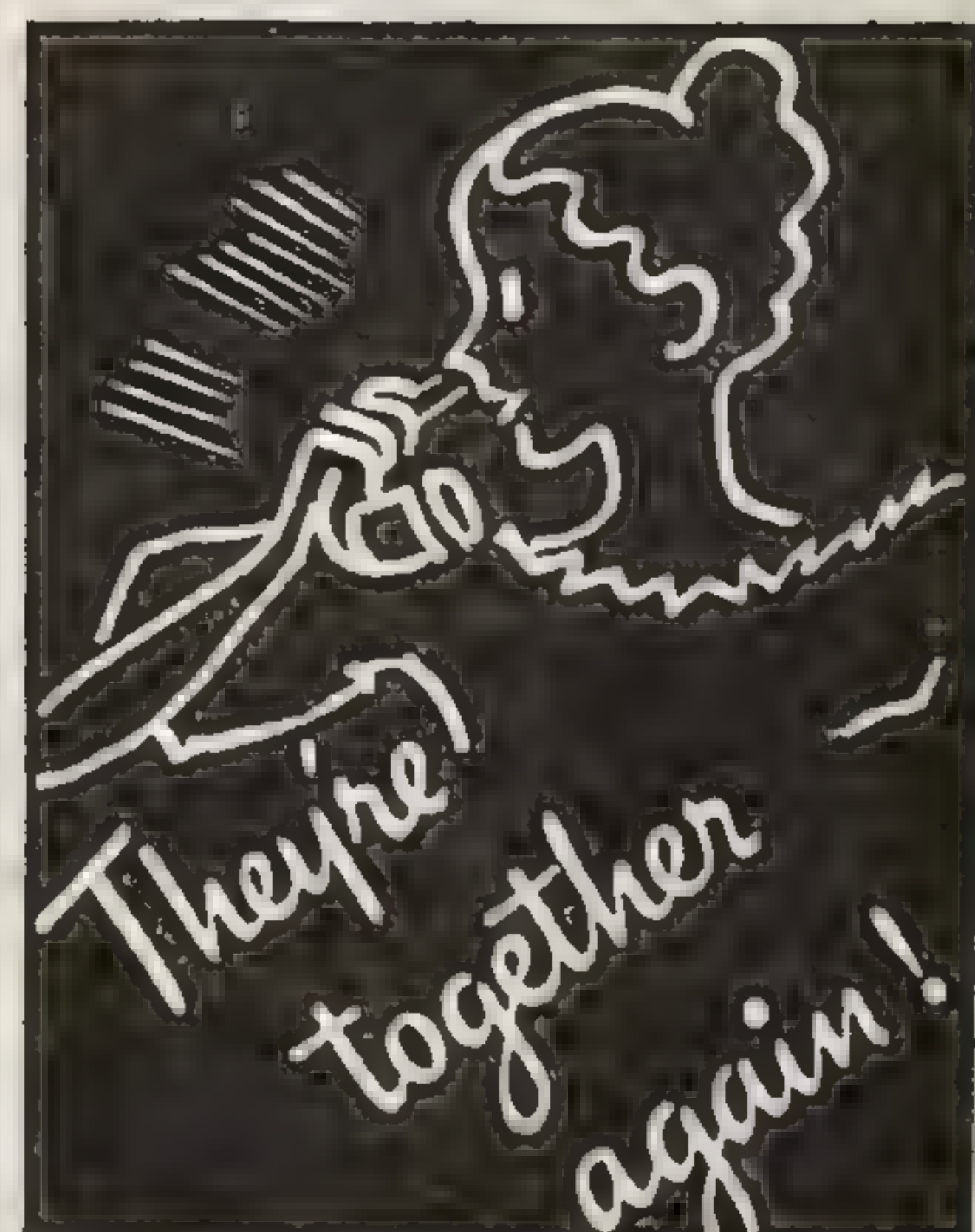


Janet **GAYNOR**
Warner **BAXTER**
 in
One More Spring

with this splendid cast

WALTER KING • JANE DARWELL • ROGER IMHOF
Grant Mitchell • Rosemary Ames • John Qualen • Nick Foran
 and **STEPIN FETCHIT**

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN • Directed by HENRY KING
 From the Novel by Robert Nathan • Screen play and dialogue by Edwin Burke





Elmer Feyer

MARION DAVIES

NOW that Marion is all settled in her special dressing-room bungalow within the artistic confines of the Warner Brothers' lot, action begins on her new pictures, whatever they are to be. One, anyway, will be "Page Miss Glory," which was purchased after it scored on Broadway. It is a real comedy, and that's the way we like our Marion.



Russell Ball

CLARK GABLE

"**F**ORSAKING ALL OTHERS" was a good picture for Gable, giving his new comedy ability rope enough to run yet keeping his restrained menace quality within a gable length, as it were. You can look forward to "Adam Started It," in which Constance Bennett and Clark go to the Fourth Estate. They also go to the bank, for both have new M-G-M contracts. Gable's is for seven years and at a good increase over his present salary.





Russell Ball

JEAN HARLOW

AFTER a rest, during which Jean went in for clothes and the forces of purity very intelligently went in for good pictures, our Platinum Haired Actress has made a picture called "Reckless." You'll see it—everybody does. At left is a still from an embattled sequence—Jean, in jail, is fighting for her rights as the jail attendants give her a bath. At right, Jean in a beautiful short evening wrap, with panels of silver fox placed vertically. On the up and up, that's Jean.



If "ONE MORE SPRING"

Robert Nathan's Great Book Makes Money Seem
Much Less Important Than Many Intangible
Things, Such As Kindness.

WARNER BAXTER, Janet Gaynor and Walter King have made a picture from "One More Spring." The fine success which the book had shows us that, hard times or good times, the old heart of humanity is still in the right place. The picture should be delightful. In the story Warner Baxter goes bankrupt. A discouraged musician joins forces with him and they set out for Central Park with the bed—all that is left from the bankrupt shop. Here they convince the street sweeper to let them move into his tool shed, and soon they take in Janet Gaynor who has even less than they have. In spite of the fact that they possess nothing, they find that they have much to give and, finally, Janet and Warner look forward, quite happily, to one more spring.

So it will ever be. In time of plenty we, like the Children of Israel, grow slack and worship the Golden Calf, but when hard times come upon us, we, or at least the gifted Mr. Nathan, produce a fine story of spiritual beauty.



Warner Baxter is sold out.



At left, Warner Baxter, Janet Gaynor and Walter
Below: To the park.



WAS ALL WE GOT OUT OF THE DEPRESSION—It Was Worth It



At up the bed and make camp in Central Park, where landlords never collect.



At left: The old Park Cleaner makes a deal.

At right: The new arrival is made welcome.



Walter King and Janet Gaynor raising funds.



The appearance of Janet surprises the park man.



"PICTURE

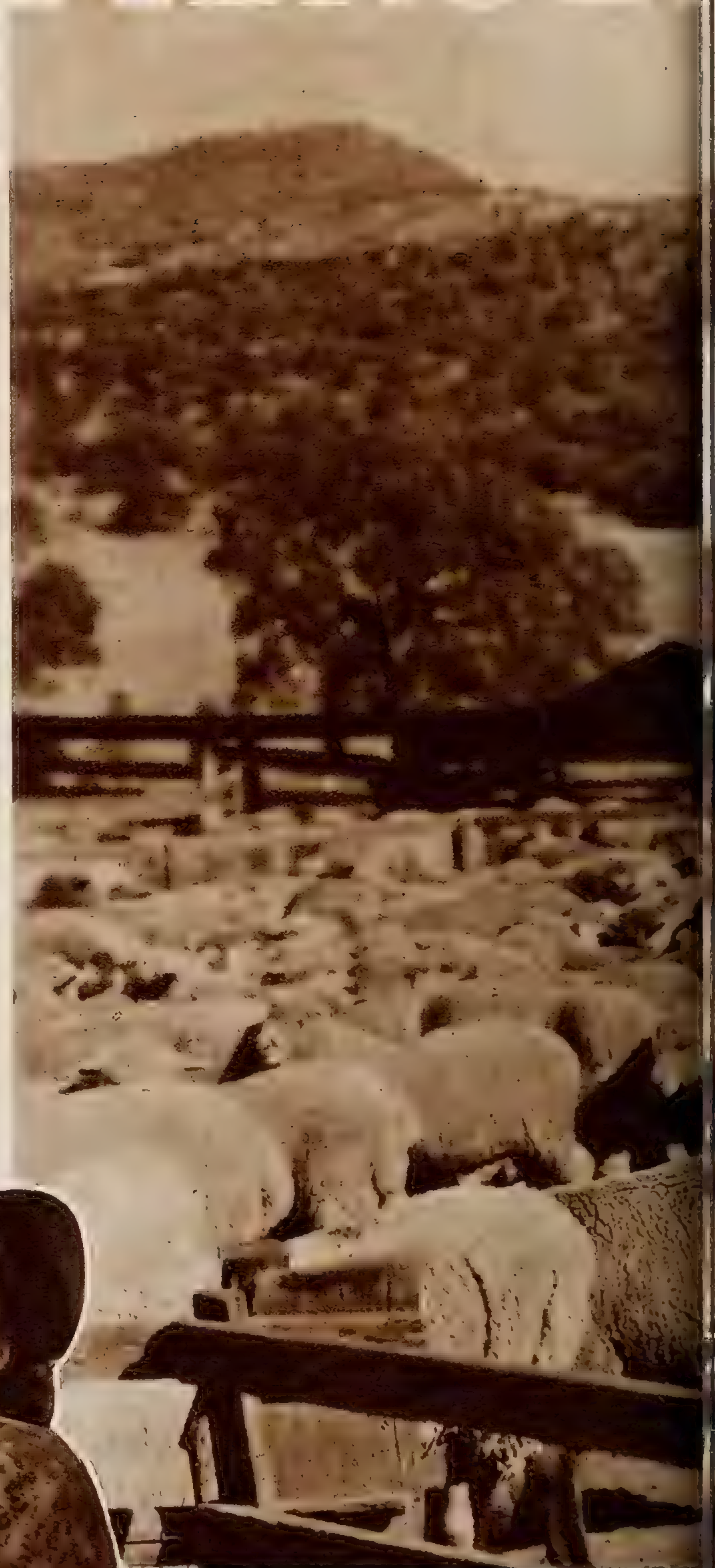
HEROES

The Handsome Hero Never
Knows At What Minute He
May Have To Carry Off The
Leading Lady—No Time
Then For Sciatica!



Charles Ruggles, known in the heavy weight circles as "Rugged Ruggles," keeps himself ready for the gallant moment which may arise when Mary Boland will have to be carried up the mountain.

Below: Gene Raymond with an armful of Barbara Stanwyck. A scene from "North Shore." Gene can juggle 'em—and Barbara weighs 120 pounds.



WHEN Marion Davies was in "Little Old New York" years ago, Louis Wolheim, who, though he had a face like a Missing Link, was really a college professor and not a very healthy one at that, had to pick up the fair Marion and carry her. To the complete disgust of the director and probably of Marion, he dropped her.

When the lover whispers "I love you more than Woolworth loves nickels," that's all right. Perhaps he does at that, you can be sure of these things. But when he reaches for the dainty 108 precious pounds of a fair one, then all fooling ceases. He can't fake any longer. He has to be able to Lockinvar.

Perhaps that is one reason why the stars have to keep down their weight, for it can be pretty embarrassing to have the hero ask "Is there a derrick that goes with this?" If we remember our pictures, Roger Astor lifted Mae West and thought nothing of it. Still, he must have been thinking of something.

"Must Be Republican!"

VIUST DE TUSKY!



During a location trip at Sonora, California, for "The County Chairman," even Will Rogers got out the old lariat and looked for some steers, for exercise. There were only sheep, but Will doesn't need to fear for his reputation either as a roper, actor or broadcaster. "Must be republican critters, jedging from their fightin' spirit," Will probably thought.

Nat Pendleton has the Olympic form, but they never cast him as the hero.

Carl Brisson takes pride in keeping fit. He once was a fighter. He is next in "All The King's Horses."



In The Pictures The
Fair And Lovely Ones
Never Wait In Vain.

WE
"Mr
C
AI

Below: Frank Lawton
as David Copperfield
and Maureen O'Sul-
livan as Dora.



A shot from
—Claude
MacMurray
start for



Don Alvarado as Morenito and Marlene Dietrich as Concha
in the new picture "Caprice Espagnole" (tentative title).
In Spain, even the victim of a grande passion flirts a little.

IT IS an Old Wives' idea that "Mr. Right" will
that orange blossoms and wedding bells will
in this modern age has figured out a new view
comfortably with her own radio set.

But, in the pictures, Mr. Right is quite sure to
his superior qualities have left the marriageable
of the local Lotharios. If the rate of marriages
Robert Montgomery and Ronald Colman. And
possibly go in for raising a family of grocery clerks
nobly respond to love's sweet awakening?

When Mr. Right comes along he'd better look
the movies.

EN
ght"
es
NG

Do The Girls Enjoy
The Pictures Solely
Because They Satisfy
Romantic Longings?

Lily"
Fred
swell
man!

l in due time, and
Yet many a maiden
settled down quite

no can wonder that
old in the presence
ou can blame it on
stenographer could
s seen Clark Gable

ho does not go to



Anna Sten is now an accepted and respected actress, and in Hollywood they like her. Gary Cooper has been secured to play opposite the lovely Russian in "The Wedding Night."



Myrna Loy and Bill Powell have made marriage seem very attractive and many a pretty fan has looked about more anxiously than ever for "Mr. Right."

A MUSICIAN MAKES

Rudy Vallee Leads "Sweet Music," And That Makes It A Musical Piece That Is Going Somewhere.

DO YOU remember those far away days when Rudy used to sing songs through a megaphone? It came to be his trade mark. Then the microphone, and the radio, and the big sponsored programs that are heard in so many different places came along and Rudy was the best of the lot. Millions and millions have heard him and now he has made another musical picture. It is called "Sweet Music."

Whether as master of ceremonies or performer, whether on the screen or on the air, Rudy Vallee has come to mean just about the best that is going.



Ned Sparks and Ann Dvorak in "Sweet Music," as Ned casts a gloom over one and all both near and far.



Rudy Vallee, a college man who makes you have more respect for the brain trust—his income tax is probably big enough to pay them all.



Helen Morgan sings, and Rudy guides his orchestra to help the singer to sing her best.

A MUSICAL!



Rudy directing, Ann Dvorak dancing, and the beauty chorus of "Sweet Music." Up-to-date modernistic settings appropriately decorate this streamline musical. At right, Ann in a feather cap.



PICTURES ARE GOING



"Mississippi" is a show boat piece. Queenie Smith does a dance as W. C. Fields makes the music.

Below: Evelyn Laye who dances in "The Night Is Young."



Fred Astaire, to whom the credit is due. His dancing is quite good enough to start a trend; his affable personality helped a lot.

La Cucaracha And The Continental Will Have To Become Wall Flowers When These New Pictures Take The Floor.

Margo was a dancer before "Crime Without Passion" revealed that she was also an actress of great talent.

Into Their Dance

THE great success of "The Gay Divorcee" has set the pulses of the producers going in dance rhythm. Ricardo Cortez in "Wonder Bar" aroused some enthusiasm, and George Raft's "Bolero" carried the idea along, but it was not until the hit of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers that everyone suddenly discovered, all at once, that they were crazy about dancing. "Roberta" is the next for this talented team, and Raft's "Rhumba" is also attracting a great deal of attention. It is in this piece that the new mystery hit-girl, Margo, dances.

We believe that the explanation is (we always have to explain everything) that music particularly suits sound pictures, delighting our ears, but unless there is dancing there is nothing to watch. However, if Ginger is on the screen the eyes have it, too.

Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson are together in "Go Into Your Dance," but they are essentially soloists. Still it will be good.



Carole Lombard and George Raft in their dance in "Rhumba," which carries on their great success in "Bolero."

Paulette Goddard rehearses dancing, to be ready for Charles Chaplin if he decides to dance in his "Production Number Five," which he is now finishing.

IN STYLE

The Latest Modes For Street
And Formal Wear

Smart for street wear is this two-piece, black wool crêpe frock worn by Steffi Duna. You will see it in "Red Morning." The bow collar and gauntlet cuffs are of black patent leather, the edges fringed. This fringe is also used on the hem of the blouse.



Bright scarlet uncut velvet is used for the bodice of this frock of Steffi Duna's. The front is gathered at the neck and the two crossed straps form the bodice back. The same material in black forms the close fitting skirt with its brief train.

PRINTED IN
THE U. S. A.

A million eyes marvel at the beauty of CLAUDETTE COLBERT ... how many look at you?



CLAUDETTE COLBERT
Starring in Paramount's
"THE GILDED LILY"

Learn How Hollywood Stars Emphasize the Charm of Beauty With This New Make-Up

THERE'S a thrill when admiring eyes confirm the appeal of your beauty. Life instantly becomes more interesting.

So you should learn the make-up secret which all Hollywood screen stars know. Then you, yourself, can create beauty just as fascinating as the vision of loveliness you see in your day dreams.

The secret is color harmony make-up, consisting of face powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized color tones, originated by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius.

Working with stars like Claudette Colbert... Carole Lombard... Sylvia Sydney and other famous beauties... searching to capture the mystery of ravishing beauty... Max Factor discovered a new principle of color harmony to be beauty's secret

of attraction. Based on this principle, he created new color harmony shades in face powder, rouge and lipstick... harmonized color tones to bring out the color appeal of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

You will be amazed at the new beauty your own color harmony in this new make-up will bring you. The face powder imparts a satin-smooth loveliness to the skin... the rouge enlivens the color appeal of your type... the lipstick accents the allure of the lips... and all blend perfectly to create glorious, entrancing beauty.

Remember... famous stars have found magic in this secret. So you may expect a remarkable transformation. Even your personality will reflect a new confidence, because of your assurance in the fascinating attraction of your beauty.

SO SHARE the luxury of Color Harmony Make-Up created originally for the stars of the screen by Hollywood's make-up genius, and now made available to you. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores. For personal make-up advice and illustrated book on the art of make-up, mail coupon below, direct to Max Factor, Hollywood.

Mail for your COLOR HARMONY IN POWDER AND LIPSTICK

MAX FACTOR,
Max Factor's Make-Up Studio,
Hollywood, California.

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	Blonde <input type="checkbox"/>
Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	Light Brown <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light Brown <input type="checkbox"/>
Bruin <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark Brown <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>
Reddish <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Redhead <input type="checkbox"/>
Other <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Other <input type="checkbox"/>

SEND Purse-Size Box of Powder in my color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling.

★ Also send my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-pg. Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" FREE.

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Max Factor* Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP . . . Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick . . . In Color Harmony

CLAUDETTE
COLBERT
Illustrates Her
Max Factor
Color Harmony
Make-Up



FACE POWDER

To harmonize with my colorings, black hair, dark eyes, olive skin, Max Factor's Olive Powder is correct. Fine in texture, it adheres perfectly and creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours.



ROUGE

Max Factor's Raspberry Rouge is correct for me. A perfect color tone... and creamy-smooth, like finest skin-texture... it blends evenly... imparting a delicate, lifelike coloring to the cheeks.



LIPSTICK

Max Factor's Super-Indelible Crimson Lipstick completes my color harmony make-up. It is moisture-proof, the color is natural and once I've made up my lips I know they'll appear perfect for hours.



GREAT TEAMS OF THE SCREEN

EDMUND LOWE

VICTOR McLAGLEN

A TEAM is made of two players who are better with one another than they are with anyone else. It is a long time since Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen played "What Price Glory"—it was a silent picture—but they still are the perfect complement for each other, and that's the sort of compliment that would probably cause them to snarl—"Oh, yeah!"



In "Under Pressure" the famous pair have Marjorie Rambeau to support them.



Scene from "The Cock-Eyed World," which still holds the record for many theatres.

PRINTED IN
THE U. S. A.

Each Puzzle Is the Name of a Film



1



2



3



4



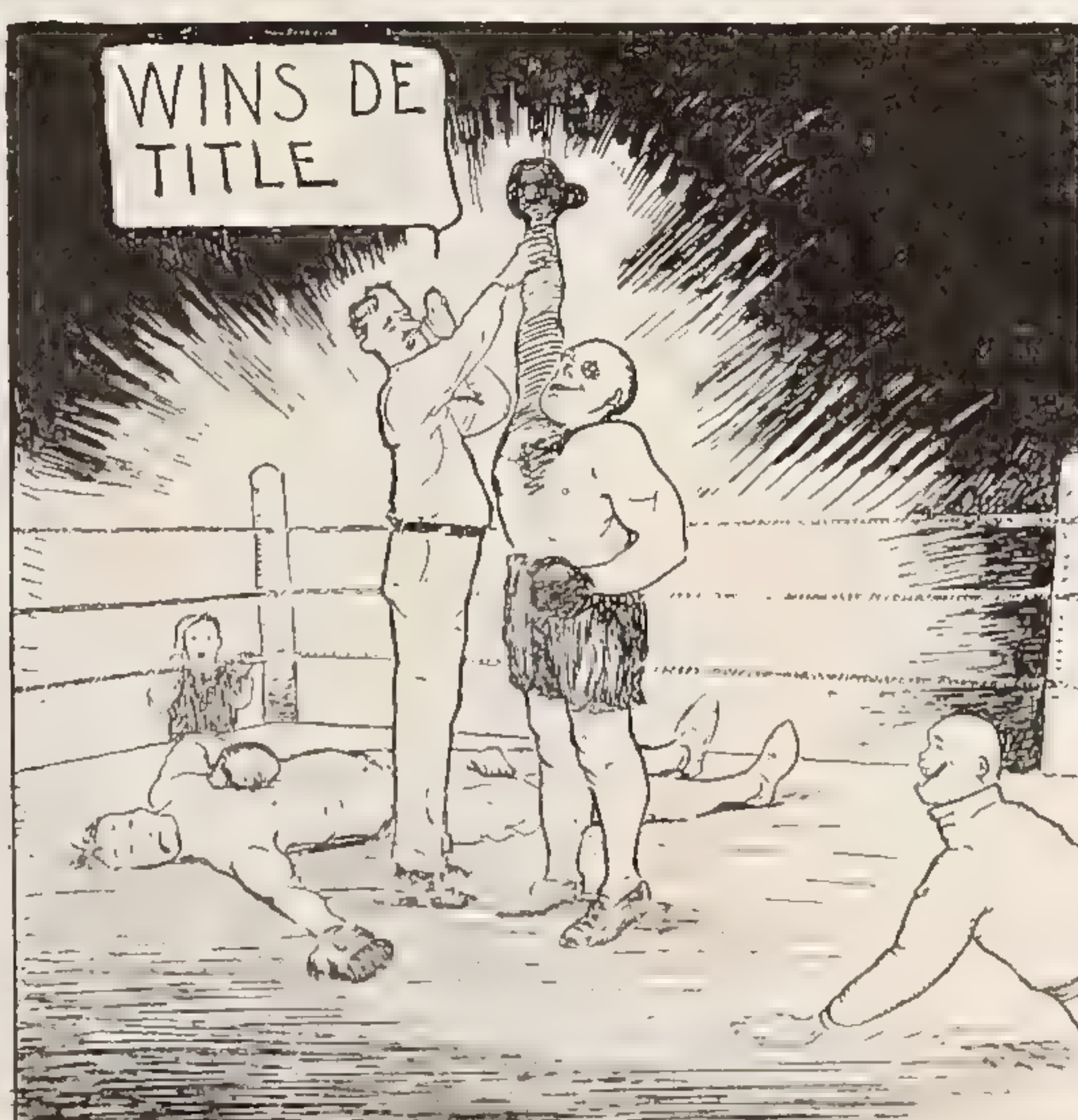
5



6



7



8



9

Do You Know Your Titles?

Correct answers on Page 81

PICTURE writing is as old as Aunt Emma . . . older. The early Indians used picture writing, and now our Injun blood is coming out. If you are mystified, just turn to page 81 or call on Charlie Chan.

Adventures In

By

Muriel Babcock



Joan Bennett and husband, Gene Markey, who fell in love with her on the screen and finally met and won her.

MY, MY the things that happen to movie stars just because they happen to be idols of an adoring public.

Some stars get lace comforters, petit-point bags, dog harnesses and scrap books because they are popular. One young lady I know acquired her most ardent fan as her husband—she's very famous as an actress, and he's equally talented as a writer—but I won't tell you their names for a minute. Another handsome idol of the screen was offered—but, he didn't accept, alas—a Balkan lassie as a slave girl. Imagine having a pretty slave in floating veils and gold earrings to run your bath and see to it that your pants were pressed.

Surprising, startling things happen to stars in the public eye. They have real adventures with people. Exciting, stimulating adventures, sometimes; strange, weird experiences, on occasion; and often they run into tragic, sad situations of misspent emotionalism. Again, even as you and I, they have bores with whom to contend.

I must tell you first of that rare romance between Joan Bennett and Gene Markey which developed because Joan became an idol of Gene's long ago. When Gene was a lad in short pants and Joan a little girl with golden curls, Gene saw a picture of her which intrigued his imagination. He was living in Lake Forest, Ill., and she had been visiting with her father, the famous actor Richard Bennett, in White Sulphur Springs, not far away. A boy pal of Gene's paid a visit to the Springs and came home with a picture and glowing tales of the little Bennett girl. He painted so vivid a picture of Joan that it caught Gene's fluid imagination to an extent that, thereafter, the stories he was even then trying to write had as their heroine a girl named Joan.

Years later he saw her in the play, "Jarnegan," and recaptured the impression of her which had enamoured him as a lad. But he couldn't seem to meet her. He wrote a script for a Long Island studio and suggested to the producer that a girl named Joan Bennett would fit the leading rôle. But Barbara Bennett, Joan's sister, did the picture.

Gene came to Hollywood and, oddly enough, in this town where there are so many parties and where they both had so many mutual friends, Gene and Joan met only once, and then for a very

few minutes at the home of John Gilbert. Joan left early, and Gene only came as she was leaving. They were constantly missing each other at parties after that, but all the time Gene's admiration for her was steadily growing. He was like a fan; he saw her every picture; knew practically her every move, but could not meet and know her personally.

Then, as you know, Joan broke her hip. To her great surprise she received a box of beautiful roses from Mr. Gene Markey, with a little note saying: "When you feel better, I should like to come and see you." Every week came a box of lovely flowers. When Joan felt better, a friend gave a luncheon for her at Town House and suggested asking "that nice Mr. Markey who sends you flowers." Joan asked him to tea first, and received him as she sniffled with a bad cold. They had a fine time, but came the day of the luncheon and no Gene. He had caught her cold. But



Being a movie star has its drawbacks, according to Irene Dunne.

Popularity

The Stars Never Know
What A Stranger
Will Do Next When
He Recognizes Them

the ice was broken, and they had dates regularly after that, with no more obstacles. You know the rest. Joan became the bride of her fan.

Fantastic, like a page out of the Arabian Nights is the story of the little Balkan girl who has been writing to Francis Lederer since he came to Hollywood and, although getting no encouragement, one day offered to come to Hollywood to be his slave girl. Imagine! She wrote:

"I would be a perfect slave girl for you. I have been carefully trained in all the graces and virtues. I am obedient and faithful and would have eyes only for my lord. I dance as lightly as leaves in a summer breeze and my song is soothing as that of the nesting birds. I will bathe your feet in perfumed water and anoint your head with rare oils. I am as fair to look upon as the first white flowers that nestle under the snows.

"My father tells me that only in America is there money enough to buy the women of our race any more. I have chosen you for my lord because you come from my part of the world, and I would feel more at home with you than with one of the strange American race. One hundred pieces of silver is my purchase price and in other days, my father says, I would have brought ten times that price."

She's still in the Balkans.

You know Barbara Stanwyck is pretty nonchalant about any popularity she has won as a motion picture star. The cheering throngs and the autograph hunters never phase the Stanwyck, who just goes on about her business. So this great thrill experienced as a result of her popularity is really a unique chapter in Stanwyck history—

One of the first jobs she held was as a clerk in the office of the famous publisher, Conde Nast. She was a little kid who liked to do acrobatic stunts. One day Nast came into the room to find her standing on her head in a corner. He forthwith fired her. This, as much as anything, decided her upon the show business.

About a year ago, on one of Barbara's and Frank's trips to New York, the O. O. McIntyres gave a dinner party for them, asking as a guest, Conde Nast. Nast had been urging McIntyre, who was a great friend of Frank Fay's, to introduce him to Barbara claiming she was his favorite star.

Came the dinner party, with Mr. Nast saying all sorts of complimentary things to Barbara, and being practically in a dither at finally meeting his love of the screen.

"But we've met before," said Barbara in her low guttural tones, chuckling to herself.

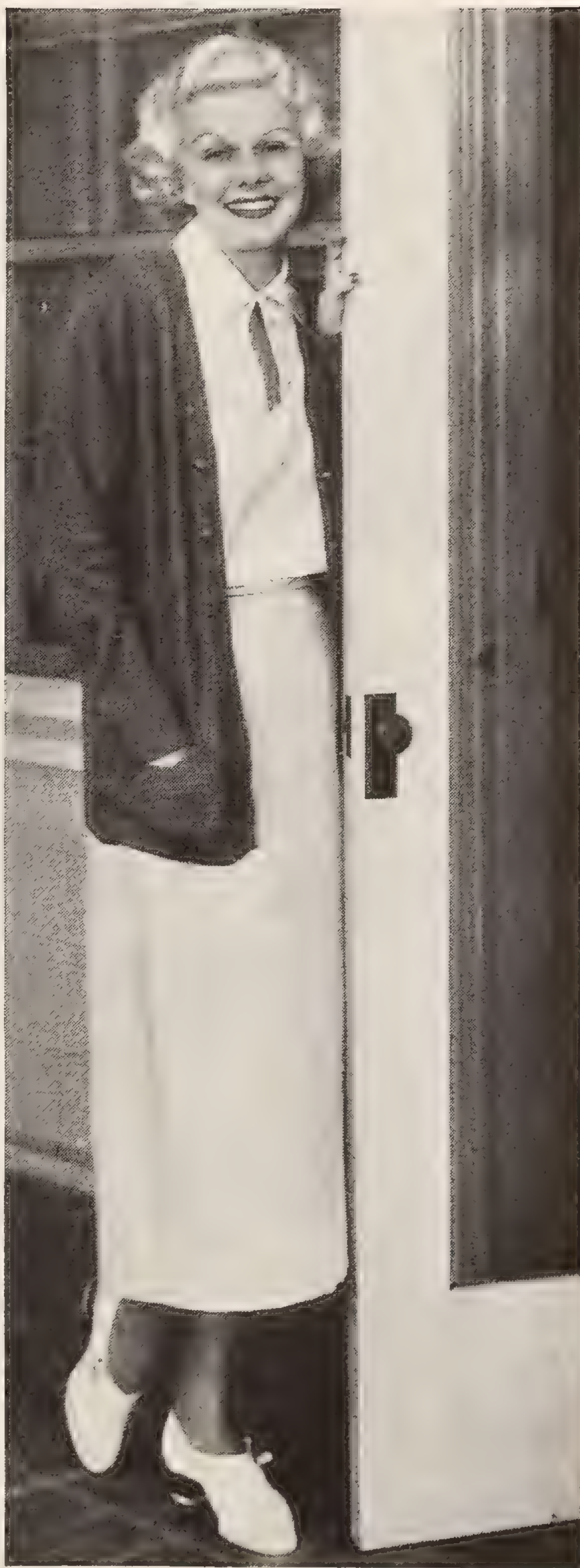
Nast went into an even greater dither. "But we couldn't have met, I would have remembered you. It isn't possible," he said.

"Oh, yes," answered Barbara, "I was standing on my head in your office and you fired me."

Nast was thunderstruck. "I'm terribly chagrined," he told her, "I certainly exercised bad judgment that day. If I had any sense whatsoever, I would have recognized your great ability."

I love that story. Barbara told it to me.

You know, of course, that Janet Gaynor has admirers by the hundreds who send her gifts, petit-point bags, scarves, handkerchiefs, everything. They write her love letters and mash notes



A little girl once camped on Jean Harlow's doorstep, morning, noon and night, refusing to leave.

and travel across the country to see her. Hence I like this little tale which she says personifies her greatest adventure in popularity.

She was standing in a bookstall in Paris, browsing among the musty volumes, when she noticed a little American sailor looking at her. He walked around and back and forth and finally summoned courage to speak to her. "Are you Janet Gaynor?" he queried, blushing to the roots of his hair.

"Yes, I am," she said.

"Oh, I'm so homesick," he stammered, "and it's so good to see someone from home."

He was so sweet and so glad to see her, not because she was a star but because she was an American girl, that she was genuinely moved. They spent the afternoon together and became good friends.

Garbo's adventures, because of her fame, have been multiple. I personally know of one girl who was so excited about the thought of meeting Garbo that she traveled from South Carolina to the Miramar hotel, Santa Monica, and tried to engage a room next door to the Swedish star. She haunted the hotel lobby and the corridors in the hope of glimpses of Garbo, and finally, one day, chased the star out into the driveway, and when Garbo tried to drive away in her black limousine threw herself in front of the car. The chauffeur narrowly missed killing the girl.

Well, the hotel manager stepped into the picture, discovered the girl came of wealthy parents, telephoned the father long distance and the latter came to Hollywood by plane and bore his errant, hysterical daughter back home. It was merely a case of mispent emotionalism, much as that of the girl who crashed the M. G. M. lot by claiming to be a writer for a tennis magazine called "Racket" and following Bob Montgomery from pillar to post. And also like the little girl who camped on Jean Harlow's doorstep morning, noon and night, so that the family couldn't use the front door, until finally Jean became alarmed that the child would die of starvation and cold. She personally took her home, some 100 miles away.

To Lew Ayres, I believe, has befallen one of the most stimulating adventures, as a result of his being a popular idol. Out of a clear sky one day came a letter to him from the famous scientist, Einstein. The letter went something like this:

"I understand that you are a great student of astronomy. This interests me and if you will get in touch with

my co-worker at the California Institute of Technology, he will be glad to help you in every way that he can."

Lew was dumfounded. He was interested in astronomy but how did Einstein know? Did the letter come as a result of the scientist reading articles about movie stars? Did it come because Einstein was a fan of Lew Ayres?

Lew doesn't like to talk about this experience. He won't show the letter. "It would be a great discourtesy," he says, "to publicize such a generous and fine gesture upon the part of such a great man."

My, my, the things that do happen to our extremely popular movie idols!

"Eadie Was A Lady" was one of her successful songs, and she put "Kid Millions" on the gold standard.



MERMAN OF MAZDA LANE

*When Ethel Merman Sings You Understand
Why They Named That Explosive "Ethyl."*

By Julia Gwin

BACKSTAGE at the Alvin Theatre, New York, where Ethel Merman is running off with the honors of that sprightly musical comedy, "Anything Goes," just as she has with everything she has ever appeared in, I was having the time of my life. The show was in full swing and ever so often Ethel would pop into her tiny, well appointed, scrupulously clean dressing room to make a change or for a scrap of conversation. The house was sold out and each one of her songs was received with the kind of applause we have learned to associate with this slim, dark-eyed girl . . . thunderous is the word.

"Nice audience," she commented after her first number. "I can always tell if they're with me five minutes after I've stepped on the stage."

"Aren't they usually?" I asked.

"You're being nice, too," she countered. "Don't run away. I'll be back in a jiffy."

I followed her on the stage and from the wings watched her do her stuff. I wondered, as I had so many times before, what it was about this girl that made you like her. She has beauty of a kind, but her voice is everything we have been told a voice shouldn't be. Yet she has only to open her mouth and she simply wows them.

I remember the first time I saw Ethel Merman. I had been hearing about her for a long time. The owner of a little Long Island radio station claimed Ethel had done her first radio work there . . . a fact of which he seemed infinitely proud.

People would ask me: "Have you seen Ethel Merman? She's at the Richman Club. Don't miss her" or a similar remark. However, my first glimpse of her was in a short. I've even forgotten the name of the thing. She stood beside an enormous desk and sang up to the judge . . . she was on trial for something or other. I thought she was terrible and was amused at all the empty ballyhoo going the rounds.

Then I saw "Girl Crazy" and decided she wasn't so bad after all. For days I went around singing "I've Got Rhythm" but it was her "Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries" in George White's Scandals which finally turned the trick and won me over as one of her ardent fans.

I returned to the dressing room and was still thinking along these lines when Ethel dashed in.

Glancing up I saw on her dressing table a picture I recognized as George Gershwin. It was autographed "Lucky the composer who has you to sing his songs."

Observing my interest in Gershwin's picture she said, as she made a hurried change: "George once told me never to take a voice lesson as it might destroy my naturalness, which was the thing that put my singing across."

"Do you like my make-up mirror?" she said, all of a sudden changing the conversation. "I'm awfully proud of it. When I was working on 'Kid Millions' I had a hair dresser named Connie and a wardrobe girl named Carey. I called them Conn and Care. They gave me the mirror. See, they

put my pet names for them on it." The mirror of black and chromium had a small plate on its base which read "To Ethel Merman from Conn and Care. 1934."

"I loved working with Eddie Cantor. I'm in his next picture, you know, and terribly happy about it. He never 'hogs' a scene. He is always trying to help everybody. Often he would say, 'Stand over here, Ethel. The lighting is a little better,' or 'try reading the line this way. It's more effective.' He's a real trouper if I ever saw one. He and Ida saw the show Thanksgiving night and sent me a huge bouquet of orchids which I wore in the last number. I just got a letter from him today written aboard the Rex. He liked me in this show and says, 'someday we'll do a show together and make it into a picture. I'd like that because it would save us all those rehearsals on the set.' Isn't he swell?"

"This picture business is still new to me and I get as thrilled over a story or a review as I did the first time I ever saw my name in print. A few days ago I read a review of 'Kid Millions' in one of the movie magazines and they didn't even mention my name. I felt quite like a little girl who has been stood in the corner for something she didn't do."

"When 'We're Not Dressing' opened here in New York I sat right on the edge of my seat through the entire picture. It was, except for shorts, really my first picture. Paramount had kept me on the coast two weeks longer than my contract called for

[Continued on page 66]



"I DIDN'T KNOW I COULD BE
SO HAPPY"

Romance
comes to the girl
who guards against
**COSMETIC
SKIN**

You can use cosmetics all you wish yet guard against this danger . . .

IT'S SO THRILLING to win romance—so important to keep it! And yet some women let Cosmetic Skin steal away their greatest treasure—soft, smooth skin!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

It is when cosmetics are allowed to *choke the pores* that they cause Cosmetic Skin. Enlarged pores—tiny blemishes—a dull, lifeless look—these are warning signals that you are not *removing cosmetics properly*.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its **ACTIVE** lather sinks deep into the pores, carries away

every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night—protect *your* skin with the gentle soap 9 out of 10 screen stars use!

LIKE MOST GIRLS,
I USE ROUGE AND
POWDER — BUT
NEVER DO I RISK
COSMETIC SKIN! I
USE **LUX TOILET
SOAP** REGULARLY.
IT DOES LEAVE YOUR
SKIN LIKE VELVET!

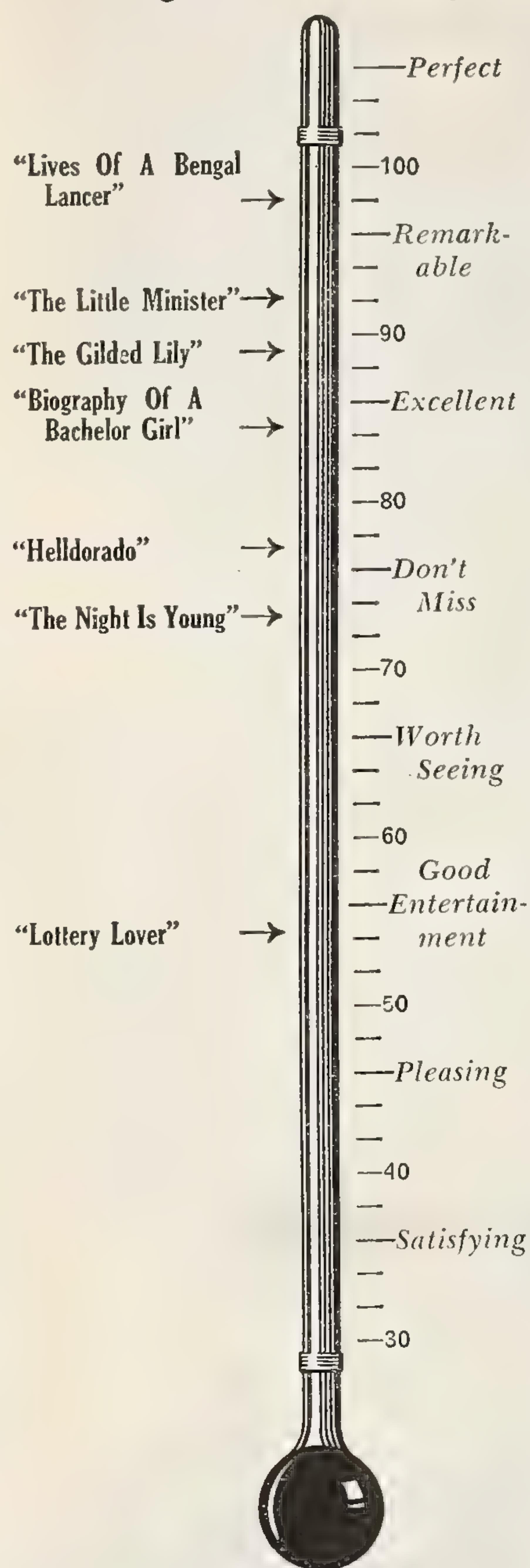


LORETTA YOUNG
STAR OF 20TH CENTURY'S "CLIVE OF INDIA"



PICTURE THERMOMETER

Degrees of Quality



LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER

Rating: 98°—THE BEST OF THE YEAR,
OR ANY YEAR—Paramount

IF I WERE invited to a luncheon at Garbo's today and had been informed that Clark Gable, Ronnie Colman, Gary Cooper and a case of champagne were going to be there—and someone suddenly called to tell me that there would be another preview of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" at noon, why I would simply wire Garbo "Miss Otis regrets she will be unable to lunch today" and go to see those Bengal Lancers again. Yes, it's that good.

According to my way of thinking, which is perfectly normal I've been told, this will be the best picture of 1935 or any old year you care to bring up. I thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it, and so will you, no matter whether you are man, woman or child, for it awakens that adventurous spirit that is sort of tucked away in every mortal's breast. Personally, I'm leaving for India on the next boat and I expect to move right in with the Bengal Lancers.

The story is laid in the Himalayas in India, near the dreaded Khyber Pass, and that scenery, gosh what scenery, will simply knock you cold. Sir Guy Standing is the colonel of that brave, fearless regiment, the Bengal Lancers, and to this regiment one

fine morning comes Richard Cromwell, fresh and half-baked from a British military academy.

The colonel is his father, but not one word of love or praise does young Cromwell get out of the grim old man who holds his regiment and England above all else. Irked by this treatment, the boy rebels and gets involved with Kathleen Burke, a spy used by a dangerous native potentate. Dick is kidnapped and taken away to a fort in the desert, and his two officer pals, Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone, disguise themselves as native merchants in an effort to rescue him.

There are thrills that make your hair stand on end and an exciting attack by the Lancers that is quite the most thrilling thing I have ever seen on the screen. There are laughs and tears, and that greatest of all human emotions—loyalty.

It's hard to say who's *best* in a cast that is all best. Gary Cooper, who is my idea of sex appeal, is better than ever before and that's saying a great deal. Franchot Tone (now wasn't Henry Wilcoxon an old stupe to walk out on that rôle?) proves that he is an excellent actor who has never before been given a real chance on the screen. Dick Cromwell takes an unbelievable rôle and makes it so real that your heart simply breaks when you see him crying in the final fade-out.

The photography is nothing less than inspired. But the greatest rave, I guess, should go to Henry Hathaway, one of Paramount's youngest and most inexperienced directors, who, in the face of all odds, made the greatest hit of the year out of an old story that the studio had had lying around on the shelf for years, and which no director wanted to tackle.

THE LITTLE MINISTER

Rating 92°—KATIE IN SCOTLAND—R-K-O

KATHARINE HEPBURN, who did so well by our *Jo* about this time last year, now takes a fling at Sir James M. Barrie's "The Little Minister," and I hereby hasten to report that again she does not let us down on one of our favorite fictional heroines. In her rôle of *Babbie* Hepburn is ideal. Though I may be struck dead for saying so I just don't see how Maude Adams herself could have been any better.

As the pseudo-gypsy girl who leaves a lord and his vast castle and falls in love with a little minister who's as poor as the proverbial church mouse, our tempestuous Kate is given ample opportunity to be winsome, tomboyish and oh-so-beautiful. Sharing honors with her is John Beal, whose portrayal of the little Scotch minister will go down in cinema history as one of the best screen performances ever given.



"The Gilded Lily." Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert in a story of royalty vs. a New York newspaper man.

This picture serves to launch Mr. Johnny Beal in a big way, so neither R-K-O nor you and I will have to worry about *him* any more. The conflict in his soul between Good and Evil (according to the Scotch elders) is delightful. And there has never been a more charming love scene, written or acted, than that between Hepburn and Beal down by the old mill.

The supporting cast is well up to par, with Frank Conroy playing the rich lord
[Continued on page 60]



Gary Cooper, Kathleen Burke, Franchot Tone and Richard Cromwell in their success "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

Beauty of lips and neck-line mean charm. Keep this beauty the way the screen stars do — Enjoy **DOUBLE MINT** Gum daily. Whenever and wherever convenient.



More Gossip

The Inside Angle.

[Continued from page 17]

and pad at her bedside just in case she gets an idea for a story in the middle of the night.

FAY WRAY, writing from London, relates her most amusing blunder. She rented a car, because she wanted to drive herself and see everything possible. She was blissfully taking in the sights, when she suddenly realized everyone else was driving on the wrong side of the street. When a London "Bobby" stopped her she was most indignant, but after confessing she was an American he offered to escort her home so she couldn't get into any more trouble.

NOW you girls who simply swoon with delight when Bing Crosby begins to croon will see what kind of a gal your favorite boy friend picked for his wife. Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing Crosby and mother of three) will appear in Paramount's "Win or Lose"—and, furthermore, will sing a Gordon and Ravel song titled, "You Got Me Doin' Things."

YOU'LL never believe it of Joe McCrea but he is really antique-minded! His one thousand acre cattle ranch at Chatsworth, boasts a ten room house chuck full of antiques and heirlooms, carefully assembled after some of the most persistent reminding of grandparents. Noted among the collection is a wide and tall canopied bed of rosewood, seventy-five years old, which belonged to his great-great-grandparents. There's an old rocking chair which belonged to several more "great-greats," and even baby Joel McCrea comes in for his share of l'antique with his crib, which dates back some seventy-five years or more, slept in by Joel, his grandmother, great-grandmother and several et ceteras.

MAY ROBSON has written her son daily for thirty years.

MAE CLARKE set a new precedence last month for recuperative invalids. The little actress who left the picture colony several months ago to recoup her strength, made her first appearance back in Hollywood at a gay social function. Prettier and more vivacious than ever Mae would not listen to one word of sympathy or I'm-so-sorry. Skip-it was Mae's attitude, and she was the gayest of the gay.

WELL, it does look like Janet Gaynor is kinda sweet on her new boy friend, Dr. I. S. Veblen of New York. When he had to leave Hollywood in January after spending Christmas and the holidays with her, Janet and her mother boarded the train with him and left for New York too. Janet had a swell excuse—she wanted to see "The Farmer Takes a Wife," which play she will do on the screen.

RICHARD DIX is wearing a wide grin these days, and justified it is. The actor embarked secretly a little over a year ago upon a venture which has today evolved into a thriving, remunerative business. What, and where, you'll never guess—it's the growing of tea at, of all places, that popular winter play-ground of the stars, Palm Springs. The tea leaves have always grown wild on the California desert, but it was only a year ago that their possibilities as a health drink were brought to Dix's attention—and you should see him today, simply "steeped" in enthusiasm over processing and distribution plans for his "Palm Springs Tea." Looks like one of our favorite actors is about to retrieve at least the tail of that shirt he lost in the 1929 Wall Street crash.

WHICH reminds us, Ralph Bellamy is another of the "Springs" enterprising property owners. He and Charlie Farrell, owning together a tract stretching over



Lily Pons, the Metropolitan Diva, has been signed by R-K-O to carry on the very definite trend toward grand opera which Grace Moore's "One Night of Love" incorporated. The mechanics of sound reproduction have been perfected and the public is enthusiastic over famous singers.

some fifty-two acres, are actively promoting and financing what, according to them, is the desert resort's most urgent need—a clubhouse and two championship tennis courts. With the entire film colony tennis-minded these days, Ralph and Charlie have anticipated the need and expect to have over a half dozen courts constructed and ready for play by next Fall. There's nothing like having a business "on the side."

GENE RAYMOND plays sunrise golf. That means he's whacking the pill about each morning before five o'clock.

HOLLYWOOD has now gone in body and soul (with more bruises on the body than the soul) for roller skating—and the old rollerdrome out at Culver City has taken on a new lease of life, and hasn't been so gay in years. Gloria Swanson and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., started the fad last spring when they first returned from Europe, but it didn't really catch on until this winter. Cary Grant and Randy Scott are the most enthusiastic of the skaters and nearly every week they throw a dinner party which invariably ends up at the rollerdrome. And one night a week all the younger set, Tom Brown, Anita Louise, William Janney, Pat Ellis, etc., do their dancing on skates.

THERE was a skating sequence in "Flirtation Walk" which was taken at the rollerdrome, and it will show you that Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell are a girl and a boy who know their ball bearings.

WHAT do they do on sets when they aren't working? William Powell and Myrna Loy play chess, and right good they are for amateurs. Helen Hayes knits sweaters for little Mary Hayes MacArthur. Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery play checkers. Maureen O'Sullivan adds up her grocery bills. Carole Lombard looks for a fourth at bridge. Margaret Sullivan sleeps, Will Rogers reads newspapers, and Clark Gable buys new guns.



Shirley Temple and Jane Withers, the new discovery who, in "Bright Eyes," made all the critics burst into superlatives. There have been two screen rôles especially written for her in "Dante's Inferno" and "Redheads on Parade."

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is crazy about The Mills Brothers' records and plays them over and over in her dressing room while she is waiting for studio calls. She plays the same record over until she knows the words perfectly. Then she sings the song in her bath every morning for a week. Then she is bored with it and learns a new record.

CARL BRISSON lives in Clara Bow's former house and Clara Bow lives in Marlene Dietrich's former house and Marlene lives in Colleen Moore's former house and practically every actress in town lives in one of Garbo's former houses. It's their little way of playing "fruit basket turn over."

JIMMY CAGNEY, who, like Ginger Rogers, springs an unexpected talent on you every month, has now gone in for etching boats, and has a collection that's so good a New York art dealer wants to exhibit it in New York this spring.

WHEN Miriam Hopkins returned to Hollywood recently to play the lead in "Becky Sharp," she flew all the way from New York to the Glendale airport with young Michael Hopkins, her adopted two and a half year old son, in her lap. Finally she could keep her eyes open no longer, so she asked the steward if he would entertain Michael and let her have just a few minutes of sleep.

Michael seemed quite bored by it all. When she waked up about an hour later there was no Michael to be seen, not in the aisles, not any place. "Oh, my baby," Miriam shrieked, "he's fallen out of the plane!" But she soon discovered her young son sitting in the pilot's lap and steering the plane as big as life.

ANOTHER royal family of the theatre is getting well launched it seems. Madeline Holmes, sister of Phillips, and son of the famous Taylor, made her stage debut last season opposite her dad in the successful "Big-Hearted Herbert." Now, it's Ralph, the "Baby" of the family, who will make his first stage appearance this winter with both his dad and sister in a popular comedy. Of course Phillips continues to hold up his share of the family glory in his current rôle of *Pip* in Universal's adaptation of Charles Dickens' "Great Expectations."

GENE RAYMOND has a drawer full of medals won in fencing tournaments.

GEORGIE RAFT and Virginia Pine are still that way about each other, and can be found dining almost every evening at the Vine Street Brown Derby.

ELIZABETH ALLAN had an idea that she might save time in getting her morning paper by training her little Scotty to pick it up at her bungalow door. The Scotty brought her one paper the first morning, and gradually increased the amount until he was bringing in six or eight papers a morning—and a couple of bottles of milk! Elizabeth's neighbors in the swanky Garden of Allah are raising complaints, you may be sure.

HERBERT MARSHALL swears that Garbo told very amusing stories while they were waiting between shots on "The Painted Veil" set. That one of them was actually a side-splitter. Wish we knew what it was but the gent won't tell us. Probably a Swedish dialect story.

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Reviews [Continued from page 56]



"The Little Minister" won everyone's heart, Katharine Hepburn, John Beal and Mary Gordon.

who got jilted, and Beryl Mercer playing the "mistress of the parish." Alan Hale, as the town drunk, gives his usual perfect performance and Andy Clyde's "World Weary" is really something to get excited over. It's romance, pure and simple.

HELLDORADO

Rating: 77°—THAR'S GOLD IN THEM THAR HILLS—Fox

A VERY entertaining picture with an idea that's distinctly different. One of the most romantic places I know is a ghost town, albeit, as they say in classical literature, a town which was once the scene of a gold rush—and that's what Helldorado is.

Caught in a cloudburst, a group of people wander into this godforsaken village which has been deserted for thirty years, and whose only inhabitant is a goofy old pioneer, who is still waiting for his partner to return and tell him where he hid the stake to the mother lode. Swell atmosphere, eh?

The grandson of the long lost partner is one of the people caught in the storm and through his boyish boasting a modern gold rush is instigated. Dick Arlen is the boy. And Madge Evans, very lovely, is the rich young society girl, engaged to a stuffy millionaire, who falls in love with him.

Ralph Bellamy is the millionaire and Henry B. Walthall is the balmy old pioneer. Also caught in the cloudburst, and contributing excellently to the humor, are Jimmy Gleason, Stepin Fetchit, Gertrude Short and Stanley Fields. There's a swell romance and perfectly marvelous atmosphere.

THE GILDED LILY

Rating: 89°—YOU'RE THE TOPS, COLBERT—Paramount

HERE'S a comedy that sparkles brighter than Cartier's Fifth Avenue window and Tiffany's pet showcase to boot. It comes as near being another "It Happened One Night" as you're likely to find wandering around this good year 1935, so take my tip and don't miss it.

Claudette Colbert, who flips out successes just as regularly as the phone bill comes, is the star of this comedy de luxe, and is simply tops as Marilyn David, the modest little stenographer who, quite inadvertently, becomes the toast of the night clubs, all because she passed out one night over a double highball.

Claudette knows her comedy and is right there with the tempo and the shading. Her first night club appearance, when she turns

the most dismal flop into a sensational triumph, is about the funniest scene there has ever been in a picture, and at the preview the audience broke into lusty cheers when it was over.

When Claudette is jilted by a duke's son, who has been visiting America incognito and with whom Claudette has fallen in love, believing that he is just a nice young man looking for a job, her newspaper reporter boy friend decides to play it up in the tabloids—and overnight Claudette becomes a Celebrity. This is the beginning of a story that goes from one swell situation to another.

Fred MacMurry, as the ship's news reporter with big ideas, is something new in leading men and you'll like him. Ray Millard is very handsome and attractive as the young lord. Louis Alberni and Warren Hymer are grand in small parts. The picture is well directed by Wesley Ruggles.

BIOGRAPHY OF A BACHELOR GIRL

Rating: 85°—HIGH COMEDY—M-G-M

ANN HARDING fans will perk up after seeing this, for she's the grand gal of "Holiday" again with none of that sweetness and light of "Enchanted April" and gallant dullness of "The Fountain."

This time she plays a young artist who returns from Europe—where they say she's had a "past"—and is met in New York by the editor of one of those confession story magazines who wants Ann to write her biography because she knows intimately the best celebrities. Ann's quite broke and is quite willing to invent a love-life for herself that will satisfy the most insatiable tabloid readers.

Then, back into her life comes a childhood sweetheart, Edward Everett Horton who has developed into a politician with senatorial ambitions, and when he hears that Ann is writing the story of her love-life he almost has conniption fits, for there is nothing his campaign lacks but a good juicy scandal.

With the aid of his prospective father-in-law, a famous publisher, Horton tries to make Ann tear up her biography, which only serves to infuriate the youthful editor, who happens to be Bob Montgomery. So there's a battle royal over poor Ann's love life, with everybody shouting and calling names. Well, see for yourself who wins.

Bob is simply swell as the young editor, and Eddie Horton makes the grandest Congressman we've seen in many a day. Charles Richman, as the Southern pub-

lisher, manages to steal every scene he's in. And there's Una Merkel, thank goodness, gay and sparkling as ever, but why just let her do a walk-on?

LOTTERY LOVER

Rating: 54°—MIDSHIPMEN IN PARIS—Fox

THIS picture serves to introduce to the screen Peggy Fears, of Park Avenue via the Follies. She plays *Gaby Aimee*, the most talked about woman in Paris. The director and the dialogue writer haven't done so well by Peggy, who looks exciting enough but doesn't do anything or say anything that could possibly shock your great-grandmother. Maybe wicked women in Paris are like that—but personally I suspect that old boogey man, the censor.

Anyway, when the navy reaches Paris all the boys are eager to meet the toast of the town, who lives on champagne and black orchids. Realizing that it takes a lot of dough to date that dame the boys pool their resources and draw lots to see who will be the lottery lover.

Lew Ayres wins and goes about wooing *Gaby*, though his heart simply isn't in it as he has met Pat Paterson, one of the chorus girls in the show, and they've found out that they're from the same home town. Well, what chance has Sin after that?

THE NIGHT IS YOUNG

Rating: 73°—BUT THE PLOT ISN'T—M-G-M

RAMON NOVARRO is a handsome young Archduke of Vienna, who falls in love with a ballet dancer, but has to give her up with tears and sighs and make a duty marriage for the sake of his country. (Stop me if you've heard this one before.) Nine out of ten operettas have it, but what nine out of ten operettas don't have is Charlie Butterworth, Una Merkel and Edward Everett Horton, and that's why this is a better than usual operetta.

Evelyn Laye, as the young ballet dancer, sings splendidly. And Ramon Novarro gives his usual first rate performance. But somehow or other the story never allows the two lovers to rise to any great heights—except on the ferris wheel—and to the comedians belong the picture. Long live Butterworth, Merkel and Horton.



Robert Montgomery and Ann Harding in "Biography of a Bachelor Girl."



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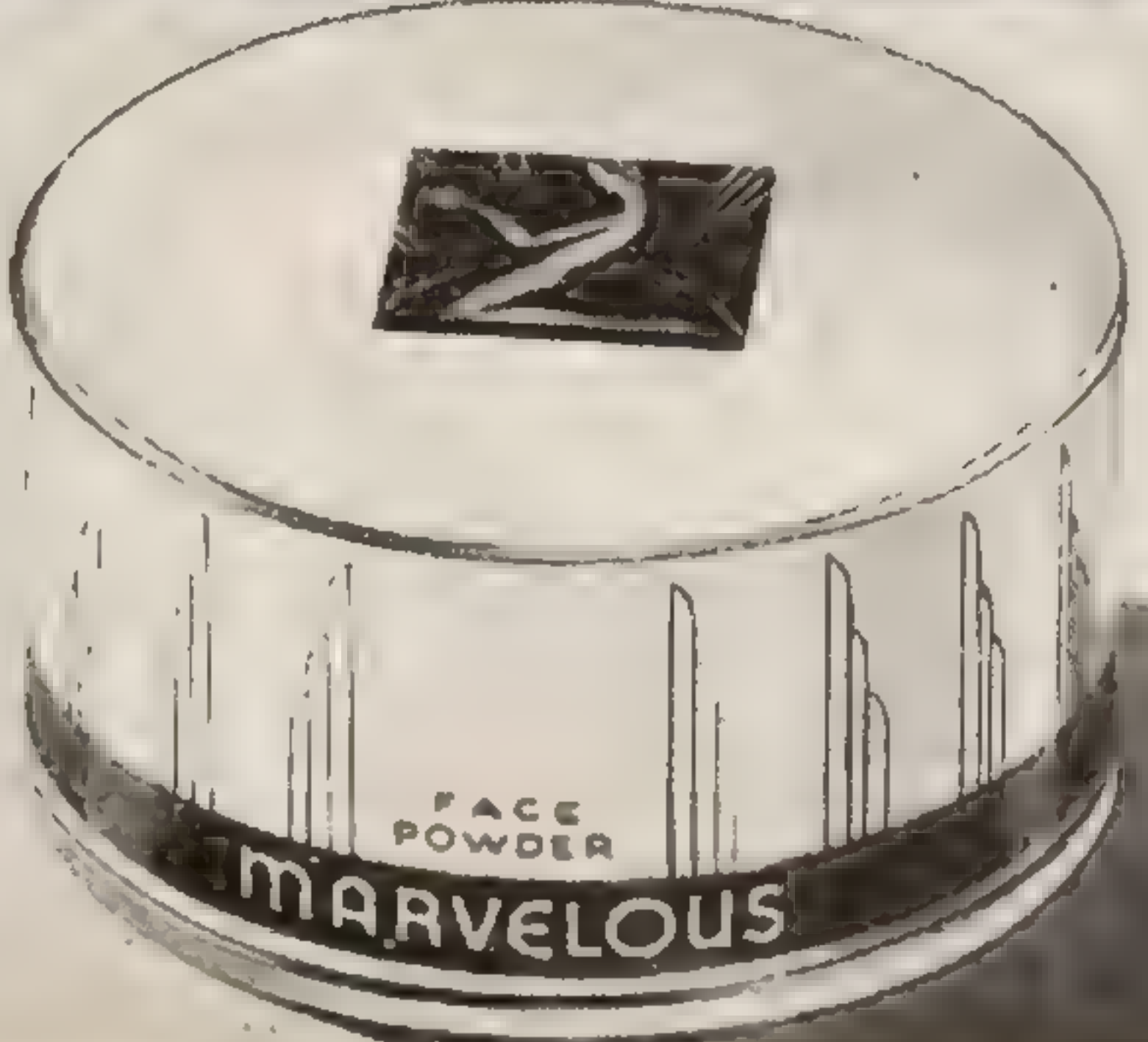
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Why Stars Click!

[Continued from page 25]

given on the screen. Gable's popularity shot up like a skyrocket. According to a recent contest in SILVER SCREEN he is today the most popular of the male stars. Clark Gable found his mood in a hitch-hiking scene.

And Gable, in real life, is very much like the casual, likeable newspaper reporter in the picture. Money and fuss and fine feathers mean nothing to him. He doesn't think he's a particularly hot actor, he thinks he just got a break, and he's darned glad to get it. He hates to dress up and go to parties. He'd rather have fun with the boys. Every chance he gets he grabs his guns and makes a dash for his cabin in the High Sierras where he hunts and fishes and tramps in the snow and cooks messes over a camp fire. He's no sissy. He's a regular guy, and not just a leading man for glamorous ladies.

George Raft is another guy who flopped around Hollywood for a long time before he got his break. Raft was discovered in "Scarface." The scene in the picture that put him over was the long "dolly" shot of him as he walked away from the gangster he murdered. George once told me of the day the director took that scene. "Gee, I can't do it," he told the director, "You're not taking the picture in sequence. I haven't murdered the guy. There isn't any body. So how can I act the part?"

"If you had just murdered a man, how would you walk away from the scene of the crime?" the director asked.

"I'd deadpan," said Raft. And that's how he played the scene that catapulted him to fame over night.

This "deadpan" I suppose is Raft's mood. He can do it better than any actor in Hollywood. Completely opposite from George's deadpan is the personality grin of Dick Powell. Powell, a popular young master of ceremonies from Pittsburgh, was brought to Hollywood and tested for all sorts of parts. "What to do with him, what to do with him," groaned the supervisors, and then as sort of an afterthought they stuck him in "The Blessed Event," to play the smart alecky orchestra leader, which part smacked slightly of Rudy Vallee.

Dick Powell, grinning, bubbling over with healthy fun, and lilting up and down as he put over a song, became an instantaneous hit. Dick Powell was merely playing Dick Powell—and he was exactly what the doctor ordered. Dick Powell is the Rudy Vallee of the screen and, just as there has never been anyone to take Rudy's place on the air, just so Dick Powell is completely typed on the screen, and no one can do a Dick Powell rôle but Dick himself.

About seven years ago J. P. MacEvoy, the well-known writer, wrote the sketches for the first "Americana" in New York, and was aiding in the production of it. Mr. MacEvoy had a very nice, conscientious, but apparently dull and colorless secretary who seemed to have no talent despite the fact that he had graduated from Notre Dame. "I want to act in your revue," the secretary, none other than our own Charlie Butterworth, told Mr. MacEvoy, and that genial gentleman, because he, too, was an alumnus of Notre Dame, said, "Okay, but I'll keep your secretarial job open for you." Charlie was stuck in a sketch at the last minute and went over big on the opening night. New York had never seen such a peculiar brand of comedy before, and they were crazy about it. "Hell," said Mr. MacEvoy to Mr. Butterworth, "you were either scared to death, or you're an actor. Can you do it the same way again?" Charlie has been doing it the

same way ever since. Somehow or other he didn't click in pictures when he first came to Hollywood, so back he went to New York to score again in "Flying Colors," and then back to Hollywood, and this time success. In fact, so swell was he in "Forsaking All Others" that Metro has announced that he will be made a star.

Strange to say, in the same show in which Mr. Butterworth made his début was a rather pretty girl, named Helen Morgan, who had a sobby sort of voice. Helen was given a song to put over on a large stage with a dance ensemble, and the act was a big flop. "She can't sing worth a dime," the stage manager told Mr. MacEvoy. "You better can her." But Helen didn't want to be canned, and made the suggestion that she sing out in front of the curtain while they were changing the scene, and "I think I'll sit down," said Helen, "I'll sit down in the footlights and make it sort of intimate." Well, the footlights weren't very comfortable, and they had a habit of getting Helen quite toasted before the song was over, so the stage manager, who had become reconciled to Helen, suggested she sit on the piano. So Helen sat on the piano, twisted her handkerchief, and sang a low crooning blues song, and the audience went wild. Miss Morgan has not been able to get down off the piano since.

Bing Crosby used to sing at the Coconut Grove in Hollywood. He had an agent, oh dozens of agents, who tried to get him in pictures, but he was chubby and not particularly handsome, so the producers simply said "No sex appeal" and let it go at that. Today, mind you, Bing Crosby has the second biggest fan following of any male star. No sex appeal? Why, practically two-thirds of the female population of America, especially the young school girls, are just "mad" for Crosby. When his pictures are previewed at Westwood Village, a college town, the poor theatre is practically torn from its foundations by the ecstatic young co-eds who'd rather flunk in chemistry than miss a Crosby preview. And I'll never forget the little girl from Tennessee I was showing the Paramount studio to. "There's Dietrich over there at the table in the corner," I said proudly, "and there's Carole Lombard and Jack Oakie and Gary Cooper." But not one glance would the child give them. She had found Bing Crosby, in an old slouchy yellow sweater, and she was in heaven.

After all the studios went thumbs down on him Crosby went to New York and there became a mild sensation on the air. But, even then, the major studios wouldn't give him a tumble. He made slap-stick comedies for Mack Sennett. And then Paramount finally got wise to things and signed him. Well, just try and get him away from them now.

It was the gentle poise and quiet beauty of Norma Shearer that changed her from a star into a genius. As far as beauty is concerned there has never been anything on the screen to equal her performances in "Smilin' Through" and "The Barretts."

Wally Beery's uncouth humor and beefy heartiness raised him from the ranks of "just an actor" and made him a genius.

Joan Crawford gave up being a hey-hey girl, in which parts she was only mediocre, and with "Possessed" became a dramatic actress, serious, tragic and exotic. She gave up romping around and ringing doorbells and took to seclusion, gardenias and Franchot Tone.

Bette Davis was just another blonde ingenue on the Warner lot, and not a par-

ticularly good one at that, when John Cromwell and "Of Human Bondage" got hold of her and now Betté is acknowledged one of the best actresses in Hollywood. Her mood was not sweetness and light, it was the tragedy of the woman of the streets.

And all you've got to say is "wistful" and an entire nation thinks of Janet Gaynor. Frank Borzage and "Seventh Heaven" typed Janet—but definitely.

"I Can Hardly Wait—"

[Continued from page 21]

discoverer. I happen to know that she has resented intensely the adverse criticism which has been directed at him recently and that she is determined to prove, if her own efforts can assist in doing it, that he is every inch the genius which she has always believed him.

She has strained every nerve to give a brilliant performance which would do him credit . . . justify their mutual belief in one another. If "Caprice Espagnole" is not a vivid and exciting picture, it will not be because of lack of effort on the part of these fine artists! I expect to see Marlene at her loveliest.

It is going to be fun, I fancy, to see Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler together in "Go Into Your Dance." After Ruby had persuaded Al with some difficulty that her picture aspirations were no mere whim, and, after she had proved her ability on the screen, Al consented, grudgingly, to allow her to continue with that promising career. But he announced to all and sundry that he and Ruby would never make a picture together.

Well . . . he gave in on that point, too, and the results should be very interesting, it seems to me. Jolson is a seasoned trouser and the little Keeler knows her apples, too. They have made an agreement to try to steal scenes from one another. None of this sentimental business of giving away the close-ups! I visited the set not long ago. Each of them has a small, portable dressing room. When a scene is finished each goes to his own little cubicle without a word. No congratulatory remarks, no domestic persiflage, no compliments, no reproaches. It appears, on the surface, to be an exceedingly grim competition for public favor. If you did not know that they were actually very much in love, you might think that they were serious . . . almost malicious . . . professional rivals. The rivalry is genuine, without a doubt and I shall be eager to see who wins the laurels in the picture.

I want to see "Rhumba" for a number of reasons. In the first place, it has Margo in it and I am interested in Margo. I saw her first when she was dancing at Agua Caliente. This led to an engagement in Los Angeles and then to New York, where she was a featured dancer. A Paramount talent scout saw her, tested her and waxed enthusiastic. But he could arouse no enthusiasm among Paramount executives. Ben Hecht and Charles McArthur signed her on a personal contract, used her in "Crime Without Passion" and discovered, along with the rest of the world, that here was a sensation.

Now Paramount has borrowed her at a sizeable sum for the George Raft picture. She is a lovely thing, electrically alive, a-thrill just now with her first taste of success, with gratitude toward the people who have made this success possible. The little Mexican is not a beauty in any conventional sense but there is so much ani-

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*he said admiringly,
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mation in that face, so much grace in her body. . . .

She loves dancing as a drunkard loves his tippie. She dances alone in her apartment (as Joan Crawford used to do) when she is depressed. She thinks that the most dreadful thing that could happen to anyone would be to lose the ability to dance. I want to see whether she lives up to the promise she has shown. I want to see whether her hopes and belief in herself are justified. I want to see whether we have another Joan Crawford in this girl. . . .

Another reason for looking forward to "Rhumba" is those gorgeous costumes which Carole Lombard wears. This may be feminine and frivolous . . . but, *do* you suppose that they can be as effective on the screen as they were on the set? Ah-h!

Hollywood is usually aware of these personal, human equations and their effect upon a picture. The personnel of the Columbia studio was acutely aware of the situation between Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy during the making of "Man's Castle" . . . and their hopes were justified by those fine performances. Loretta and Spencer, you recall, were falling in love . . . and the camera caught that flame. . . .

Years ago when Greta Garbo and John Gilbert glimpsed one another for the first time on the set of "Flesh and the Devil," a romance sprang into being which not only interested the world for months but which, I am convinced, had much to do with Garbo's subsequent triumphs.

Evelyn Venable sacrificed an excellent contract with Paramount so that she might accept an offer at Fox to appear in a picture which Hal Mohr was photographing . . . "The County Chairman," with Will Rogers. Hal saw Evelyn first through

the lens of a camera, when Fox borrowed her from Paramount for "David Harum." It was love at first sight . . . but Evelyn was not of age and her father had stern ideas about youthful romance. The Fox offer was nicely timed, for Evelyn came of age during the making of "The County Chairman" and, one day, when she was not needed on the set, the pair fled to Yuma and were married!

So, you see, the camera's eye on that picture was also the eye of Evelyn's lover . . . in the latter sequences, the eye of her bridegroom! Will you be able to discern her response to him in those sequences? Evelyn's *honeymoon* was spent before that camera . . . under the bridegroom's eye! I want to see that picture!

There are other pictures imminent with drama behind drama. There is Claudette Colbert in "The Gilded Lily" . . . the lovely Claudette, excited over having signed one of the most spectacular contracts in recent years, returning to the screen in her first comedy rôle since "It Happened One Night." Will her new self-assurance show?

There is Randolph Scott, playing his first real romantic rôle in "Roberta" for R-K-O. Randolph, who has struggled with westerns for so long. . . .

There is Carl Brisson, playing a romantic hero of a mythical kingdom in "All the King's Horses," a rôle which seems typical of Brisson. . . . There is John Beal rising to unexpected heights in "The Little Minister." There are rumors that the stimulus of working with Katharine Hepburn contributed to this outstanding performance. . . .

The human element . . . the drama behind the drama . . . Hollywood knows how important this is . . . and Hollywood counts the days until these pictures are released!

"It's A Swell Racket"

[Continued from page 19]

\$24,000 for "Virgie Winters." Eugene O'Neill snared \$85,000 for "Strange Interlude." Somerset Maugham fattened his bankroll by \$27,000 when "Of Human Bondage" was wired for sound. "Way Down East" sold recently for \$100,000. "King Kong," the joint efforts of the late Edgar Wallace and Merian C. Cooper was sold down the river for \$35,000. "Viva Villa," in the shooting of which Lee Tracy, posed in a balcony, gave Tin Pan Alley the liquid melodic idea of "Stars Fell on Alabama," paid Edgcomb Pinchon and O. B. Stadel \$15,000.

Ben Hecht, I'd say, was the highest priced of the Hollywood writers, Hecht specializing in repairing and rectifying the blunders and inaptitudes of other writers. Howard Hughes once tried to sign this genius of the typewriter to a two-year contract at \$2,000 per week, but Hecht turned it down. For whipping "Scarface" into shape, Hecht got \$1,000-a-day and finished the job in twelve days, which is a tribute to his artistic honesty. Any major company in Hollywood would cheerfully give him from \$50,000 to \$60,000 to adapt a script, and consider him cheap at that price. The same goes for Charles MacArthur. Gene Fowler, the third of this brilliant triumvirate, gets \$25,000 or more to adapt a script, and more than that for his own originals. Frederick Lonsdale is in the same class, but he's indifferent.

Frances Marion is one of the highest-priced coast writers at \$3,000-per-week. John Mahin is another in the high brackets. Donald Ogden Stewart is catalogued in the \$2500-per-week class which would in-

clude Howard Estabrook and Bob Riskin, who rated the story adaptation prize for his grand work on "It Happened One Night," and clicked again with Frank Capra on "Broadway Bill." Vicki Baum commands \$1500-per-week, Bess Meredyth, \$1750, Wallace Smith \$750, Horace Jackson, \$1750, George Marion, \$1250. Damon Runyon sells his stories outright for sums ranging from \$15,000 to \$25,000.

Sometimes the picture companies get a break. It is my understanding that "Little Women" and "David Copperfield" both were in the public domain, that is, the copyrights had expired, creating a situation of first come, first served. Paramount owned "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" as a silent picture, and had only to acquire the sound rights to the property. M-G-M having financed the stage presentation of "Grand Hotel" was able to get it at a comparatively low figure for the screen.

On other occasions, the picture companies, instead of getting a break, get nothing but headaches. M-G-M has sunk about \$250,000 into "Soviet," and enlisted at least seven authors in the attempt to make it presentable, but the flicker has been shelved. The same goes for "Bugle Sounds," also shelved after terrific expenditures on script. Paramount paid \$100,000 for the bawdy play "Sailor Beware" but finds now that regardless of the delicacy of treatment the script can't be adjusted to pass the censors and retain any sock value. That is the identical situation in regard to Metro's "The Postman Always Rings Twice."

Having traced this aluring pen picture

of authors in general, I can hear you readers saying: "How long has this been going on?" The companion query to that on your part is "Hey Sullivan, tell us how to make that kind of money."

I'm glad that you have asked me. You came to the right person. When I first sat down at a typewriter, my friends laughed too, but in ten easy lessons I mastered the whole thing. After my eighth lesson, which was delayed in the mail because the correspondence school headmaster had neglected to put a stamp on it. I got my first New York job on the old Evening Mail. After the ninth lesson, I prevailed upon the owners of the paper to fire the Managing Editor and give me HIS job. It is amazing how easy the whole thing is, and I will explain it to you in a nutshell.

The first thing to do, of course, is to get a typewriter. It is easy to slip into error here and burden yourself with lessons in typewriting. Don't do this. The real romance of a typewriter is reserved for those of us who hit it with two fingers. There are a lot of systems of typewriting but the best is the Hunt-and-Miss system.

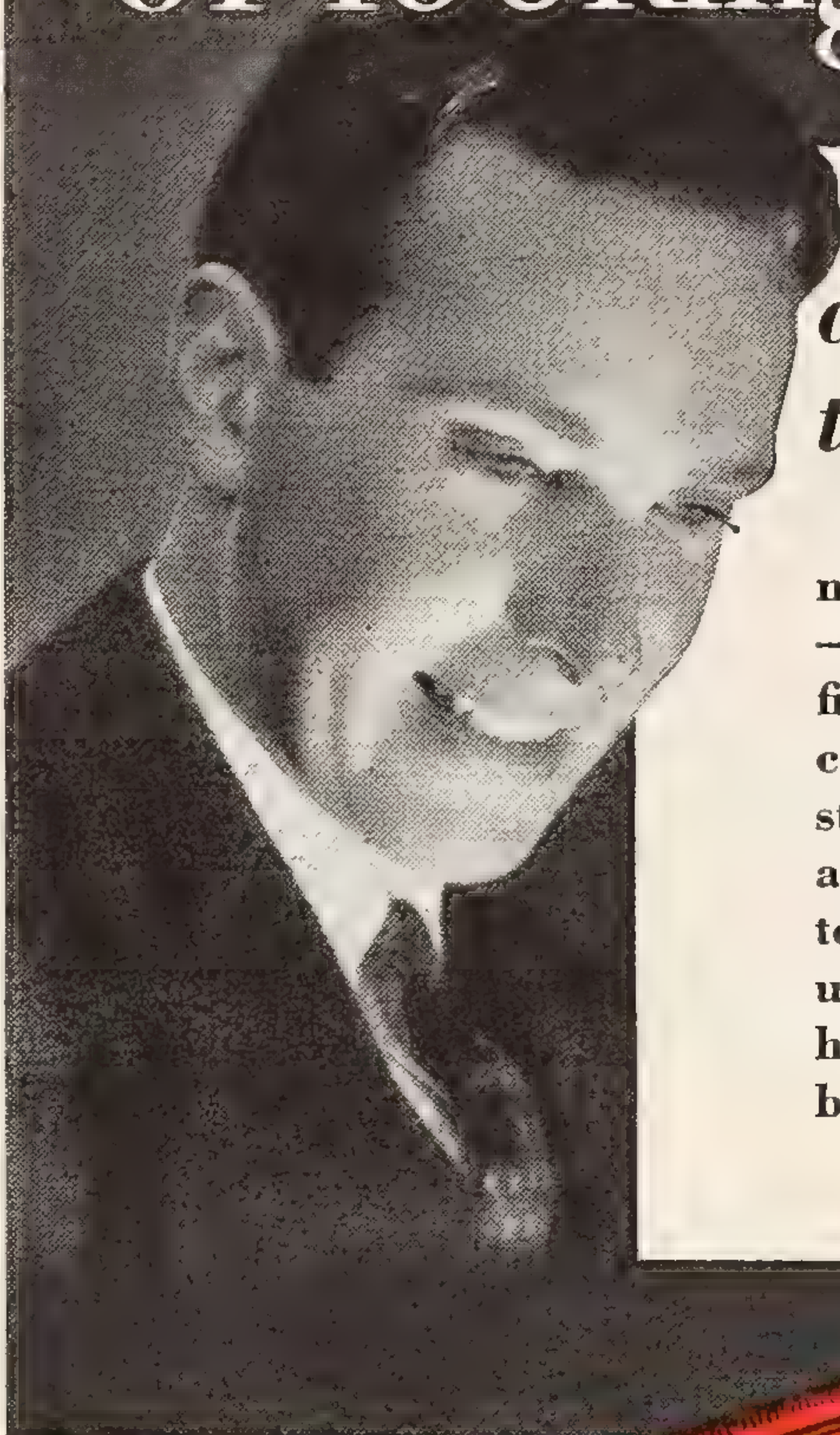
Now you are seated at the typewriter. The next step is to carefully insert a piece of paper, any kind of paper will do in a pinch, in the roller of the machine. You are ready for authorship. Sometimes you won't be able to think up a sensational idea for a story for as long as five or ten minutes. To while away the time, walk up and down the living room. This never fails, and if it does fail, the exercise is beneficial at any event. At the end of ten minutes, you will feel a strong urge to write and at this precise moment, hurry back to the typewriter and get set, because ideas will not, as a general rule, yell: "Ready or not, here I come." They come unexpectedly so always stay close to the typewriter to be in position for them.

The first idea, if you're talented, will be a plot for a musical comedy picture. In your mind's eye, you will see the three characters stepping down out of the typewriter, (A), Hero, (B), Heroine, (C), Villain. With these three characters in the bag, so to speak, you're on the high road to fame and fortune and a Hollywood contract. Now the plot begins to develop in your mind. What, you say to yourself, is to prevent the heroine from being a tap dancer? The answer is nothing. The heroine, as you visualize it, is the understudy to the dancing star of the musical show. On the eve of the opening in New York, the star falls and sprains her ankle, and the understudy rushes in, replaces her and becomes a star overnight. For the sock finish, the understudy marries the hero. If you have any qualms about the star who sprained her ankle, it is advisable and permissible to take her out to the racetrack and destroy her. They do it to horses.

Plots like this will bob right up out of thin air, and actually typewrite themselves, once you get into the swing of the thing. In a month or so, when your friends discuss Hemingway, you'll say: "He's a bum, a tyro." Of course, while the plots of stories are a cinch, you may experience some difficulty in hitting upon the right titles, you know, titles that have a catchy quality to them. For your story of (A), Hero, (B), Heroine, (C), Villain, I'd suggest something like "The Show Must Go On." This has never been used and you can have it. On second thought, you can't have it. For an original story like that, I can get \$125,000. That's what Noel Coward got for "Cavalcade."

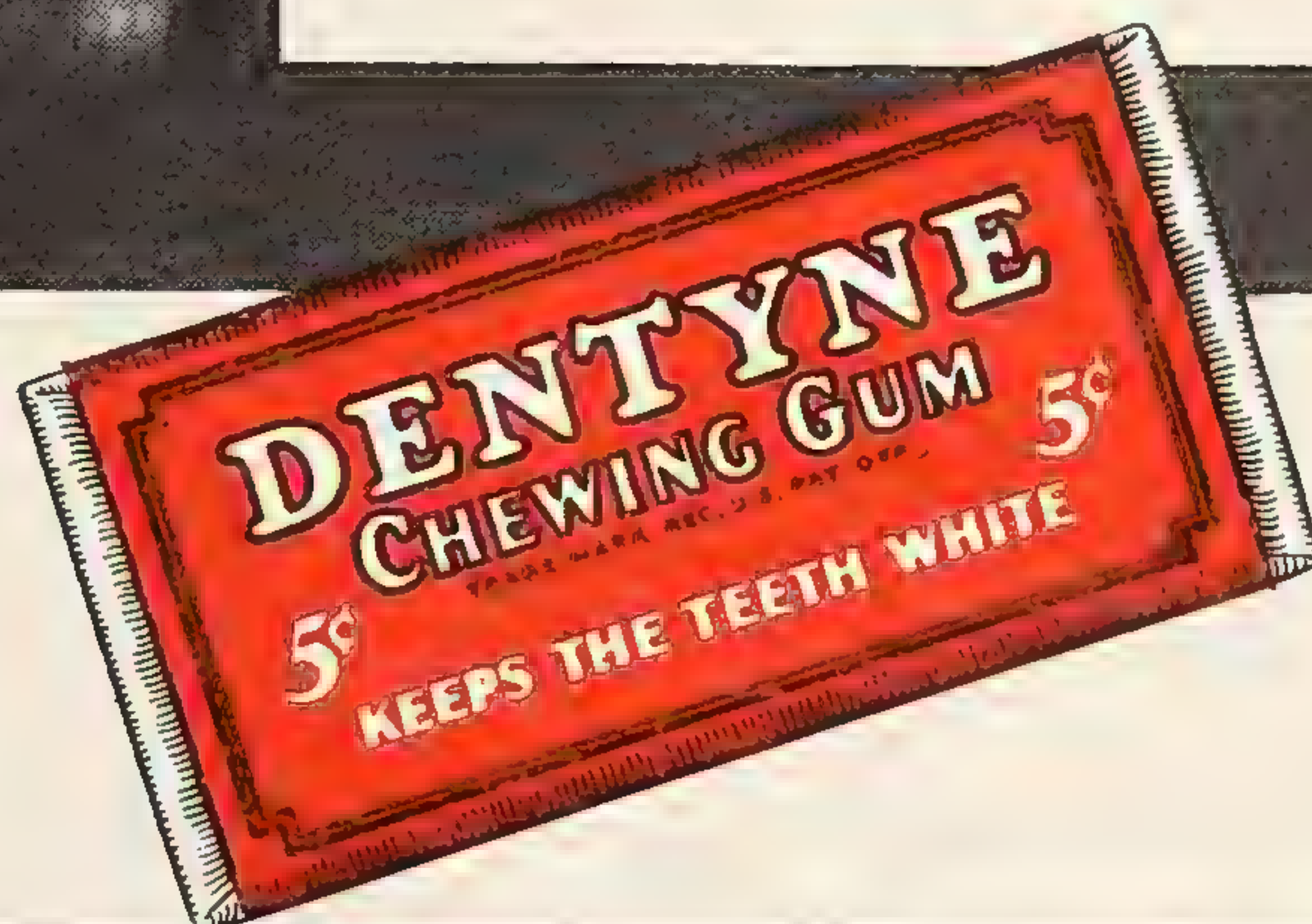
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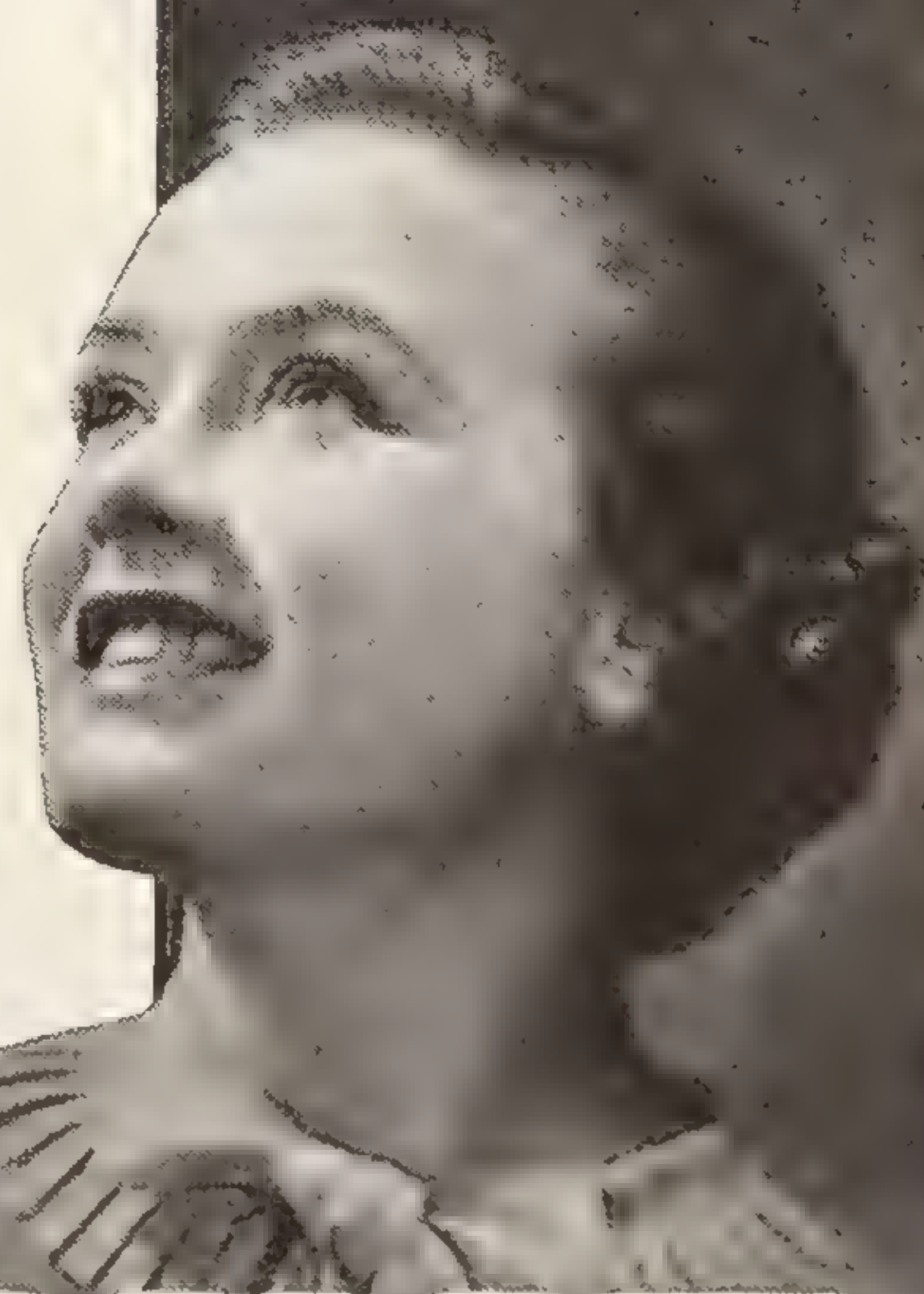
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Merman of Mazda Lane

[Continued from page 54]

to make a number, "The Animal in Me." When the picture was over I couldn't believe for a moment that that number was out. But I've just heard something about it which makes me feel pretty good and the world altogether beautiful. They thought it was so good that they saved it and are using it in "The Big Broadcast of 1935," and so, without doing a lick of work on that set I'll be in the picture."

"Perhaps they thought the picture might need bolstering up and decided to keep 'The Animal in Me' just in case," I suggested.

"I didn't know interviewers could be so nice," she laughed and her very long lashes curved up against her lids as her eyes crinkled. "But anyway, it's a consoling thought."

She dabbed powder on her nose, and I thought, as I watched her, how she used to pound a typewriter for a living not so long ago, cherishing a secret desire to go on the stage. As a little girl in Astoria, where she was born and raised, she used to make peep holes in the high board fence, surrounding what was then the Paramount Studios, and peek in at the stars little dreaming that this same studio would some day be clamoring for her services. That wall was the first obstacle she had to overcome. They wouldn't let her in the studio but her determination to see what was going on found a way.

In the meantime she grew up and got herself a job as a stenographer although the waiting irked her. Her work with the millionaire sportsman, Caleb Bragg, was interesting but it was so much more exciting when night came and she faced the batteries of eyes and lights in the local night clubs. A feeling of rightness slipped over her shoulders, as comforting as a rich, warm cloak.

"Mr. Bragg knew George White," Ethel told me, "and dictated a letter of introduction to me for him. Imagine how I felt typing such a letter about myself.

When I carried it to Mr. White he looked at me and said: 'You want to be a show girl?' 'What! Me! A showgirl!' I gasped. 'Why I'm a singer.' But Mr. White didn't seem to agree with that idea so I returned to my typewriter. I got a kick out of going back to Mr. White, and being featured in the 'Scandals,' after he had been so sure I wouldn't make the grade as a singer. But my bubble burst when I discovered that originally I had made such a big impression on him that he remembered neither me nor my carefully typed letter. . . . I'll have to leave you again. You could have picked a better place for an interview, you know." And she touched my arm with a kind of playful push. It's a habit she has when talking with you. "Last act! Last act!" The call rang through the halls and into the dressing room.

"Wait, we'll have a bite to eat after the show," Ethel said but I figured I'd strained her hospitality far enough and begged off. As she went on the stage I left the theatre trying to remember some of the things that had been said, from which I could make a story that would do justice to the dynamic, vibrant personality that is Ethel Merman. Finally, I concluded that the best thing I could do would be to take you with me on my visit to the dressing room in the Alvin Theatre.

Ethel Merman's name is more or less new to the movie Main Streets, but along the star-strewn stretches of New York's Broadway she is something of an institution. It seems safe to predict that pictures will claim more and more of her time, just as they have so many other stage and radio stars, which is good news to the overwhelming number of fans she has gathered to herself in her first two pictures. For she is not only a regular fellow, a good mixer, the spirit of convivial happiness but a perfectly swell comedienne and a grand person. Her ship has come in and she is in absolute command.

"How I Raised Shirley Temple"

[Continued from page 23]

She will actually lick her lips after taking it and ask for more. The same goes for cod liver oil. If I ever found it necessary to give her magnesia, I would insist and force her to take it, but it has not been necessary so far and I have respected her phobia against it.

I do not think parents should be unreasonable and force children to do a thing they dislike to do, if something else that they do like will work just as well. However, if a question of authority ever comes up I think a parent should stick by her guns and insist upon absolute obedience.

Occasionally, I need to reprimand Shirley for arguments with her youngest brother "Sonny." Sometimes they get quite loud in their differences about what should be done about their pet dog. They have a Scotty, of which both are equally fond. Sometimes "Sonny" thinks Shirley is letting him run too much, or teasing him, and then an argument develops. As "Sonny" is twelve years older than Shirley, they are never very serious although there are many times when neither will give in and I must show my authority. I tell him to be his age and Shirley to keep quiet and it ends there.

If I lower my voice, then Shirley knows it is time to quit whatever she is doing. She says: "When mama speaks awfully

quiet, I know it is time to be good."

The other night they got into quite a "fuss" about the piano. Both wanted to play it at the same time and they were fast coming to blows when I stepped in.

Then, at the table, I find it necessary to ask Shirley to be still, as she feels quite as big as the rest of us, and when we are deep in a discussion she is apt to say we are wrong and tell us why she thinks so. It is a habit I do not want her to get into, so, even when we are alone, I don't allow her too many privileges. I believe children should really be seen more than heard.

Shirley is a truthful youngster by nature although she has an imaginative turn of mind. I have never heard her prevaricate or tell anything that was even slightly untrue except twice—just recently, too. I pointed out to her how foolish it is to try and fool anyone, especially someone like myself who has the benefit of so many more years of experience than she has. I feel that I have convinced her. I didn't punish or reprimand her. I just tried to show her the futility of doing it.

Shirley really has a rich imagination. I can illustrate what I mean by telling about her playmates. From the time she could walk and talk until she entered pictures, Shirley had two imaginary playmates which she created herself. She called them Ree

and Ray. They were a little girl and a little boy and whenever she played anything, she would pretend that Ree was on one side of her and Ray on the other.

If she were building blocks, for instance, on the floor, she would give a part of them to Ree and another part to Ray and keep a third portion for herself. She would talk to them and explain what she was doing. At night, I often heard her talking to them and telling them stories after she got into bed.

Shirley is a real tomboy, too. My greatest difficulty is in making her rest enough. At the studio, I watch her carefully and insist upon rest between scenes at frequent intervals. She doesn't know her strength and if I let her alone will actually play until she is exhausted. She has a portable dressing room which is always near the set and when I find her getting too tired, I take her inside and let her lie down and rest with her dolly or play quietly with some of her toys.

At night when I put her to bed, her eyes grow heavy immediately and I kiss her good-night and walk across and turn off the light. She is usually asleep by the time I reach the lamp, she is so tired from work and play.

She enjoys a restful sleep. In the morning, I can see by the dent in her little bed that she had not even turned over or changed her position in any way during the night.

I call her at seven and when she is wide awake, give her a small glass of orange juice. Then, I get her up and bathe and dress her and give her a breakfast of cereal, toast, coddled egg and a glass of milk.

Then she is dressed and we go directly to the studio. She loves working in pictures, for it is action. There is something doing all the time and she is a born actress. There is no game that could be invented which would please her better than acting. She likes to do her job well too, and takes great pride in putting over a good scene.

She insists on me being with her all the time. Once I left the set for a half hour without telling her I was going and when I came back I found her in tears and the whole company trying to make her happy. She loves me and her father to the point of devotion, so this proves that strict discipline does not hurt a child's affection for her parents. I know that some people think we are too strict with little Shirley but we believe we are raising her in the only possible way that will be to her advantage.

We do not want her to become conceited or spoiled. We have insisted upon a clause in her contract that if, at any time, we feel that screen work is changing her personality or keeping her from being absolutely normal, we can break our agreement with the studio and retire her from the screen. We would do so, too.

We are not taking advantage or reaping any undue benefit from her screen career. I am getting commensurate pay for watching over her at the studio. I coach her with her lines and take care of her every minute of every day and the studio pays me well for this work. It is the only money we receive from Shirley's screen work. Her own salary is being invested in a savings account. As soon as it gets large enough we are going to put it into a trust fund and keep it until she grows up.

We live very simply. Have a small home and a moderate priced car, only one servant and we do not go out any more than we did before Shirley came into pictures. Less, if anything, because we feel it necessary to keep ourselves and Shirley out of the public eye as much as possible.

We have a happy and normal family life. Naturally we have problems like everyone else, but they are small and not too difficult.

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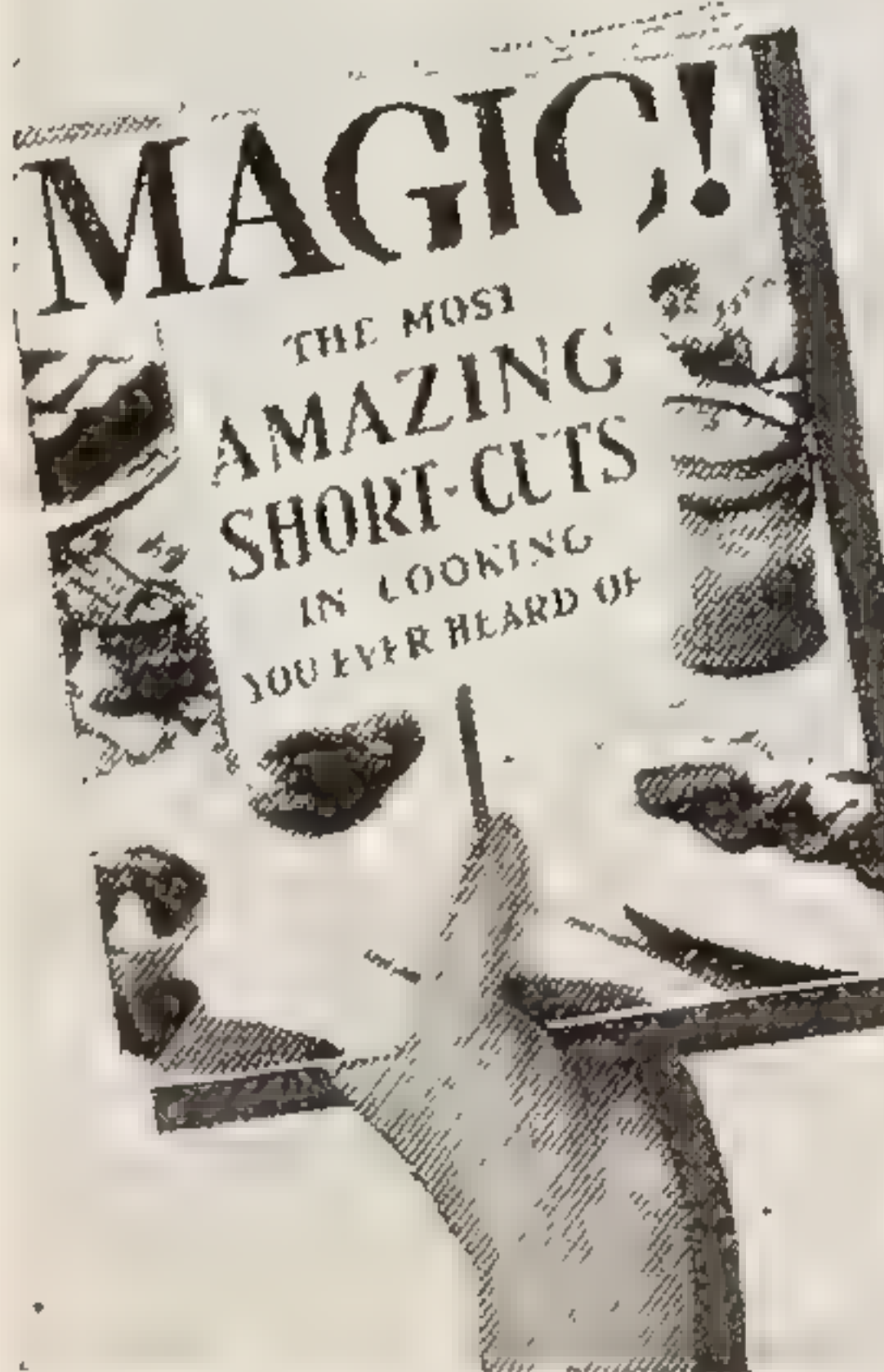


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How to Have Them"

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243 W. 17th St., New York City

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

Sometimes Shirley develops a desire for something that is not necessary to her. But I don't get her everything that she wants. I don't want her to think that she can have everything her heart desires, because, some day, she may want something that she cannot have and it would break her heart.

Not long ago I had her down town and she saw a beautiful doll. She wanted it with all her little heart. It cost ten dollars and I didn't feel able to get it for her. She begged hard for it. I told her she could not have it. I knew she was tremendously disappointed but I didn't think it was right to pay ten dollars for it, because she needed other things much more. When we got in the car to go home, Shirley kept her face averted and did not answer when I spoke to her.

Finally, I turned her little face around and there were tears running down her cheeks. She clung to me and sobbed:

"Mother, you can't know how much I wanted that dolly."

I felt my will power going but I was determined not to weaken. I just told her why I did not get it. She didn't argue any more but I knew that her heart was set on it. Several weeks later I relented and went back to the store with her and the dolly was still there, but badly worn from much handling. Evidently other little girls had wanted it just as Shirley did. I asked the saleslady if she could get a reduction on it for me, since it was soiled and shopworn.

I felt if I could get her to reduce the price then I could buy it for Shirley without seeming to have weakened. The saleslady couldn't, so I didn't buy it. I told Shirley that it was soiled and not worth the money, so she didn't ask for it. And I never bought it. This may seem a small thing but it will illustrate my system of dealing with Shirley.

I never allow her to wheedle anything out of me. By the same token, I never allow her to be bribed. I make it a rule on the set that nobody must promise her anything for work well done.

I have seen children on the set who have been paid in coins for good work before the camera, until they won't try to do anything unless they are paid for it or unless they know that payment will be forthcoming. That is very bad for discipline, in my opinion.

Some mothers have trouble with children sucking their thumbs. I was bothered by this trait in Shirley when she was small. I tried everything without curing her. I even tried putting on thumb stalls which are sold for this purpose, but Shirley is double-jointed in her thumbs and found it an easy matter to slip these off. She continued the habit until she was two years old and I made it a matter of pride. I cut a thumb from an old glove and cautioned her not to get it soiled. Kept her proud of it, by tying it down, so she could not possibly remove it, and by making her think it must be kept clean and nice, I gradually got her to forget the habit.

Then when she got older, she acquired the habit of biting her nails. I put bitter aloe on them, pepper and everything, but it did no good. Finally, I appealed to her pride by putting natural colored polish on them, and she quit bothering them.

I find it easy to appeal to Shirley's pride. She likes to be clean and to look nice. She loves to bathe although she doesn't like to have her hair shampooed. Naturally, I am not impressed by any arguments or discussions, but go ahead and shampoo her hair when the time comes. I do so every other week.

A couple of years ago, Shirley developed a craze for crutches. She wanted a pair. Thought they would be nice to play with. I had some difficulty in showing her how

absurd her desire was, but finally succeeded.

She doesn't get a lot of privileges that other children enjoy. She can't go to the circus or do any of that sort of thing with any measure of enjoyment because she is always stared at and made to feel uncomfortable and she can't understand why, so we avoid crowds whenever possible.

We had a difficult time doing our Christmas shopping. We were working on the technicolor sequences of "The Little Colonel" for one thing and found it difficult to get away. And the other Christmas shoppers "ganged" us every time we put in an appearance.

We slipped away from the studio one afternoon and went down to see Santa. Shirley wanted to talk to him and tell him to bring her an electric train. Santa started to shower her with attention and ask her about her work, but I gave him the high sign and he was sensible enough to understand that I didn't want her to feel important. She was quite happy to see a window full of little Shirley Temple dolls. She was so busy looking at them that she failed to spell out the banner above them proclaiming that they were named after her.

She said:

"Look mama. These pretty dollies have dresses just like mine."

If it could always be as easy to keep her from knowing that she is different or set apart from other children, I would be happy.

I haven't had any problems in child training yet, but I am afraid mine are coming in the days ahead when Shirley will know that she is adored, and when she will be able to read the worshipping fan letters that are pouring in on her. I believe that I will be able to help her avoid the pitfalls that surround child stardom. At least, I hope so.

The mother of a famous child star has a difficult road to travel. Nobody can know how difficult unless they have a small celebrity in their own home.

I am sincere about this, however. If the day ever comes when I feel that Shirley is becoming self-conscious or too aware of her screen importance, I shall cancel her contract immediately and let her grow up into a normal young girlhood, far from Hollywood and its studios.



Wide World

Mary Brian and Dick Powell dancing at the Trocadero Club. Yep, still single.

The Theme Songs

[Continued from page 29]

solemn "eminents" almost had apoplexy from laughter. He goes crazy—and you go crazy. It's contagious.

Likewise, the four cyclonic Marx brothers were good marksmen with their "Animal Crackers," which still enlivens parties.

Certain songs do suggest players' personalities. One glimpse of Jeanette MacDonald's pink-and-gold loveliness brings to mind "The Merry Widow" refrain: "Words may be unspoken, yet I know you hear, music sighs, your heart replies—"

It is so easy to picture her gliding gracefully to the swelling rhythm of that lilting waltz, as I have watched her at parties, whether or not one saw her as *Sonia*, the gay widow of Franz Lehar's amusing kingdom.

You remember "All Women Like to Play the Game of Love," from "Hold Your Man?" Also, "To Be Aloof is Quite Passé—That's No Game to Play!" Don't those gay, insouciant words just seem composed for Clark Gable and Jean Harlow? Hollywood thinks so.

And one naturally imagines the poetic soul of Ramon Novarro to be attuned to such delicate music as his favorite, "The Pagan Love Song," from "The Pagan." In soft tones, he begged, "Come with me where moonbeams light Tahitian skies, and the starlit waters linger in your eyes." One is esthetically pleased to picture him there, singing the evenings away in rhapsody with nature—and *her*. One couldn't possibly associate him with a hot-cha number.

The title song of "One Night of Love," composed by Victor Schertzinger, immediately suggests Grace Moore, the prima donna star.

"Love is Love, Anywhere!" Ann Sothorn sang, in "Let's Fall In Love," and instantly the public took her to its heart as another sweetheart of the shadows.

"Tonight is Mine" has been synonymous with Irene Dunne, ever since she sang it in "Stingaree."

Though new tunes, like "Love In Bloom," come and go, Bing Crosby is best known by "Please" and "I Surrender, Dear."

Carole Lombard's pet melody is "My Little Alice Blue Gown." It is a contrast to her modish personality, but local orchestra leaders know her liking for it and invariably she is greeted with a few passages.

For years it has been known that "The Lonesome Road" was Gary Cooper's pet tune. He doesn't remember where or when he first heard it. But he is so constantly humming it that his friends hail him with:

"Look down, look down
That lonesome road
Before you travel on."

"One Hour With You!" croons the 1935 swain, his eyes beseeching the current crush to join him in the joys of cocktails and caviar. "Skip it!" retorts the modern maid. "You're no Eddie Cantor." That's Eddie's radio reliable, as you air-addicts know.

What makes a movie song hit? The producers would appreciate an infallible rule. Public response never can be predicted. Sometimes it's a catchy rhythm, most often it is a sentimental ballad, that impresses the memory and sets every one humming or whistling it.

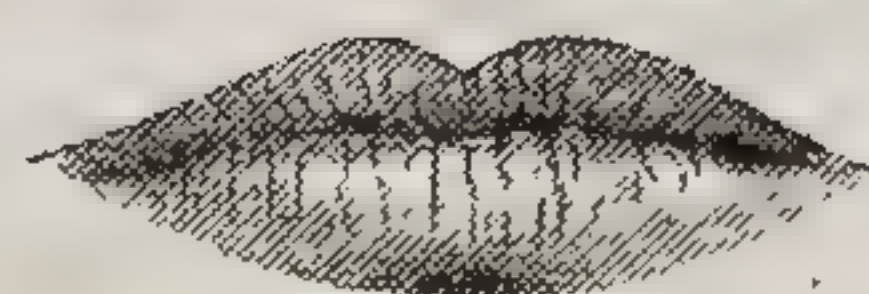
Songs, like stars, have their quiver in the spotlight, and fade.

So Hollywood's cafe musicians must be Minute Men, constantly augmenting their repertoires with the latest stellar hits.

"Instantly I picked the
HONEST LIPS
said Gary Cooper



HERE'S WHAT GARY COOPER SAW



UNTOUCHED Lips
often look faded



PAINTED Lips
look unnatural



TANGEE Intensifies
your natural color

"They were soft and full and lovely," said Gary Cooper, after comparing the new paintless lipstick called Tangee with ordinary kinds

● We caught Gary Cooper between two scenes of his new Samuel Goldwyn Production, "The Wedding Night". We showed him three girls—one had used no lipstick, one had used ordinary lipstick, one had used Tangee.

"Which lips are most appealing?" that's the question we asked him. It took Gary Cooper one look to decide. "I prefer the honest-looking lips," he said. He didn't know it...but he picked the girl who used Tangee.

Most men do. For there's nothing attractive about a streak of paint...either to look at or to touch. But Tangee doesn't paint your lips. It can't paint them, because it isn't paint. In the stick, Tangee looks orange. On your lips it changes to the one shade of blush rose exactly



● Gary Cooper making the Tangee lipstick test between scenes of his new picture, "The Wedding Night", a Samuel Goldwyn Production for United Artists.

right for you. Your lips look soft, lovely, appealing. The kind of lips men like to kiss. Try Tangee. There are two sizes...39 cents and \$1.10. Or send 10 cents with coupon for 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set, containing Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK



★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

SU35

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check ☐ Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

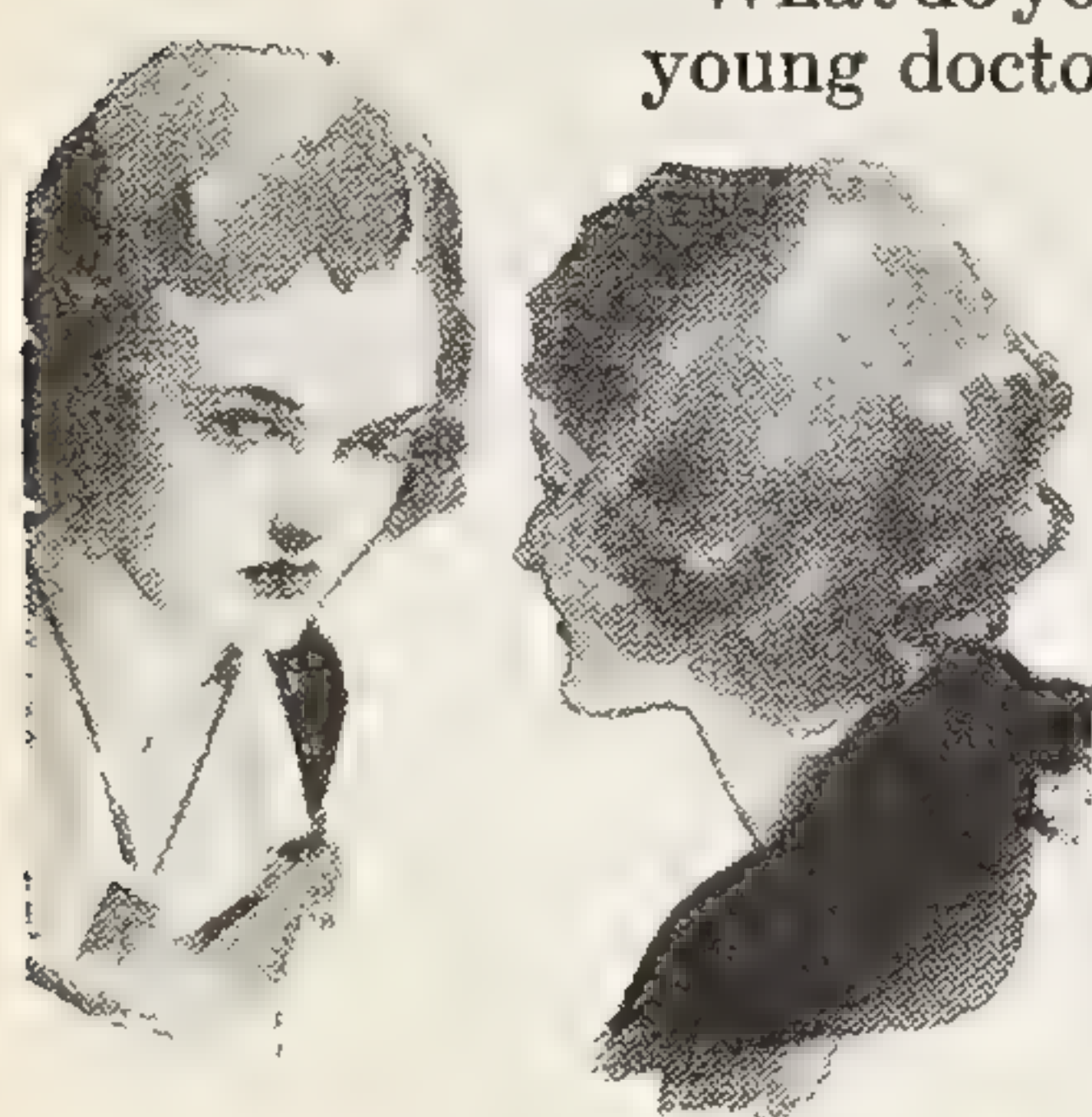
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When a girl needs a girl friend

"Those were his very words!"



"What do you suppose that new young doctor said to Jack after the dance? When Jack asked him how he liked the rush Jane was giving him, he just looked bored and said, 'Why doesn't some kind girl friend tell her she needs Mum?' Those were his very words. Imagine!"

What an old meanie she is for not telling!

"Mr. Glover said he was afraid he'd have to let Ann go. Wish I had the nerve to tell her that a jar of Mum would save her job for her."



(In other words, young lady, you need Mum.)

"I'm sorry, Miss Clark, but I hardly think you'd fill the requirements of our position here."

SHE'S bound to lose out every time—the girl who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. For people will not excuse this kind of unpleasantness when it is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

It takes only half a minute to use Mum. And it lasts all day. Use it any time—when dressing or afterwards. It won't harm your clothing.

Mum is soothing to the skin. Prove this by shaving your underarms and using Mum at once.

Another reason you'll like Mum—it prevents every trace of ugly odor without preventing perspiration itself. Be safe every day—use Mum! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

YOU NEED MUM FOR THIS, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete relief from this worry.

The Picture-Savers

[Continued from page 33]

a light snow in the Valley, and that year Mr. Horton's cherry trees bore fruit for the first time, and his enthusiastic recital of how he bought netting for the trees to keep the birds off, and the money he spent to preserve his cherries, is one of the funniest and most fascinating tales you have ever heard, but only when he tells it.

Soon after Mr. Horton started building his house he looked out of his front windows one morning and was surprised to find a Russian mosque practically in his orange grove. He discovered that RKO had the adjoining ranch, and nothing can surprise him now. Mr. Horton's hobby, next to his trees, is antiques. Not the kind that's found in department stores, but the kind that's found in queer little out of the way shops.

His home, I am told, is the most beautifully and tastefully furnished home out here. Edward Everett Horton is rather a sociable fellow and likes people and likes to have them like him. He goes to parties and he gives parties, though he is rather exclusive about his friends. He particularly likes Ruth Chatterton, Genevieve Tobin and Maurice Chevalier. He isn't married. He wants to go to New York this spring, and do a play, but he has already signed up for enough pictures to keep him busy well into June. These Hollywood producers are no fools, they know a good picture saver when they meet one out.

Henry Armetta, the third of my merry gentlemen, was waiting for me at the Universal studio where he is under contract, and at his invitation we surrounded two huge chocolate ice cream sodas. A huge chocolate ice cream soda is sort of symbolical of Mr. Armetta's life.

Years ago, when he was a struggling young Italian boy in New York City, walking the streets day after day looking for a job, he discovered, one afternoon, a filthy little soft drink stand in lower Manhattan where one might purchase a chocolate ice cream soda for two cents. It was just a tiny little soda, but Armetta would lap it up and say to himself, "Someday I shall be reech-a man, and I shall buy beeg-a soda." So now Henry Armetta never misses a chance to buy a beeg-a soda, but with sort of a mournful shake of his head he will tell you that it doesn't taste so good as the two cent sodas did in his boyhood.

Of the three picture-savers, Armetta has had the most exciting life, has gone in for more extremes. He was born in Palermo, Italy, and like a lot of Italian boys longed for a life at sea. When he was fourteen he ran away from home and became a stow-away on a boat bound for Boston. He was arrested when he landed and thrown into jail, but an Italian barber, who had once been a stowaway himself, guaranteed to give the boy a home and work if the police

would release him. So young Armetta learned to lather customers.

After that he went in for truck driving, railroading, and just any odd jobs he could get until one lucky day he landed a job as barber in the Lambs' Club in New York, which is the leading actors' club in America. He became the friend of many of the actors who visited the shop daily, and one, particularly, the famous Raymond Hitchcock, attracted by Armetta's jovial disposition and the funny little twists to his head and shoulders, offered Henry a job in his show. This was the beginning of a great friendship—and of three years in Hitchcock shows.

Armetta was well launched then on his theatrical career. He sent for his cousin in Palermo, Italy, and married her. Then the downhill came, and with it the Armettas came to Hollywood. Christmas Eve of 1925 stands out as the happiest time in Armetta's life. He and his wife were dead broke, and so, weeks before Christmas, they started painting the few toys their children already had, hoping to camouflage them so they wouldn't lose their faith in Santa Claus.

Then, three days before Christmas, Armetta, who hadn't been able to get a job in months, was given a small rôle in De Mille's "King of Kings" and was paid on Christmas Eve the grand sum of forty-five dollars. It was a princely fortune. Armetta, hysterical with joy, rushed to the ten cent store for toys, to the market for his turkey and his vino, and carried across his shoulders for two miles a beautiful Christmas Tree he had bought on Vine Street. He has never been so happy since.

Henry Armetta is the Family Type. He is utterly devoted to his wife and his three children—Johnny, who is sixteen and goes to Beverly Hills high school, and Louis and Rosalie, his eleven-year-old twins. Where one Armetta goes, five Armettas go. Rosalie gives perfect imitations of her father. They never miss one of his pictures and they think he's tops. Mr. Armetta's hobby is cooking spaghetti and barbecue. He has a huge barbecue oven in his backyard and ever so often throws a barbecue party with spaghetti on the side. "Uncle Carl" Laemmle was his guest recently at a barbecue party and assured Armetta that he could cook almost as well as he can act.

They are three swell guys, Sparks and Horton and Armetta, each as different from the other as North is from South, or as Gish is from West. I watch for them in pictures as carefully as I watch for the postman around the fifteenth of the month. (Pay day, you dope) And I guess, by now, you've got the general idea that I share the public crush on Sparks, Horton and Armetta.

Margo [Continued from page 30]

acting in her initial film venture inspired hardened critics of the theatre to write paens of praise in her behalf? Who is she, what is her background and how did she gain the position she holds on the screen?

She danced for months at Agua Caliente, popular play spot of the screen colony, and sang at Los Angeles' Cocoanut Grove, without being offered so much as a single film test!

It took New York, and the Waldorf-Astoria, to discover her and uncover those talents that made her the talk of the town. And it took two young eastern producers,

casting for their first picture, to see in her a new and very distinct type of actress. So Margo returned to Hollywood in a blaze of glory, a high-salaried actress.

Margo's story really starts in Mexico City, about twenty years ago, when she was born of Spanish parentage. At an early age, she left her native land to live with her grandmother in New York.

"As long as I can remember, I have wanted to be a dancer," she said, her large and expressive eyes opening even wider as she spoke. "My mother was very much against it, though, so there didn't seem

much hope for my dream to come true. "Grandmother, on the other hand, encouraged me. I danced at home, in the yard, at the homes of friends. I was continually trying out new steps, gyrating, acting out little parts to the tune of different songs I sang. It was my whole life, and no matter where we chanced to live my thoughts were on dancing.

"We moved to Hollywood to make our home. To be a dancer still was my one goal, my sole object in life, and Mother, realizing this, took me aside one day and said:

"Margo, I must return to Mexico. Your grandmother will remain here.' Even before my mother had finished, my mind was made up. I knew the answer. I would remain in Hollywood with my grandmother and continue with my dancing. I still was in my teens but with the courage of youth I knew that we could manage.

"I worked in the chorus of three pictures, but, while going through the routines, I knew I didn't belong there. I felt I was destined for something far higher.

"I knew I wasn't ready for New York. Agua Caliente appealed to me but my grandmother wouldn't hear of my going there.

"Finally, one night, a manager called me by long distance telephone. I shrieked to Grandmother, 'It's Agua Caliente and they want me to go down there.' 'Tell them NO,' Grandmother screamed back, from the next room.

"Agua Caliente called me three times, and my grandmother finally was won over to our going there for a try-out. If we didn't like it, we wouldn't stay. We left for the Mexican resort in a day or so . . . and remained nine months.

"One day, while rehearsing by myself, a stranger walked into the room. He was dressed like a Frenchman and watched me for several minutes before speaking. Then he said: 'I have enjoyed your dancing with much pleasure. How would you like to go to the Waldorf-Astoria?'

"I'd like it,' I told him.

"Very well,' he said. 'If you have no contracts to fulfill, please wait until you hear from me. I am Renee Black, of the Waldorf.'

"I didn't think very much about the matter, for I had never heard that Renee Black was a scout sent out by the Waldorf every year in search of talent. I dismissed it from my mind. When the racing season was ended at Agua Caliente, I went to the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles for an engagement.

"It was while there that Mr. Black got in touch with me. He had just returned to New York, had discussed the question of my going east with his directors and wanted to know my price.

"I airtailed him a letter, asking for what I thought was an exorbitant salary. A return telegram advised me to leave as soon as possible. Later, I learned I could have demanded much more."

At the opening of the winter season, Margo intrigued the fancy of New Yorkers with her dancing and became the rage of the Waldorf-Astoria. George Raft espied her and took her as his dance partner when he made a personal appearance at the Paramount Theatre.

And when Jimmy Savo, a friend, learned that Hecht and MacArthur were preparing for "Crime Without Passion," he took Margo to see the former. Hecht was so impressed by the young dancer that he immediately signed her for the leading part of Carmen Brown in the picture, and also affixed her signature to a long-term contract.

Without any practical acting experience, Margo made good in spectacular fashion. A good dancer, though, says Margo, must be a good actress . . . and that's that.

RED, CHAPPED HANDS?

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**Hands made smoother,
softer, whiter—too,
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This famous medicated cream was used first as a chapped hands remedy in hospitals. Doctors and nurses have a lot of trouble with chapped hands in winter—they have to wash hands so frequently. They found that if they applied Noxzema Cream liberally on their hands at night, all soreness disappeared by morning—hands became smoother and whiter.

Today millions of people use this "overnight remedy for chapped hands." If your hands are chapped, see for yourself how wonderful Noxzema is for them.

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Noxzema is a snow-white, dainty, greaseless cream—not sticky, gummy or messy to use.

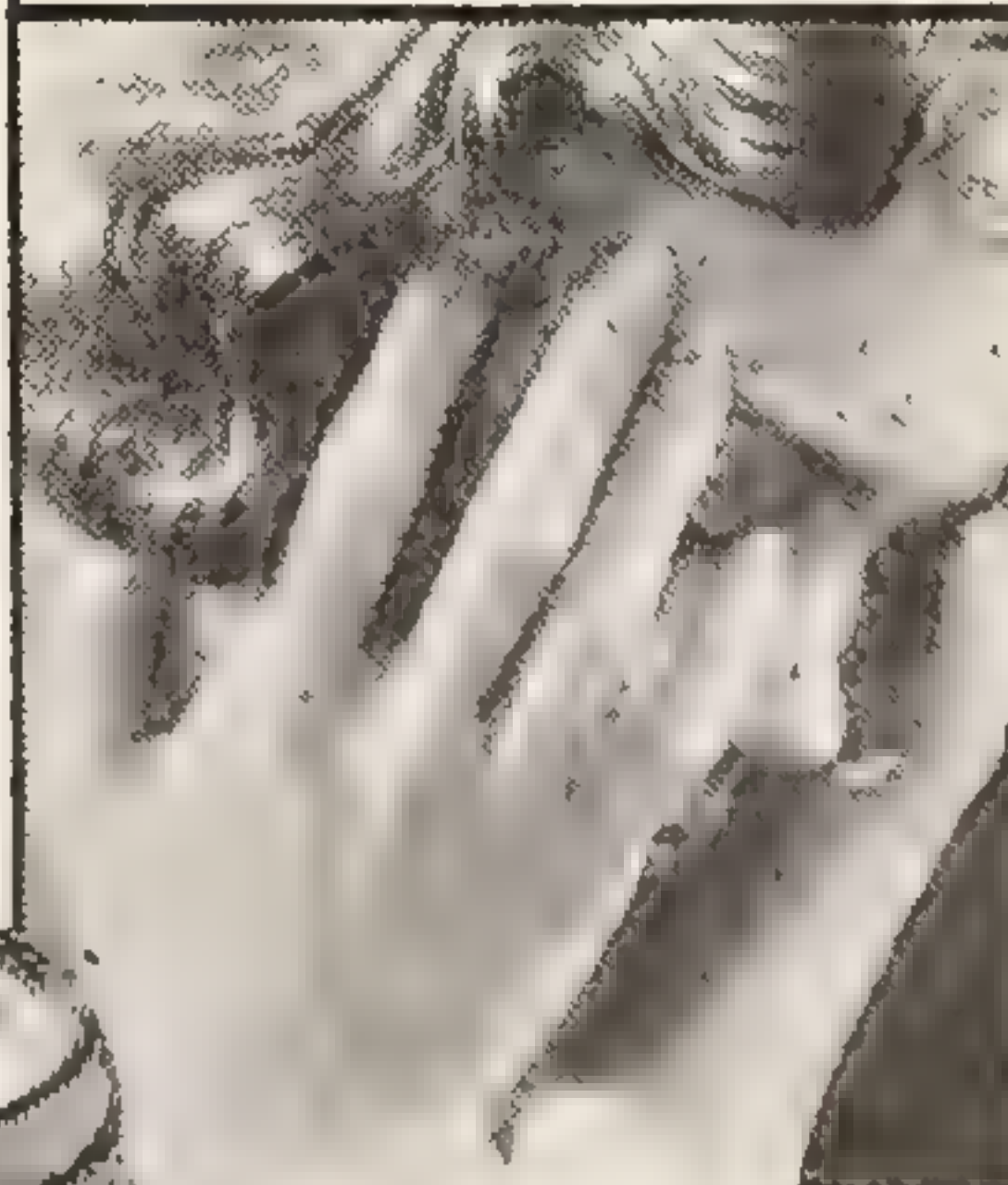


Get a jar of Noxzema today—use it tonight. Sold on a money-back guarantee. It relieves and improves Red, Chapped Hands overnight—or your druggist gladly refunds your money!

To end skin faults

Over 10,000,000 jars of Noxzema are used yearly to relieve skin irritations—not only chapped hands, but chapped lips, chafing, chilblains, etc. Thousands of women apply Noxzema as a powder base and at night to end Large Pores, Pimples, Blackheads, Oiliness and other ugly skin faults.

WONDERFUL FOR SKIN FAULTS, TOO

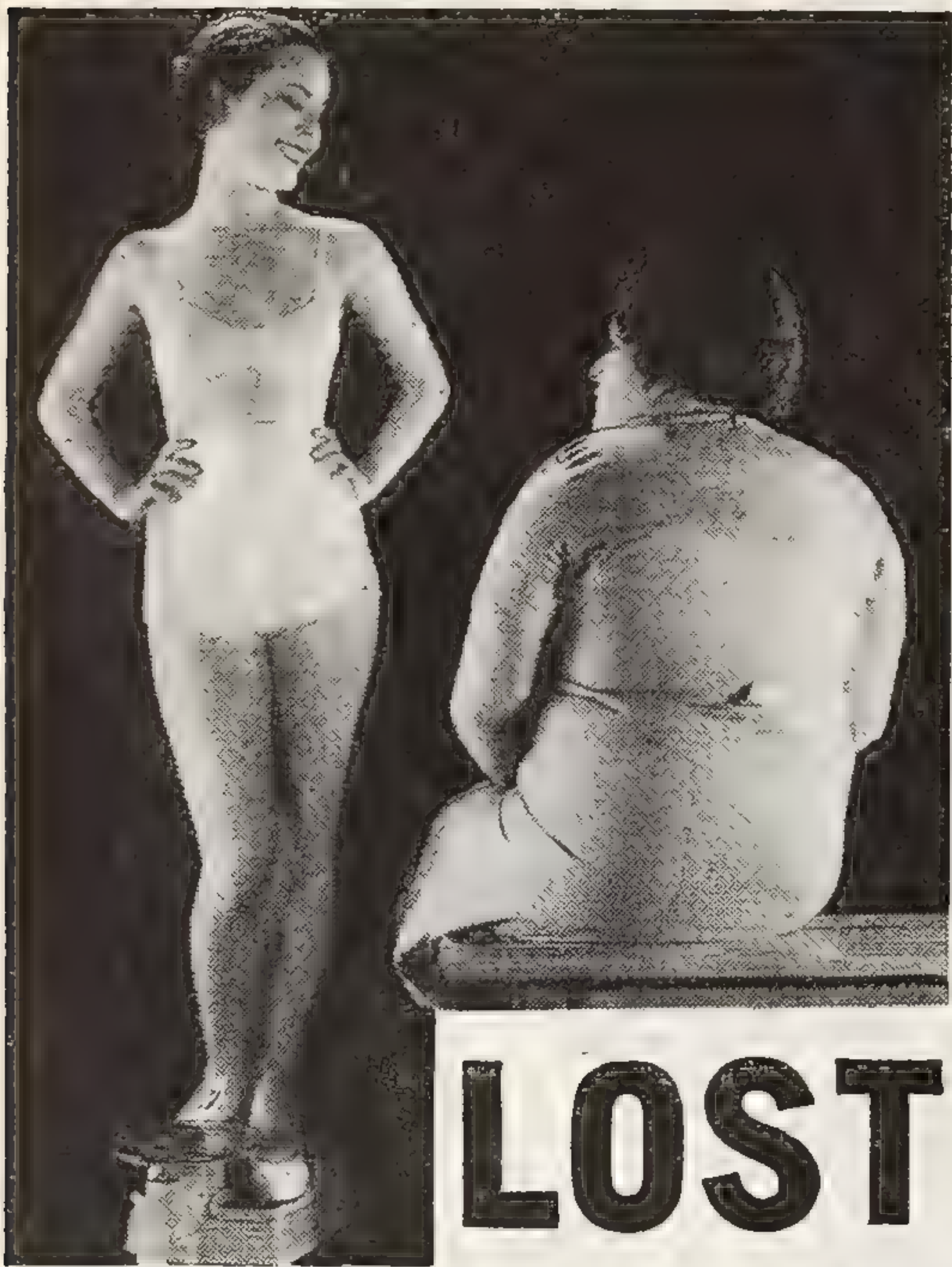


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LARGE PORES
BLACKHEADS
PIMPLES
OILY SKIN
FLAKINESS

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...DETROIT LADY SAYS**

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● If you are not entirely satisfied with the wonderful results you obtain from RE-DUCE-OIDS you get your money back. You risk not one cent! START TODAY before fat gets another day's headway. Sold by Drug and Department Stores everywhere. If your dealer is out, send \$2.00 for 1 package or \$5.00 for 3 packages direct to us. (Currency, Money Order, or Stamps, or sent C.O.D.) In plain wrapper.

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Tea-Timing With The Horsy Mr. Howard

[Continued from page 26]

abhor—a big city in the dead of winter! I'm afraid I find most of New York very depressing with its Sixth Avenue, its noises and its great indoors. Frankly, I don't understand that sort of life; but I do understand horses.

"Funny experience I had not so long ago with Betty."

Now don't get into a dither child—do I need to tell you that Betty is a mare, a good-looking lady-horse that seems to have caught the fancy of the fastidious Mr. Howard? Well, I'm sorry to report she is! Betty, as you may have known, is a thoroughbred, and during a game of polo she slipped and broke her hip. It was a real crisis in Betty's life, for horses can't go about breaking their hips and then hope to go into their dance, or their polo. As far as Betty was concerned it was just too bad, or might have been if Leslie Howard didn't up and buy a field for her in merrie old England and now she's over there, kicking up her hoofs, and, of course, if it isn't too much to ask, Mr. Howard is hoping she will have a romance and that there will be other Betties to play polo with one of these days!

But to get back to the experience.

"At the time that Betty was being shipped away to pastures new, there was a big dock strike and scabs were working to load the boat and great crowds had gathered, about two thousand strong, at the pier to watch things generally. A friend of mine who is very good with horses promised to look after Betty and as soon as I had finished a picture, or something, I promised to get down.

"They had tried for two hours, with this enormous gallery, to get her into the cradle—that coop-like contraption for carrying live stock from the dock to the boat, but no one could get her near the thing and it got to be pretty embarrassing. Just as soon as they worked her close she'd shy off and that was that.

"Finally I came along and found the situation fairly desperate, from their point of view. I could see the horse was simply frightened and needed some intimate conversation to take her mind off her troubles. So I walked her up and down the pier a bit and spoke soothingly to her all the time, and then I'd edge her nearer and nearer the cradle, always making sure that my body obstructed her view. She calmed down and in no time—just two minutes to be exact—I had her backed into the thing, the gate was quickly clamped down and she was on her way."

You've never seen the real Leslie Howard until you've watched his animated face as he talks about horses. All that casualness which marks his general attitude is entirely gone. He is interested in, well, call it life if he wishes, but in *things* and you understand why he wants to write, particularly to write thematic plays which tell a real story and say something. You know what he stands for and you find it admirable.

Suddenly this revelation made me feel very old and wise, practically Oriental, like an offshot from the Ming dynasty, say

Ming Toy, toying with her tea. I began actually to understand why he likes polo, a game that offers a great battle, for you see he's "the top" in the truest Cole Porter sense! He doesn't have to take orders from a director; I'm sure he wouldn't, because he's mastered acting. He doesn't have to struggle and strive to succeed, it's all too easy, and so he doesn't give a shuck for anything save a chukker. Natural, isn't it?

It was getting late and it had been delightful. I knew I was the envy of every American girl who was sitting at a drug-store counter drinking her "one coke please," but I said I guess I'd better be running along.

"I'll go with you," he answered quickly. "I've got to get back to the hotel, for I'm going to the armory tonight—it's the beginning of the indoor polo season."

We walked across town again and presently we caught sight of a store displaying in its windows all sorts of games—badminton, backgammon, deck hockey and any number I couldn't name, and some he'd never seen.

"Aren't they immense?" he asked with more enthusiasm than any Englishman has a right to have, "I must buy some for the hotel. Let's go in!"

He turned me around and we were on our way—except for a locked door. The place had closed for the day. It didn't daunt him though.

"I'll come back tomorrow," he determined.

As we walked along he itemized all the things he was going to buy and send to the children.

"I thought you were going to buy them for the hotel," I reminded him.

"That's the way it is with everything," he chuckled, "one usually starts out with one idea, only to end up with another."

"After I came from Europe I flew to the Coast and had to come East in a dreadful hurry, so I took a plane despite the fact that I usually become violently airsick. Against such a possibility I asked a friend, to accompany me. 'I'm such a wretched traveller,' I explained, 'will you come along, like a good fellow, just in case?' Of course he agreed, and of course he became ill, which kept me so busy attending him I didn't have time to feel wretched myself, which served admirably," he laughed.

Again he looked at me, shyly, almost, but with that delightful twinkle in his eye which shows he's pleased, you understand.

Yet I felt there was some subtle change in him. Perhaps it's this business of living vitally; or the fact that he is no longer to continue to do things he doesn't like.

We shook hands. And I didn't add anything but "good-bye." I simply couldn't wish him "good luck," for, if anything, he has had too much of that already, and I find it has made him something of an unhappy man. Actually I hope he'll have to work and fight and stumble before he finally gets what he wants, which of course he will. I imagine he would then find it "sporting." And that's what I found him!

London Is Different [Continued from page 27]

suddenly went heavily dramatic, even tragic.) I grew old in that film, terribly old and cantankerous and unwanted. It was life, you see. Grim and unpleasant. And audiences don't want life. They like to leave the theatre in a happy, contented frame of mind. I wouldn't blame any woman whose own life lacks romance if

she preferred your picture to 'Evensong.' And yet it was a fine production, as fine as ever England produced.

Regarding Hollywood, Miss Laye was most complimentary.

"Much as I hate to admit it," she said, "being a loyal British subject, you know, I must give Hollywood credit for the re-

markable strides it has made. Even their weakest efforts seem to be imbued with a certain intangible something that lifts them above our British films. Not all our films, mind you. We do make a 'Henry the Eighth' now and then, don't we? Perhaps this tremendous enthusiasm that you feel towards everything you do is reflected in your pictures.

"In England we have always prided ourselves on our ability to do a costume picture better than you do in Hollywood. We were so meticulous about all the details, such as using the correct snuff box for a certain period, and little things like that. Sometimes we were simply horrified at the technical flaws glossed over in Hollywood costume pictures. But now, since I've watched 'David Copperfield' in the making out at M-G-M, I have to doff my hat to you on this score also. The settings, the costuming, and the atmosphere of Dickens' story have been so faithfully reproduced that it has left me speechless. I feel sure that it's going to be a marvellous film."

As Miss Laye married Frank Lawton just after he finished playing the rôle of David Copperfield as a grown man, that ought to be reason enough for her thinking the film will be marvellous.

Although she has a contract with M-G-M, the moment she hit New York from Hollywood and started seeing plays with her husband, a veritable nostalgia for the theatre came over her again. Six years ago she made a sensation here in Noel Coward's charming operetta, "Bitter Sweet." Since then nothing has turned up in the way of a successor to bring her back to us in that medium. "If only," she wished eagerly, "Noel would write another operetta like that. I know that he has it in him. But he has so many ideas that he wants to carry out first that he simply refuses to get around to it. He really is a genius."

I agreed and asked if she had seen his "Design for Living" when it played in London. She laughed. "They didn't think it was quite nice over there, you see. So nobody took me to it, but I wish now that I had slipped out and seen it by myself. Noel adores writing those slyly witty, sophisticated things, but underneath he is really very sentimental and romantic. I know."

Next to London, Miss Laye adores New York. She never tires of going in and out of the shops, and, by way of contrast, she gets just as much fun out of shopping at Macy's, where she buys perky little gifts for the girls back home, as she does while buying clothes at the exclusive 57th Street shops. She loves to shop alone, too. In fact, she likes going off every once in a while and living by herself.

Once she spent two weeks in a caravan parked miles away from civilization in England's lovely lake country. Nobody recognized her, and she was able to don clothes that she couldn't wear for her public, and enjoyed herself thoroughly. She threatens to do the same thing again sometime when she returns to Hollywood. But I doubt whether the American public, with its enthusiasm for celebrities, will accord her the same privacy that England did when she hopped into her caravan. For, with her deep blue eyes, golden hair and deep throaty laugh she's got more glamor than she suspects, even if she has an aversion to "love confession" stories.

When you see her in "The Night is Young," I'm sure you'll agree with me heartily. And when you leave the theatre humming Sigmund Romberg's exquisite aria "When I Grow Too Old To Dream, I'll Have You to Remember," it will be of the vivacious, fascinating Evelyn Laye you'll be thinking.



Beware of napkins that don't stay soft

HAVE you—like many other women—wondered how napkins can feel soft to begin with and later turn into instruments of torture? Chafing...cutting...rubbing delicate skin surfaces until every step *hurts*!

Here's your answer: They *harden*.

Surface softness in a napkin is no guarantee against hardening. Lasting comfort must be built in! That's the principle upon which Modess is made. That's why Modess is soft to start with—and stays soft in use.

Special materials go into Modess. And they're put together in a special way. No other napkin can duplicate Modess construction, which means that no other napkin can give you the comfort that is yours when you wear Modess.

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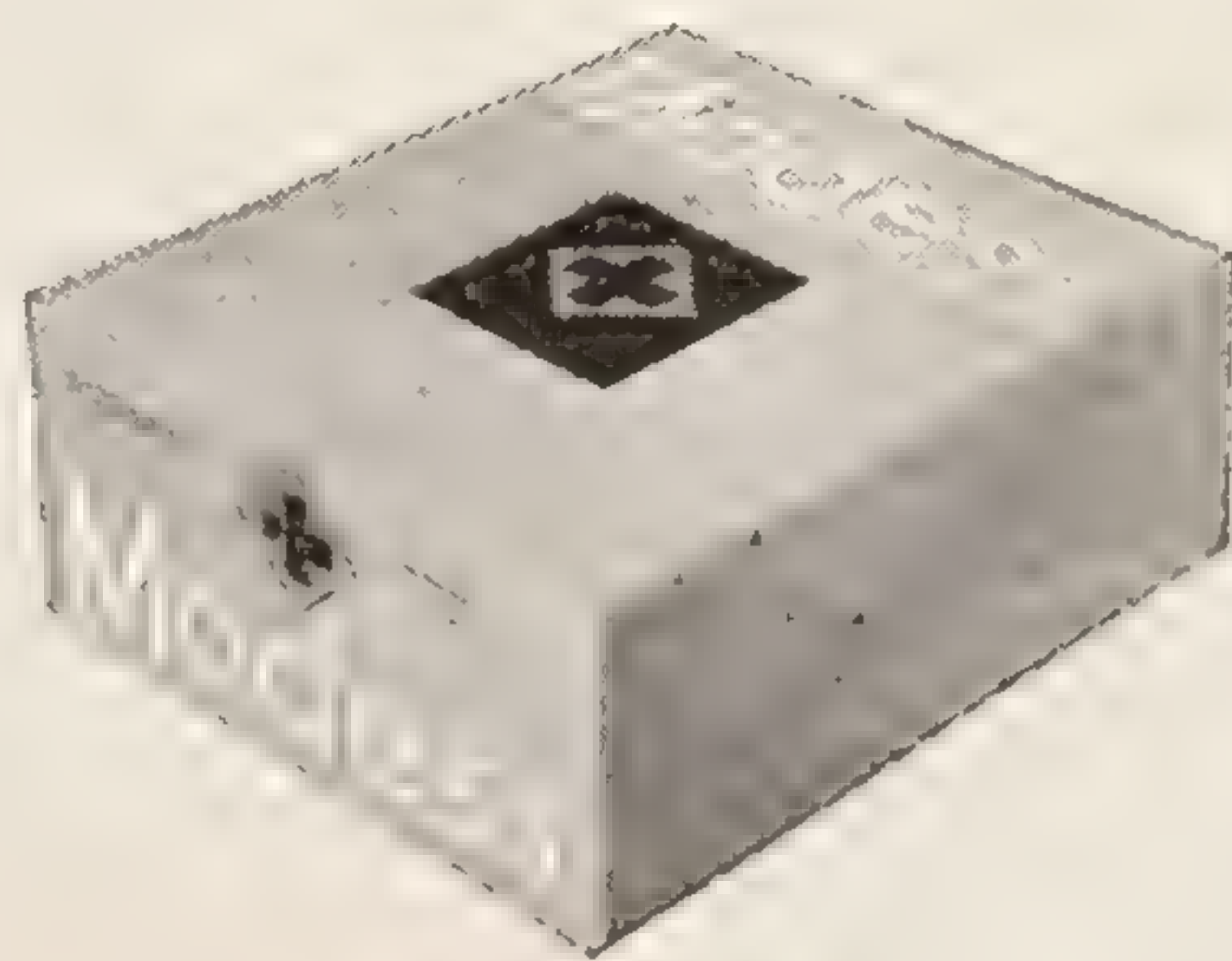
treated surgical gauze that covers the pad. Then turn back the gauze and see—just underneath—the layer of downy fluff that cushions the fluffy filler. That's exclusive with Modess.

And notice this about the filler. It's not made of harsh, papery layers. Millions of tiny fibres, actually blown into shape, form its yielding softness—make it super-absorbent—and proof against hardened edges.

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Studio News

[Continued from page 31]

"It's the perfume
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For all ages. Ask your druggist.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

"Why, don't you remember, Durdles?" Mr. Rains amazes. "You promised to show me around the Cathedral crypts by moonlight. I'm a bit of an antiquary—I've an eye for beauty—and a mind to see the spirits at night."

What a man, what a man. Durdles takes a ponderous, ancient key from a hook and starts to open the crypts. With an eerie light on his face and a wild, insane look in his eyes he turns to Mr. Rains and shouts, "Tombstones and monuments. All mine!"

I haven't a doubt in the world but what Mr. Rains, in his big, black cape, tucked Mr. Drood away under one of those tombstones, but no amount of coaxing could get the solution to the mystery out of Stuart Walker, the director, who just kept repeating, "You'll be surprised when you see it on the screen."

Well, all I've got to say is, I hope Mr. Dickens' spirit won't be too surprised.

David Manners plays the disappearing Edwin Drood, nephew of the opium-taking, psalm-singing John Jasper and Douglass Montgomery plays Neville Landless, the hot-blooded young Englishman from the Isle of Ceylon. Heather Angel, the very recent Mrs. Ralph Forbes, is quite, quite lovely as Rosa Bud only I must ask you why or how did Dickens have the nerve to call a heroine Rosa Bud?

Mr. Walker is preparing for another "take" and my nervous system just won't stand it, so I go on over to the next stage and there—right in the flesh—is Chester Morris cavorting around in a piece fittingly enough titled "I've Been Around." What that boy could tell if you could get him talking! But that's beside the point, unfortunately.

Everybody is too busy to tell me what it's all about but the scene is a very elaborate bedroom. Through a window at the far end can be seen bushes all covered with synthetic snow and glistening in the artificial moonlight. In the distance can be seen a church steeple. It's built in miniature on a scale that makes it look exactly the height it would if it were really as far away from the window as it is supposed to be. They are all ready to shoot the scene when suddenly the camera man yells—"The steeple is out of the picture!"—So everything is held up for ten minutes while some sweating laborers move the church steeple six inches to one side. Then the scene proceeds.



Rochelle Hudson and Chester Morris in a little thing called "I've Been Around" until they change the title.

Rochelle Hudson, whom Chester has married—in the picture—is in bed. She almost died and all around her are her family and friends—Chester, Ralph Morgan, Gene Lockhart and Isabel Jewell. And does Isabel look ducky in a slinky evening gown that fits her like a sausage skin! Boy, howdy! I can hardly tear my eyes off her long enough to return Chester's insults.

"Can't somebody say something?" Rochelle demands weakly from the bed.

It's worth going to see the picture just to see the emotions working in Isabel's face as she casts about desperately for something to say. "Happy New Year!" she gets out finally in a strained voice that is tinged with hysteria.

"Dick," Chester says seriously when the scene is finished, "Aren't you ever going to call us up any more? I don't have time to call because I'm working so hard and Sue (his wife) feels hesitant about calling you. But we miss not seeing you like we used to."

"I'll call," I promise and really mean it. Chester and Sue are two of my pets and when they lived about three blocks from me I used to see them all the time. Unfortunately, they hadn't any better sense than to move away so now I never see them.

At Twentieth Century

RONALD COLMAN is making his first picture in a long time over here. It is called "Clive of India" and is all about



A "Clive of India" shot with Ronald Colman and Francis Lister.

a young chap who was sent out from England to work for the East India Company. The time is 1748 A.D. and HERE, my dears, is some news. For this picture, Ronnie has SHAVED HIS MUSTACHE! He—er—looks—well! He has always been many maidens' idea of romance and I can assure you he looks no less romantic in his satin knee breeches and white wig.

This is the opening shot in the picture. Ronnie has just insulted one of the bigwigs of the company by having a native carry an umbrella over his head to shield him from the sun. Being an underling, he's not privileged to have an umbrella carried over his head to shield him from the sun. The governor has ordered Ronnie to apologize, which he reluctantly does. The bigwig, being magnanimous, invites Ronnie to dine, whereupon Ronnie says, "His Excellency ordered me to apologize to you—not to dine with you."

Holy Jerusalem! You can imagine what a stir that retort creates. His fellow clerks

are furious because they know his impudence is going to make it tough on them. There is a great deal of muttering and mumbling as he passes through the room with his friend, Francis Lister.

"Fine mess you've made of things," one informs him.

"Why the devil can't you behave yourself?" another wants to know.

"Get us all into trouble," vouchsafes another.

"It wasn't so funny, after all," a fourth puts in.

And that's how it goes. One can't please everybody, I always say, and I think Ronnie is perfectly right to keep his self-respect, regardless of whether his fellow clerks like it or not. Besides, who wants to dine with a pompous old bigwig when Loretta Young is waiting right in the next reel for him?

At Fox

MR. WILL ROGERS, having returned from his self-arranged good-will tour, is following the phenomenally successful "Judge Priest" with "The County Chairman." This is an old, old play but it was a honey in its time and Will should certainly make a fine chairman. The plot is too involved to try to give it in all its ramifications but Evelyn Venable's father is running for some sort of office and Frank Melton and Kent Taylor are both running after la V. Frank makes some sort of bet with her that if her father is or isn't elected (I forget which) she'll marry him if she loses the bet.

Well, she loses—or thinks she does—and Frank has come to collect. He has the only auto in town and, my readers (if any), you should get a load of it. It's a 1900 model Oldsmobile and until you've seen it you ain't seen nuthin'. It won a prize at the auto show a couple of years ago for being the oldest running car in town. The owner rents it out for pictures for something like \$35 a day. How he keeps it going even the makers haven't been able to figure out.



Frank Melton and Evelyn Venable in the streamline model of 1900 for "The County Chairman."

Miss Venable—if you care for her type of beauty—looks quite charming in a light blue dress, very form fitting and with a long trailing skirt.

Frank and Evelyn are seated in the contraption, which comes to a jerky halt just in front of the home of Robert H. Doolittle, Justice of the Peace. "Now," Frank exclaims as he jumps out and rescues Evelyn from the smoke, "we'll wake up the old boy and in five minutes you'll be Mrs. Henry Cleaver!"

But she won't. She didn't lose the wager after all and Kent Taylor and Will arrive just in time to save her. Frank's auto, unable to stand all the excitement, explodes and burns up, so he loses both his girl and his car. (N.B. They've also reproduced the auto because the owner objected to having them burn his up.)



"Old Golds respect my throat...and charm my taste, too" SAYS *Ginger Rogers*

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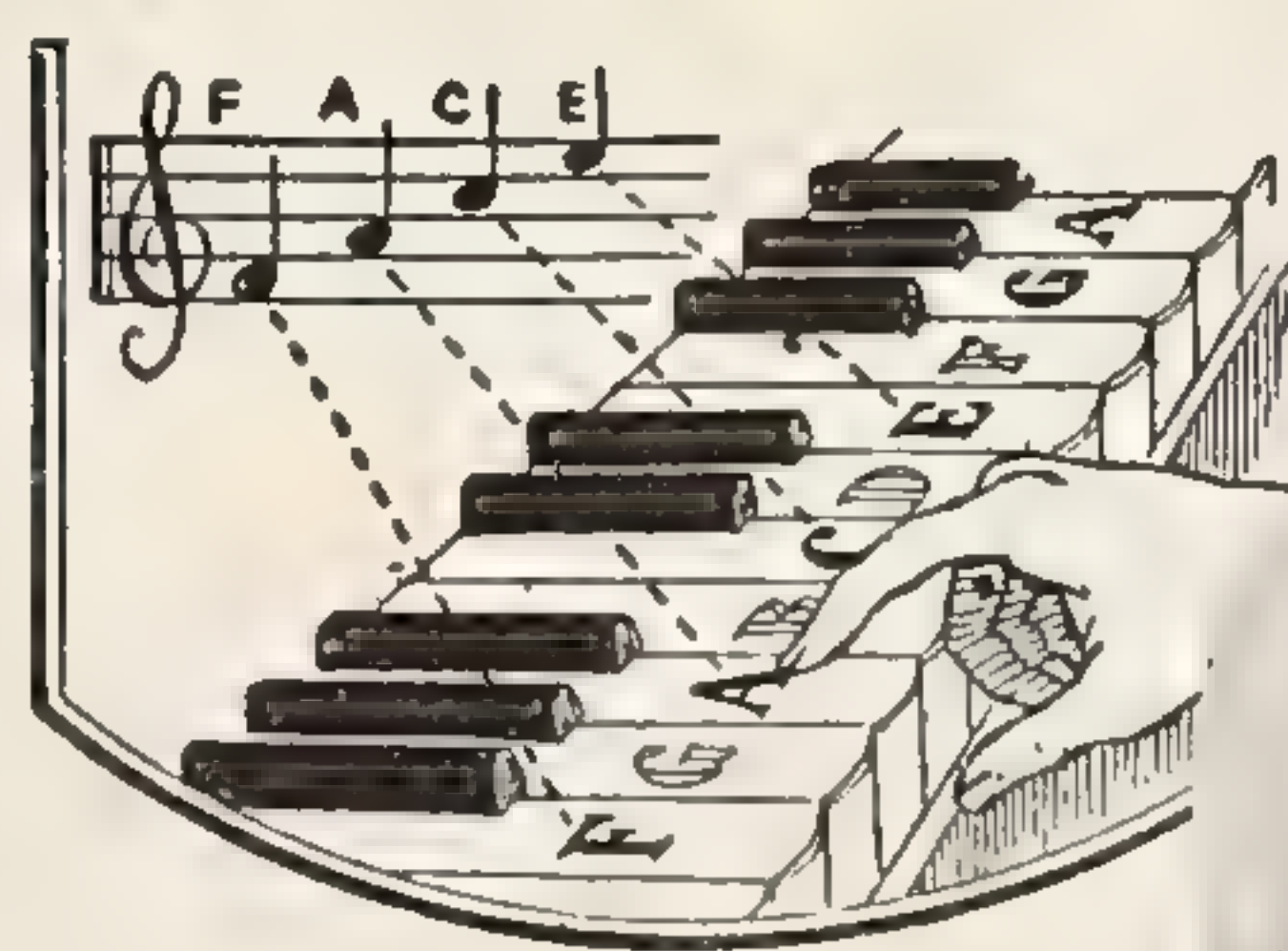
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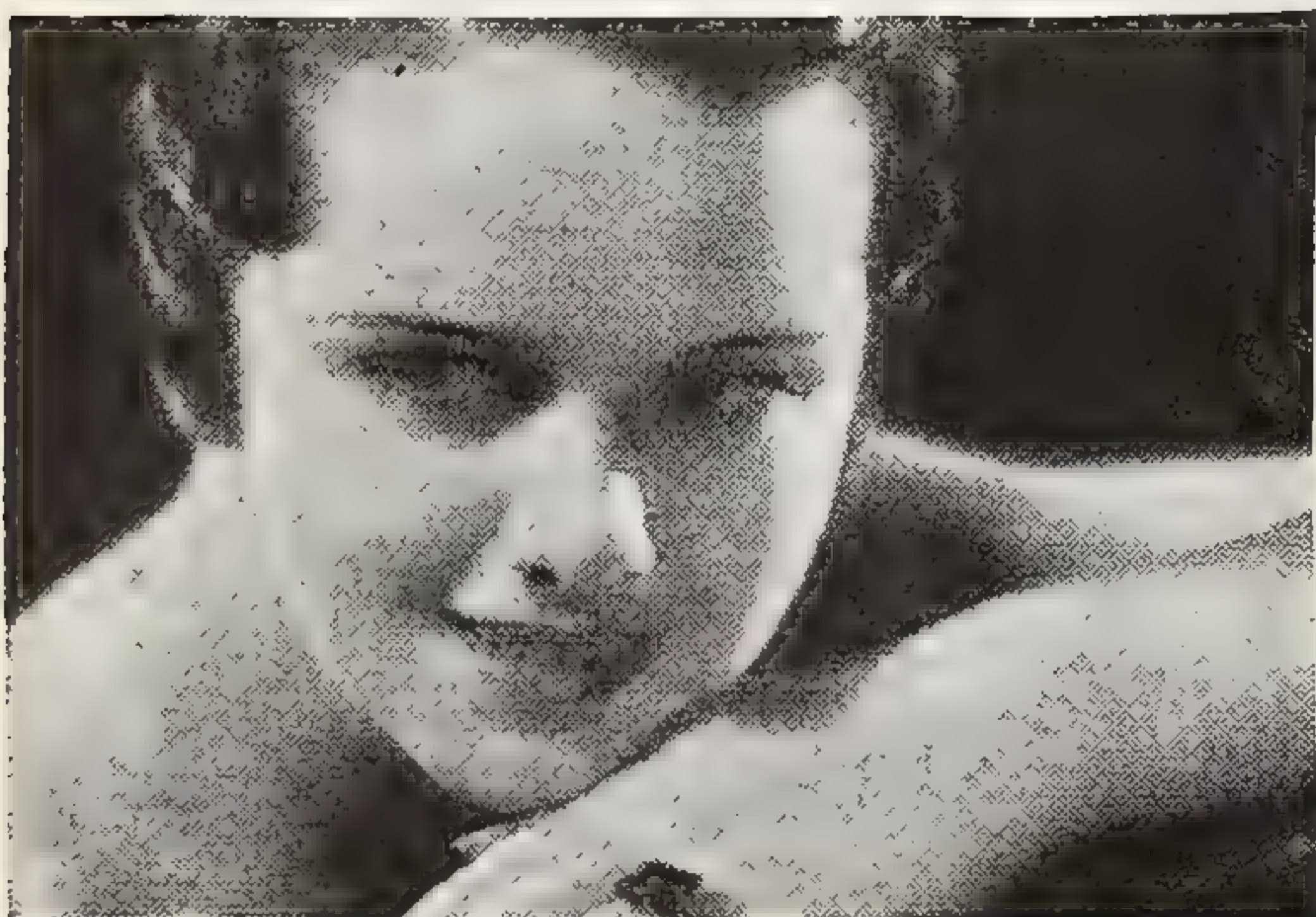
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At Columbia

THEY are just finishing "Mills of the Gods," starring May Robson and featuring Fay Wray and Victor Jory. The scene is laid in a mill town. May owns the mills but she's got tired of running them and has turned them over to her trusted employees because her family—Fay, James Blakeley, Josephine Whitell and Raymond Walburn—are a worthless lot. When the depression comes, the mills are about ready to close down and Vic, an agitator, appears to stir up trouble. There has been rioting and goodness only knows what all.

Fay, in an evening dress that will knock you cold, is in a third rate joint. There is a bar, a lot of tables (a few of which are occupied), a mechanical piano and a haze of tobacco smoke. At another table are Vic, Mayo Methot and Fredrik Vogeding. They are watching Fay and Blakeley, who accompanies her. She is drinking beer and he is well on his way, as the saying goes.

At R-K-O

AS I'VE often told you, R-K-O is right up the street from Columbia so, after picking up my own galoppy again, I figure I might as well get *that* over with and behind me. What must be, must be—and no monkey business about it.

There is only one set to see here, but, ah!—*what* a set! The long-awaited "Roberta!" On our way to Stage 12 where "Roberta" is shooting, we pass two stages closed to visitors. This time it doesn't mean that la Hepburn and la Harding are practicing their histrionics without benefit of audience. It merely means that it's the first day for both "Captain Hurricane" and "The Puzzle of The Pepper Tree" and everything is hectic and mad and confused and the director and cast had rather wait until things get settled before welcoming visitors and, holy smokes! what a lot of "ands" there are in that sentence! Anyhow, you'll just have to wait until next month to hear about these two little gems.

But once I'm on Stage 12 there are millions of femmes who'd give anything to be in my shoes for I'm sitting right next to Fred Astaire. Fred it was who danced his way into the hearts of American women. But he's quite a man's man, too. His hobby, he tells me, is neckties. He has thousands of them and every time he can't think of anything better to do he goes shopping for more. Even so, I can't hand him much on the one he has on. I've got better looking ones myself.

Ginger Rogers joins us and lights into me because I didn't come to her wedding but I just don't like weddings and funerals—there's something so final about them. She starts telling me all about the house she and Lew have in Beverly Hills—right across from the Dick Barthelmesses. But we get no farther than the living room when the director barges up and intimates that he wouldn't at all mind if Miss Rogers and Mr. Astaire would move themselves over to the set and permit him to take a close-up of them. The way he said it was, "Hey! Stop that gabbing with Mook and get over here." Brought up in a barn, probably.

Most of the action of "Roberta" takes place in a ritzy dressmaking establishment in Paris and the sets are something to knock your eye out. And the clothes, my dears, are the most luxurious and expensive ever worn in any picture. **POSITIVELY**—according to the publicity department. Ermines and sables just drip all over the place. Of course, this, not being one of the fiesta days, Ginger is gowned very modestly in about a thousand dollars' worth of aigrettes and silver fox that would pay my rent for years without end.

The story is about an All-American footballer (Randolph Scott) who goes to Paris

with his pal (Fred Astaire), and Fred's dance orchestra. Randy's Aunt Minnie (Helen Westley, ah, lucky day) owns the famous gown shop called "Roberta's." Irene Dunne, a royal princess from Russia, is the head designer and Randy falls for her the moment he hears her sing at one of Aunt Minnie's informal teas. But he doesn't know she's a princess.

Fred gets a lucky break when he discovers that the temperamental Countess Scharwenka (Ginger) who is buying her wardrobe at Roberta's, is none other than a gal from his own town, formerly known as Lizzie Gatz. Ginger gets Fred and his band an engagement at the night club where she is a featured entertainer and when the Parisians get a glimpse of Rogers and Astaire going into their dance, oh, boy, oh, boy, the town goes mad.

Of course, there is a lot more to the plot but we won't go into that today. There are two major love stories—that of Randy and Irene Dunne, and that of Ginger and Freddie. They have their lovers' misunderstandings just as lovers always do in the cinema—and out of the cinema, too. Are you listenin', Connie?

The publicity department urges me to come back on a day when they have one of their gorgeous sets, and when Ginger and Fred are dancing over and under tables, or when they put on the million dollar style show. And maybe I will because, although I'm very fond of Ginger and Fred in my platonic sort of way, there's not much excitement to seeing them do close-ups and I must say I do like a bit of frou-frou on my musical comedy sets.



The popular dancing couple, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, stepping in "Roberta."

Over at Warner's

WARNER BROTHERS are having their mid-winter dull spell, so there isn't much doing out here. "While the Patient Slept," which sounds to me like one of those hospital dramas, is on location so we'll just skip it.

"Go Into Your Dance," with Ruby Keeler and hubby, Al Jolson, is in preparation.

Frank Borzage, who rarely misses, is directing the new Kay Francis picture called "Living on Velvet." Bernie Williams, of the publicity department, and I stumble on to the stage and right into one of those ducky little triangles. Miss Francis and George Brent (yep, Miss Garbo's Mr. Brent) form two sides of the triangle and there's good old Warren William making as reliable an hypotenuse as I have ever glimpsed.

Kay looks magnificent in a mink coat that ripples about her quite, quite luxuriously. The room has that "after the party's over" air about it and you just know that somebody is in love with somebody and trying to keep somebody else from finding it out.

The picture takes its name from the fact



A scene from "Living on Velvet."
George Brent, Warren William and
Kay Francis.

that Brent, scion of an aristocratic Philadelphia family, was flying his family to Newport several years before when the plane crashed in a fog and every member of the family was killed but him. He feels he should have been killed, too, and is living on borrowed time—on velvet, as it were. He spends his days and nights drinking, traveling, carousing and getting into all kinds of scrapes. Of course, he has a pal (Warren William, naturally) who sticks by him and, just as naturally, when he could fall in love with all the beautiful women in the world, he falls for Kay who happens to be Mr. William's biologic urge.

Evidently, as we walk in, George has just discovered his *faux pas*.

"You poor darling," Kay begins, seating herself on the arm of Mr. William's chair.

"Hold that pose," Brent interrupts very casually, though you can sense the drayma behind his words. "A charming couple," he goes on (a little bitterly, I thought) and then, with an enforced laugh, "Good night."

"Wait a minute," William calls after him. "Where are you going?"

"I don't know. Any suggestions?" Brent inquires with mock politeness.

"Aren't you coming home with me?" Warren persists.

"No!" but definitely from George. "Good-night, Gibraltar. Goodnight, Amy." And our Mr. Brent walks out of the scene, leaving Mr. William looking quite dumbfounded by it all. But Kay—ah, Kay has a sad, thoughtful look so it's a pretty good guess *she* knows what's ailing Mr. B. Anyhow, it's all quite tense and dramatic.

At M-G-M

THREE pictures shooting here today but it's a break, at that, because generally they have more pictures in production at this studio than any other.

Stage 12 has a horsey smell about it, so I hastily give Kay Mulvey some very strong flavored chewing gum and we make our way over this and that right into the midst of a stable. Jean Harlow and Bill Powell are petting a magnificent black mare and I edge in for a bit of petting, too, me being an old horse trader from the South. I hardly get one rub of her soft, velvety nose (the mare's, not Jean's) when the director yells, "Get Mook out of here. This is a picture, not a horse show." Luckily, I'm not sensitive about little things like that so I move over to a stall and hide while he goes on with his picture making.

"All right, Jean. All set, Bill. Let's go. Quiet," he shouts in a voice that would waken the dead. The lights go on full force and the mare immediately lets out a whinny so everybody just stands around waiting until she gets bored. You can al-

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ways count on animals ruining as many takes as babies. Finally they get started. “I didn't know about her ankle,” Jean whispers to Bill. “Is it bad?” “Why take chances?” Bill counters with a wry smile.

Jean is giving Mr. Powell the works. I mean, she seems to care—in a big way—and it isn't a trick done with mirrors, either. I just know from the way she's looking at him that something has gone on between those two—in the picture, I mean, of course—and they are just pretending to be very polite and I-don't-careish to each other.

“I wonder,” she goes on, “why animals always bring out the best in men—and women can't.” Careful, Jean, careful.

“Because,” he snaps, “that animal is going to make me money—not cost me money.” I guess that's telling her, Bill.

“Have I cost you anything, Ned?” she wonders simply.

“Sure,” he flips. “The best years of my life.” Hmm! I thought the woman usually got that line to say.

“Come on, Ned,” Jean pleads wistfully. “You've got a heart. Open up and let me look at it.”

“If you're gonna talk like that, we'll quit right now,” he informs her. “Who do you think you are—Granny?”

“Okay,” it's her turn to snap. “You hate horses, you hate me, you hate granny—you're a bad man and like to drown pussy cats. Is that better?”

“Okay,” the director interrupts. “You turned too quickly then, Bill. Say, can't somebody keep that horse still?”

As far as I can learn, Bill plays a guy who promotes everything from flagpole sitters to tattooed countesses and, though he won't admit it, he's in love with Jean whom he promoted right out of a cheap carnival to the Broadway stage. As New York's favorite dancer Jean meets plenty of rich young men and goes on a bender with one of them one night. She awakens next morning to find herself married to millions. After she joins the Westchester set, she runs into her old flame at the race track and that's the scene I've just described.

Something tells me our little Jean is all set to toss the Westchester bluebloods and their millions overboard and go riding off with Bill. What does something tell you?

Oh, yes! I almost forgot. The picture is called “Reckless.”

Not a blamed thing is happening on the set of “Vanessa” after all my rush and pother to get over here before the company goes to lunch. There they sit, huddled in the corner like the Notre Dame football team—Helen Hayes, Bob Montgomery, Otto Kruger and the director. It would seem, the last scene didn't go so well and the Hayes and the Montgomery are begging the director for a little dose of re-writing before they take it again.

Miss Hayes is a girl what knows her theatre and if she says the scene is no good



Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in the gay musical piece, “Naughty Marietta.”

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it's a cinch it's no good. They may stay huddled there for hours and it's a cinch a busy man like me can't sit around just to see who wins. But I'm betting on Helen.

On Stage 14, Jeanette MacDonald is bursting into song just as we get on the right side of the big stage doors, so we have to stand still until she finishes—and that's no hardship, either. This is the "Naughty Marietta" set, which promises to be one of the best musicals of the coming season for three excellent reasons. And I'll tell you what those reasons are, if you wish to know, and even if you don't wish to know. Woody Van Dyke, who will probably get an Academy award this year for turning out so many successes, is directing it in his usual casual manner. Then there is Jeanette who can sing and look beautiful at the same time. Thirdly, this picture marks the long delayed debut of Nelson Eddy, opera and radio baritone. Whether you'll like Mr. Eddy on the screen is something I wouldn't be knowing but I must say his singing at the Marion Davies benefit and at Marie Dressler's birthday party is something everyone who heard it will remember. So here's hoping he screens well.

At Paramount

WHEN Grace Moore hit that high C in the "Madame Butterfly" aria she certainly started something in Hollywood. The movie moguls took one look at the line in front of the box office where "One Night of Love" was playing, tore their hair, gnashed their teeth and shrieked in their native Hebraic, "Mon Dieu! Cherchez la prima donna" and the great cherchez was on.

Finally, with great *eclat* Paramount tapped Mary Ellis, so once more there is a little peace on the campus. Miss Ellis—but I mustn't get started on *her*, she being one of my pet enthusiasms. She's sung at the Metropolitan in New York and she's



Mary Ellis, a grand opera singer, and Carl Brisson in the romantic operetta, "All the King's Horses."

sung with Caruso, Scotti and Martinelli. She originally sang the "Indian Love Call" in "Rose Marie." You'll hear more about *her* all right, tho.

Dropping the curtain on her past—but only for the time being, I assure you—her first picture part is that of the Queen in "All the King's Horses" opposite Carl Brisson. I had hoped when I burst on to her set that she would be hitting high D's but, no! She's merely cuddling and I must say she cuddles very well, indeed.

The King and Queen of Langenstein (Carl Brisson and Mary, of course) have become quite bored with each other. The Queen, as a matter of fact, walks out on the King the night of their first wedding anniversary because she just can't abide his

awful beard any longer.

Meantime, that popular movie idol, Carlo Rocco (who is Mr. Brisson, *aussi*) arrives in town, gets palsy walsy with the King, persuades him to shave his beard and, sakes alive! The movie actor and the King look just alike, so the way is all paved for one of those mistaken identity plots which has been a source of pleasure—and revenue—to playwrights ever since the time of Bill Shakespeare (and I don't mean the football player, Agnes).

The King takes a vacation and the movie actor takes his place in the palace. The Queen comes home and, naturally (?), thinks he's her husband. And that, my dears, is how matters stand in the royal palace of Langenstein as I slump into a creaky chair. Miss Ellis, looking quite gudgeous in a queenly dinner gown with gardenias tucked just here, is cuddling very close to Mr. Brisson, who doesn't seem to mind at all.

"I want to live that moment again," says Queen Mary giving it that far-away look.

"Yes. But to me—*this* moment—now—is even more beautiful," he whispers. "And you are lovelier than all the moments that have ever been."

Say! What the heck is all this palavering about moments? Maybe Miss Ellis is getting ready to sing that old Beatrice Lillie favorite—"Even a Queen Must Have Her Moment or So." But no. No such luck. "We were so close," sighs Mary—

"No one was ever closer—never—until tonight. Until *this* moment—with your hair—close to my lips—your eyes—your mouth—closer than lovers in a dream."

Hotcha, I always say, and, boy, is *she* falling for this line of guff. As a matter of fact, if I can read signs, she's just about to give all when there's a knock at the door and a maid calls, "Your majesty."

Then it is that Brisson realizes this beautiful creature is only a Queen and it is silly for him to go on caring when he can never marry her.

And just when I'm all set for a good juicy scandal, too.

Over on the "Mississippi" set dozens of extras are lounging around in their ante bellum hoopskirts and high toppers, playing a bit of rummy or chewing a bit of gum. Well, not such a wee bit of gum, either. The rest is occasioned by the fact that W. C. Fields is in the throes of doing a scene and that means all business is called off indefinitely. The famous W. C. *ad libs* as he goes, and never does or says the same thing twice, which makes it very difficult for the director who must make a lot of "takes" or he isn't considered a good director. To date John M. Stahl and Josef Von Sternberg hold the championship for the greatest number of "takes" so they've had their contracts renewed.

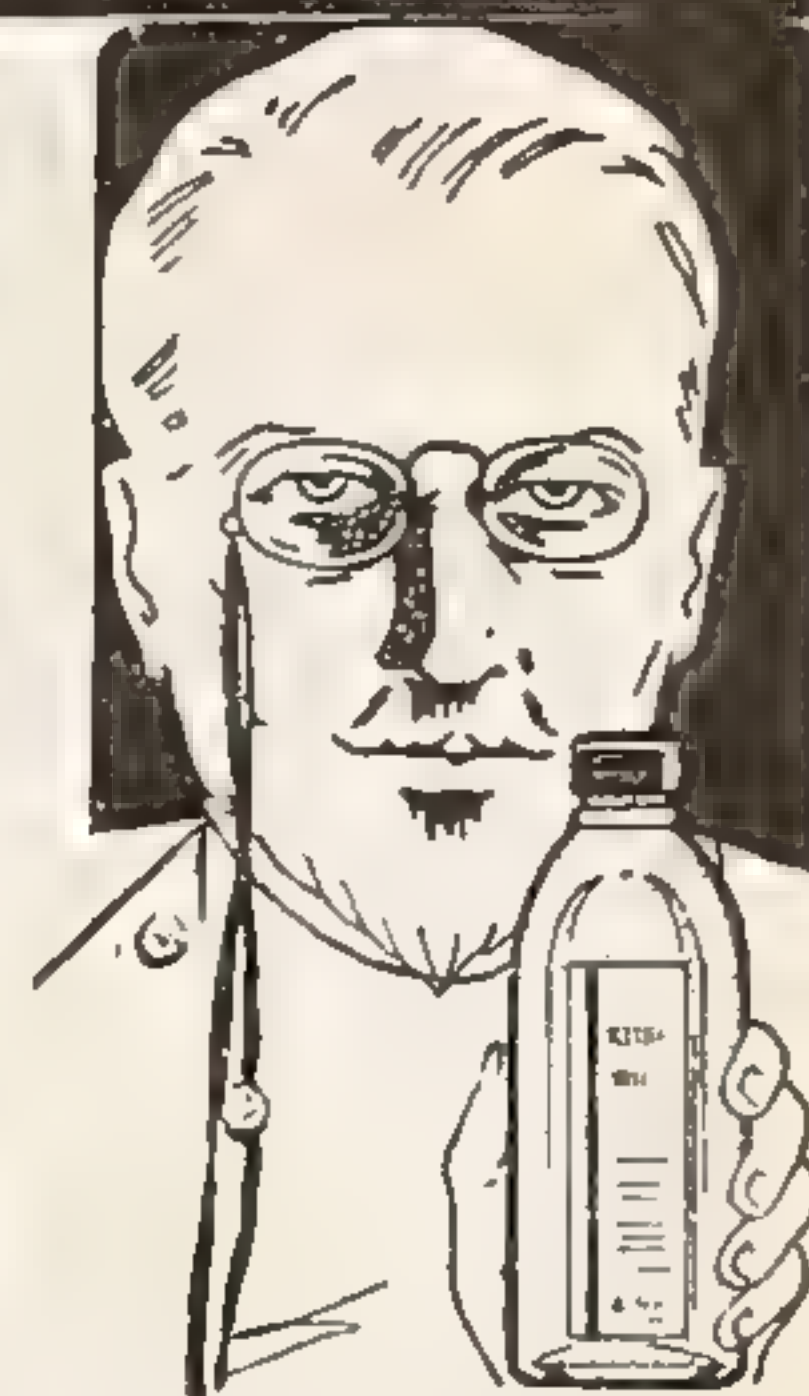
The presence of Fields makes any picture important, but this one is super-important because it stars the one and only Bing Crosby and a whole flock of new songs. Bing in his "befo' de war" ensemble, consisting of mauve pants, a pleated jabot and fancy waistcoat, is really something. Unfortunately for you girls, his sole contribution to this scene (although it is one of the big scenes of the picture) is to place a chair in front of the Fields map at exactly the right second to keep him (Fields) from getting a knife in his kisser that an enraged poker player hurls at him.

A very weird poker game, it is, too. Of course, on a Mississippi river boat you expect the deck to be a little screwy but, great guns! You don't expect every other card to be an ace.

Under cover of his mint julep, Fields secretly draws a couple of cards out of the deck while no one looks. But, heck, the cards are all aces so he lets them fall to the floor.

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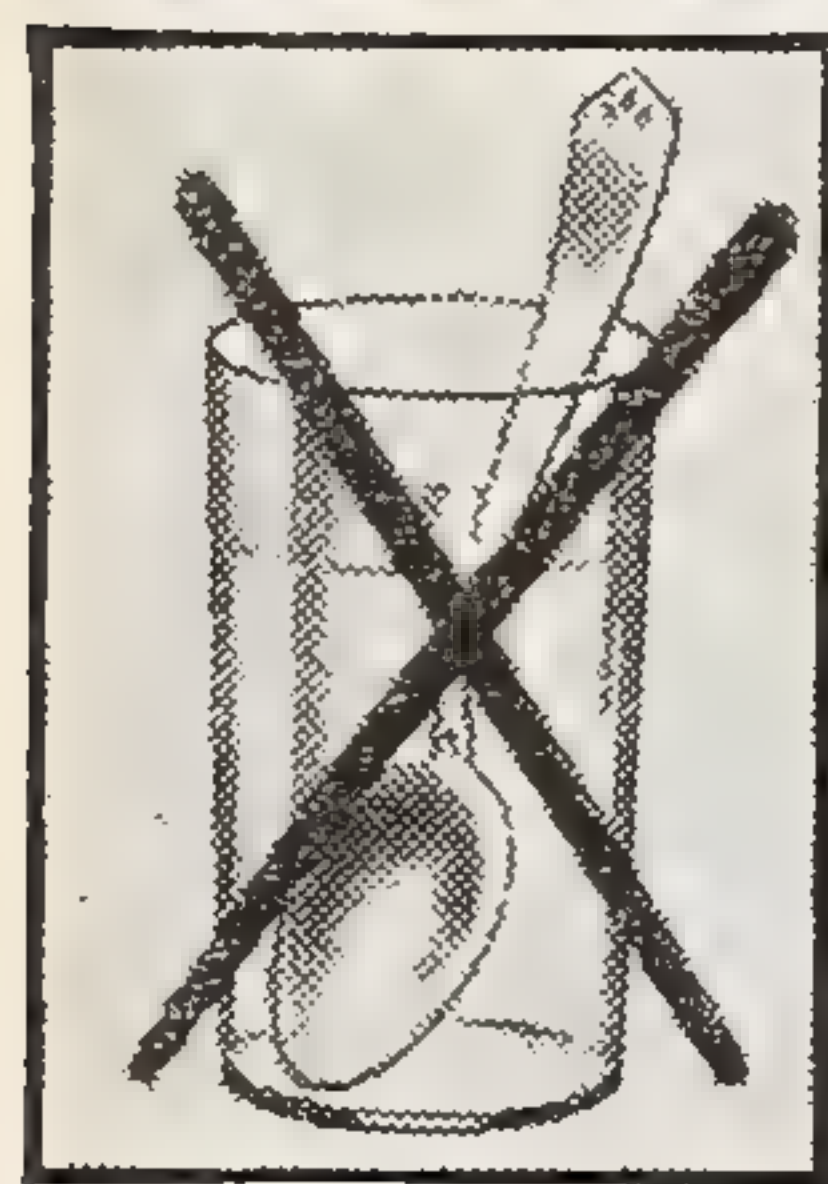
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W. C. Fields and Bing Crosby are the principals in the colorful, costume drama, "Mississippi."

"I just call," he says finally. "Thanks for reminding me."

"Four aces," announces Stanley Andrews triumphantly and throws them on the table.

"That's funny," Francis McDonald marvels. "I have four aces."

"There are only four aces in the deck," snarls Mr. Andrews, "and the man who holds the first four aces wins." Well, that's a rule I never heard of but we'll skip it. Mr. A turns belligerently to Al Richman: "Sir, what have you got?"

"Why, I've got four aces, too," Mr. Richman admits.

"And what have you got?" Andrews bel-lows at Captain Fields, who is having a little trouble lighting his cigar and considerable trouble getting rid of his aces.

I'd say, offhand, that Captain Fields is probably having palpitations but he's quite nonchalant about it all. "Oh, what have I got?" he repeats. "Let me see, now. Dear me, just a little pair of deuces," and with the delightful naivete of a child Mr. Fields puts five aces down on the table.

"It seems you two gentlemen have played together before," snarls Mr. McDonald, "and where I come from there is only one thing to do with a crooked dealer." Zing! Bing got the chair there just in time.

Joan Bennett and Gail Patrick are the lovelight in this opus.

There is still another big picture in production on the Paramount lot. Big because it co-stars the very popular Carole Lombard and George Raft, and it also presents the sensational Margo, who can dance like nobody's business. She is the girl who made such a sit in the Charlie MacArthur-Ben Hecht picture, "Crime Without Pas-sion."

Ever since "Bolero" the fans have been clamoring for Lombard and Raft to dance together again on the screen. So, nice old Paramount, ever eager to please (the public) bought "Rhumba" for them and now you'll see Carole and Georgie giving us that certain something.

Carole plays a society gal, just filthy with millions. Georgie plays a cheap dancer in a Havana bar-room. He takes a fling at the National Lottery and draws a number that calls for \$5,000. When he goes to the lottery window to collect he finds the ritzy Lombard right in front of him collecting on the same number he holds. Then he learns how cruel life can be: his ticket is a phoney. He raises such a ruckus Carole magnificently offers to lend him the five thousand to open a dance club of his own. But Raft, surly and disappointed, spurns her and her offer and says he'll have none of those snooty New York society dames. He meets Margo, beautiful Spanish dancer, and they form a rhumba team which quickly becomes the sensation of Havana. On the opening night of their swanky night club, Miss Lombard again appears in Havana.

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Georgie, now a big shot himself, gallantly asks her to do a rhumba with him.

Gee, it's a swell set. A ball room floor as black and shiny as Stepin Fetchit's face, with a rhumba orchestra at one end all done up in white satin and Latin smiles, while around the edges of the floor are tables and tables of gay young people sipping cocktails and champagne. The El Club Elefante's opening night and Havana at its gayest!

I almost forget it's only a set and prance over to ask Carole to dance, being by no means a poor rhumba shaker myself. At least, that's what I think. "Hello, toots," she says. "Park it there. You should have been here this morning. Georgie and Margo did a dance that's sensational—BUT sensational. Even as it is, you've a treat in store for you—BUT really. Careless Carole will cautiously toss her torso. Sit here and watch. Come on, Georgie, let's get this thing over with."

The orchestra goes into "La Cucaracha" and Carole seems to melt into Georgie's arms.

"You've come along splendidly since I saw you last," she says, her picture name being Diana.

"Yes—and without any financial backing from you," George retorts sharply, his picture name being Joe.

Then Carole remembers her blue blood and her millions and starts giving the hooper some of that Park Avenue hauteur: "Just ability—and nerve—and a certain amount of aggressiveness, is what I always say," she murmurs too, too sweetly. "If you have those things you are bound to get ahead."

It gets a rise out of him all right. "Say, listen," he barks, "you can't make me forget that night in my dressing room."

"Don't think I've forgotten it either," she drawls.

"Cut," from the director. "Come on, now, let's do it again."

It's oke with me—and how are you? I could sit here the rest of the afternoon, enjoying the music and feasting my eyes on Carole. But, no! The director decides they'll work better if the set is cleared of visitors. So there I go.

And that ends us for this month, kiddies. But next month—Ah! The wonder boy again—Joe Morrison. Can you wait?

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The albums have been sent
to Hollywood to be signed,
as requested.

Answers to the Puzzle Pictures on Page 51

1. "The Captain Hates The Sea"
2. "The Belle Of The Nineties"
3. "Outcast Lady"
4. "Rhumba"
5. "Music In The Air"
6. "The Painted Veil"
7. "Hide Out"
8. "The Champ"
9. "The Fountain"

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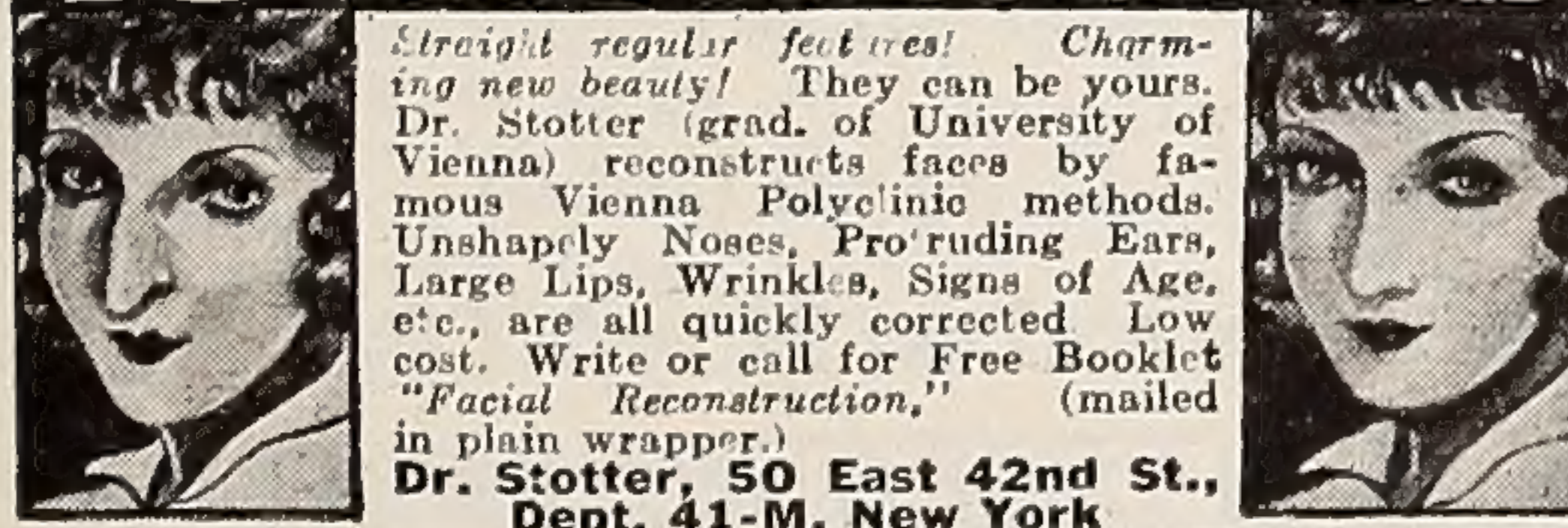
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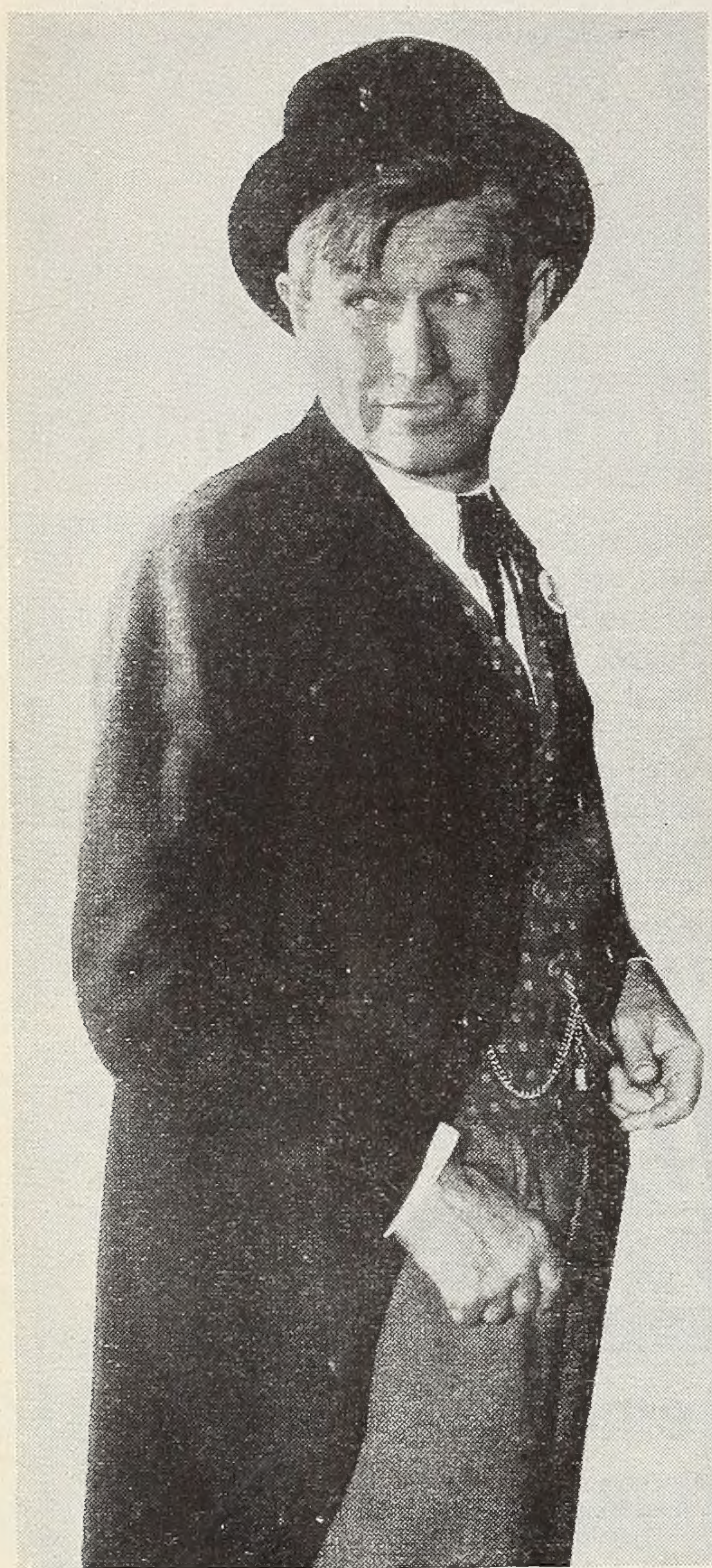
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The Final Thing

By The Editor



Will Rogers

A CANVASS of many theatre owners establishes Will Rogers as the best box office attraction among the men of Hollywood. Clark Gable was selected as the second best. Will has a real personality and the public is sharp enough to realize this. In fact, when you think of Will and his way of speaking, your thoughts are dominated by him and what he would probably say about winning the Number One position:

"It sure was a Democratic year, all right. Almost any democrat stood in danger of gittin' in. We been makin' pictures off an' on for some time, but this here Democratic land slide caught us. So from now on all we can do is hang on or slide off. I'm plannin' on hangin' on, but you can't never tell. They might name Boulder Dam after us, temporarily, of course. Then we would be licked.

"I notice that Clark Gable come in second. I didn't expect to develop sex appeal and all I can figure is I never should have changed from my old necktie. I guess this new one kinda dazzled 'em.

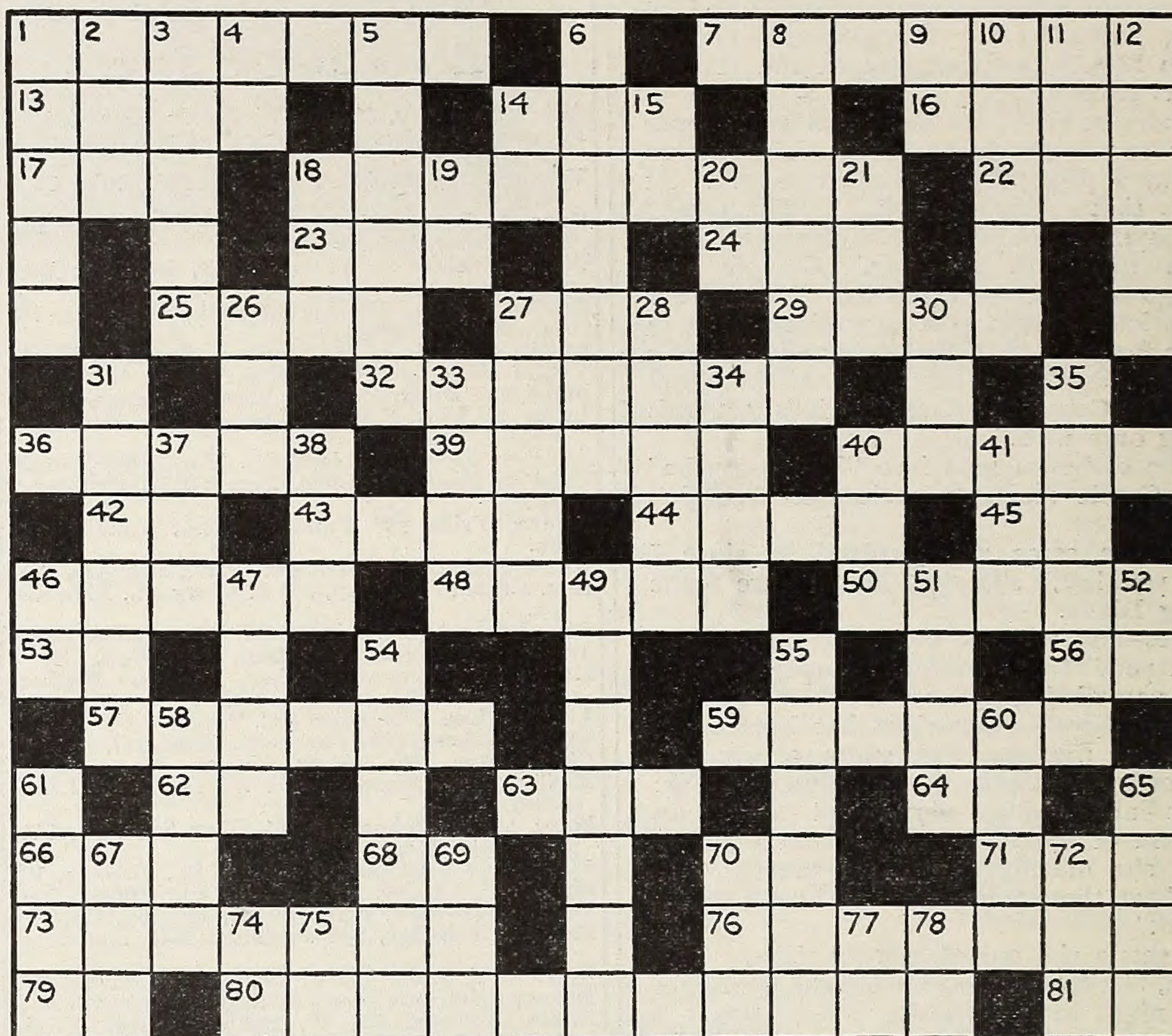
"Clark Gable's a nice feller, and if my wife had done the votin', the results would have been considerable different. I'm much obliged, anyhow.

"As soon as I heard about me and Clark, I sort of started strollin' around the streets, careless like, sort of expectin' the girls would throw themselves at me like they do at him, but so far there ain't one of 'em made a move yet.

"Well, it's good exercise, anyhow."

A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

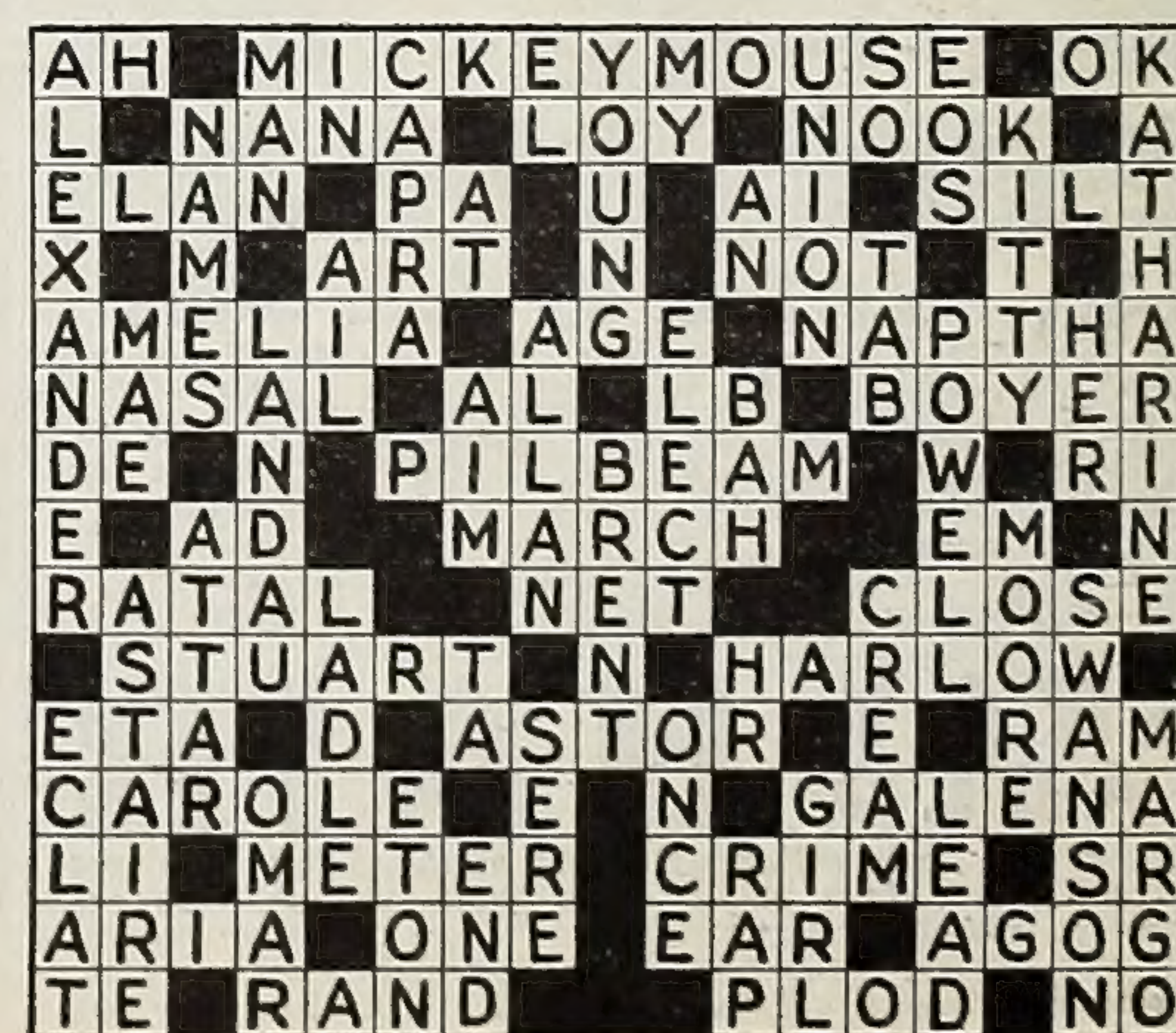
- 1 The little girl in "Imitation of Life"
- 7 The most famous child actress
- 13 A girl's name
- 14 The cry of a cat
- 16 Nevada's famous city
- 17 He was once a professional wrestler
- 18 She made her screen debut in "Happiness Ahead"
- 22 A communist
- 23 American Medical Association (abbr.)
- 24 Self
- 25 Dorothy in "Evelyn Prentice"
- 27 Begin to grow
- 29 Grudge
- 32 Sufferings
- 36 Star of "What Every Woman Knows"
- 39 She will soon be seen in "Sweet Adeline"
- 40 She is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
- 42 Three-toed sloth
- 43 He is now appearing on the stage
- 44 The stuttering comedian
- 45 Example (abbr.)
- 46 With Garbo in "The Painted Veil"
- 48 American coins
- 50 Her first American picture was "Marie Galante"
- 53 A mode of transportation
- 56 And (L.)
- 57 She returns to the screen in "Carnival"
- 59 Her next picture is "Roberta"
- 62 A male screen player (initials)
- 63 To partake of food
- 64 One of the comedians of "Babes in Toyland" (initials)
- 66 A Japanese statesman
- 68 The new Mrs. Ralph Forbes (initials)
- 70 Symbol for Titanium
- 71 Rest
- 73 The least quantity
- 76 "The Mighty Barnum"
- 79 Type Measure
- 80 He plays David Copperfield as a boy
- 81 A prefix

DOWN

- 1 She will next appear with Warner Baxter
- 2 Harold Lloyd's love interest in "The Catpaw"
- 3 A prank
- 4 A Western continent (abbr.)
- 5 Mr. Peck in "Peck's Bad Boy"
- 6 "Lady Babbie" in "The Little Minister"
- 8 Joints on which doors swing
- 9 A mode of transportation (abbr.)
- 10 Paramount's baby star
- 11 Point of compass
- 12 To warble
- 14 Myself
- 15 Now appearing on the stage in "Dodsworth" (initials)
- 18 To rattle

- 19 Salvation Army (abbr.)
- 20 That is (abbr.)
- 21 An immeasurable period of time
- 26 Individual
- 27 Jenny Lind in "The Mighty Barnum"
- 28 "The Count of Monte Cristo"
- 30 Village (abbr.)
- 31 Jackie Cooper's cousin in "Peck's Bad Boy"
- 33 Pertaining to an ode
- 34 Saturates
- 35 He was excellent in "Broadway Bill"
- 37 A falsehood
- 38 Snare
- 40 Request
- 41 Permit
- 46 To exist
- 47 Schubert in "Love Time"
- 49 His real name is Ramon Samaniegos
- 51 Urges
- 52 Definite article
- 54 The president in "The President Vanishes"
- 55 She will soon be seen in "Becky Sharp"
- 58 Sacred image
- 60 First name of Mrs. Charles Laughton
- 61 A measure of duration
- 65 The Russian peasant girl in "We Meet Again"
- 67 A Western hero
- 69 Sum (abbr.)
- 70 A couple
- 72 Frozen water
- 74 A French actress (initials)
- 75 Parent
- 77 The (Fr.)
- 78 A famous radio organist (initials)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



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